

THE LIVING AGE.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

We have submitted to the Post Office department, a claim to send the *Living Age* as a newspaper to all parts of the country. That we print carefully, and dry and press our work before distributing it, ought not to be an impediment to it. And it is more a newspaper than many others to which the privileges of that *order* have been adjudged.

We have still some hope that the present Congress (for it is still in session while we write) may enact some law which will save to us and the postmasters all difficulty of construction, and will allow the public the fuller enjoyment of what *ought* to be one of the chief advantages of our government. If public opinion has been so far respected in England as to cause the establishment of cheap postage—may not we expect to have it, especially after the success of the experiment in Great Britain? The revenue of this department would be increased, if the postage were greatly lessened. If there be no reform, private enterprise will undermine it. We had offers to carry the Museum at one quarter the government price. It is true that this would not have been available for the scattering residences of very distant subscribers—but it would have taken away most of what is profitable to the Post Office. We wait in hope of better policy.

This number of the *Living Age* is dated 22d June—but the editor's labor on it ends at least a week before that time. It must afterwards pass through the hands of the printer—and being dried and pressed must then remain at the bookbinder's a day or two. Then it is our calculation to have it sent away so early as to travel hundreds of miles before the day of its date. In order that subscribers in distant places, who are supplied by resident booksellers, may receive the work early, we shall hereafter be ready to deliver it to country dealers, *on or before Thursday*. It may be well therefore for them to leave orders beforehand with their Boston booksellers, or at this office.

The *Man of Genius* we give more as a specimen of a French Tale, than for any great merit of its own. And yet it gives us some insight into the French marriage customs—which we read so much in another shape, in connexion with Madame Lafarge.

Brummell we give again, because the *Spectator's* review is kinder—and because the additional anecdotes are sure to be entertaining.

We very much like the *Spectator*. It has a practical, sagacious view of all matters. It is one thing to be well-read in the *science* of Political Economy, and a far higher to apply its principles in actual life. The artificial state of society and

industry in England, makes wise and necessary, many variations from what might be true doctrine in countries less crowded, and more natural. See the article on *Laissez Faire*.

Leigh Hunt was terribly mangled, under the title of the Cockney School, by the vigorous and unscrupulous partisanship of Blackwood. A great part of his life has passed under the shadow of this thunder-cloud. In his declining years the better part of his character has a more favorable exposure, so far as criticism is concerned. The *Examiner* is good authority in all matters of taste, apart from his political prejudices, and his hatred of the church and “priests.”

Cheap “Books for the People” are manufactured to great extent in England. There it is found possible, as we hope to show that it is *here*, to combine reduction of price with great neatness of execution. Many of these cheap English books are really models of elegant simplicity in printing, &c.

“Ethiopia shall yet stretch forth her hands unto God.” We published more than a year ago a very good article upon Moffat's Missionary Researches in Southern Africa, which opened a new scene to all readers, and was very popular. The book itself has since been reprinted here, and has met with a good sale. Major Harris's book is another very important opening of this dark continent, and we shall probably have traveller after traveller reporting to us. We earnestly advise our younger readers to peruse articles such as these with the map before them—so as to have clearer views of the geographical and other connexions. A large globe in an accessible corner, (cannot Yankee ingenuity make a three foot globe for a *possible* sum? we have seen English paper globes inflated with air)—a large globe at hand—and maps on the walls of a dining-room or hall, or as near the reader's eye as possible, would perform a very important part in the education of children, and be of great use at the same time to their parents.

Captain Sabertash in *The Sliding Scale of Manners* has many hits which will tell as well here as in England.

We have not overlooked the article on the Marquis of Custine's Russia—and were amused at the complete dissection, exposure and refutation to which his critic subjects him. He appears to be as little of a gentleman as the English marquis, Londonderry. But his book is hardly of sufficient interest in the United States, to justify us in copying so long an article. And upon the general subject—Russia—we think we can find better matter.

Translated, without acknowledgment, for the World of Fashion.
THE MAN OF GENIUS; A LITTLE FRENCH NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was nothing spoken of, for more than three weeks, in the little town of S—, but the approaching marriage of the daughter of M. Gaudiffret the notary, who after twenty-five years spent in the exercise of all the virtues of his calling, at length looked forward to the enjoyment of repose, and was about to resign his charge in favor of a young man, who combined all the necessary qualities to fit him to become at once his successor and his son-in-law. M. Gaudiffret destined both his office and the hand of his beloved daughter, Herminie, for the happy man, the choice of whom had cost him a great deal of trouble and anxiety ; for he had been obliged to institute the most minute and complicated inquiries, and to lavish all the art of most laborious diplomacy, together with no small sum in the way of travelling expenses, in order to obtain, on the occasion, exact and satisfactory information, and sufficient guarantees of aptitude, and above all, of morality. Thus had M. Gaudiffret found a son-in-law, who, if not highly accomplished, at least promised to constitute the happiness of Herminie, and to continue the prosperity of the establishment ; and this son-in-law, so selected and approved, this son-in-law who had passed through so difficult an ordeal, was no other than the second clerk of one of the first scrivener's offices in Paris ; a young man who, after five or six years of a painful apprenticeship, had limited his ambition to the humble position of a provincial notary.

M. Gaudiffret, who was resolved to take on his own shoulders the whole responsibility of choosing a husband for his daughter, and seemed to feel a kind of paternal pride in declining the intervention of every officious matchmaker and intermeddler, addressed those few words only to Herminie, after his return from the capital, where he had just concluded the final matrimonial preliminaries :—

" My daughter, my dear daughter, you will be satisfied."

In vain did Herminie enquire into details—those explanations which are so interesting to young ladies on the eve of pronouncing the fatal " yes ;" in vain did she seek to gratify her legitimate curiosity as to what her father had seen, or as to the motives which had determined him in his choice.

M. Gaudiffret entrenched himself behind a wall of impenetrable reserve. He evaded her questions ; and when Herminie, provoked and annoyed by this inflexible silence, threatened her father with some manifestation of ill-humor, the notary had recourse to the invariable formula of,

" My dear—dear daughter, you shall be satisfied."

At length Herminie came to the prudent resolution of awaiting with resignation the moment when she would be able to form her own opinion of her father's judgment in the affair. She feared, indeed, that M. Gaudiffret might not have been too indulgent upon certain points, the importance of which he did not perhaps fully appreciate ; but at all events the husband, in search of whom he had gone to Paris, possessed in the eyes of Herminie a recommendation which predisposed her favorably towards him ; for not only did he come from Paris, but he had even pursued all his studies

there, and that not in an obscure boarding school, but in a royal college, renowned for its princely patronage, and for its classic connexion with the Tuilleries.

Miss Herminie had no very decided taste for the profession of a notary. If her father had consulted her, or taken into account her peculiar inclinations and secret sympathies, he would have discovered that her imagination had sometimes pictured to her a husband entirely unconnected with the business of old files and musty manuscripts. She had hoped that marriage would at least have delivered her from the *ennui* of a country town, and it was on this account that she had shown herself so severe, so rigorous, indeed, towards her numerous local admirers. She could not suppose—she could not for a moment admit, that a young man in the provinces could be possessed of any mind or good taste ; and although she looked with an indulgence, no doubt somewhat prejudiced, on the little town of S— ; although she could discover in it the traces of a sufficiently advanced state of civilization, in point of luxury and industry, she had not seen in it any young man who was worthy of the hand of M. Gaudiffret's heiress.

It was, therefore, an important concession, a great sacrifice, which this gentleman had made to his daughter's taste, in undergoing the fatigue and expense of a peregrination to the metropolis, in search of a Parisian husband for the haughty and fastidious Herminie ; but at the same time it must be confessed—and this circumstance might have diminished some of the merit of his devotedness in the eyes of his daughter—that M. Gaudiffret enjoyed the occasion as one which enabled him to see Paris, of which he had previously no knowledge, except whatever he had gleaned from the narratives of travellers, and from books of geography.

Thus had the old notary, in pardoning Herminie for her ill-founded repugnance to the aspirants of her native town, calculated on her entire and unrestrained docility in other matters. He could not entertain the slightest apprehension that his daughter would raise any other more exorbitant pretensions. He wished his son-in-law to be a notary, and to take his office as a fortune with his daughter ; and Herminie had resigned herself to submit to this decree of the paternal will.

At length came the happy day—the great day fixed on for the arrival of the intended son-in-law, whom M. Gaudiffret had chosen.

A letter from the young man preceded him in the town of S—, announcing that he would alight from the diligence about noon, provided, indeed, the *conducteur* did not deceive him.

Herminie was most anxious to peruse this missive, which her imagination had transformed into an epistle full of tenderness and sentiment ; but the old notary obstinately refused to gratify his daughter's curiosity, by allowing her to judge of this specimen of Parisian style. He had, perhaps, divined Herminie's intention ; and as the letter of the intended happened to be a singular example of conciseness, he hastened to deposit it in his pocket, after having announced to his daughter the news of an approaching arrival, which would put an end to her impatience and her incertitude.

It had just struck eleven by the time-piece in the old notary's cabinet, when Herminie knocked at his door.

" Well, what is wanted now ?" said M. Gaudiffret, assuming an air of bad humor.

The door opens.

" 'Tis I, papa."

" Ah! I was thinking so; but why do you come to disturb me?"

" What! is it not at noon that M. Bernard is to arrive?"

" Yes. But what then? Let him come."

" But, papa, would it not be proper——"

" To go and meet him, is it? To help him off the diligence? Could you think of such a thing, my dear? What opinion would Bernard form of us and of our habits? It is his business to come, and ours to wait here."

Herminie blushed on receiving this short lesson on taste and decorum.

" Ah! truly, you are right, papa," she said; " and I quite forgot that M. Bernard is a young man from Paris; that he understands the rules of politeness, and above all, of his position."

" Certainly, my child. And he is, besides, a young fellow of genius."

" A young man of genius! You did not tell me that before, papa."

In pronouncing those latter words, Herminie could not dissemble her joy.

" A young man of genius!" she repeated; " can that be the case?"

" And what is there wonderful in that?"

" Only that to be a notary, it is not quite a necessary condition——"

" I know that well enough; and I am the first to make the admission, although I belong to the respectable body of notaries. I prefer, it is true, for a son-in-law, an intelligent and honest young fellow, closely devoted to his business, to an amiable sot, who would spend his time making puns and jests, rather than attending to his clients; but a young man who combines the useful with the agreeable—*qui miscuit utile dulci*, as we used to say long ago in college—has a double merit in my eyes, and that is what has decided me in favor of M. Bernard."

Herminie flung her arms round the neck of M. Gaudiffret, who was somewhat surprised at so lively a display of emotion.

" Come, come, my child; be calm, and prepare thyself for a formidable trial. The moment approaches; you yourself will also be judged, and Bernard is perhaps difficult to be pleased. If, perchance, he were to accuse me of having misled him by exaggerated eulogiums; if he discovered that the original was inferior to the portrait!"

Herminie cast down her eyes, for her father's remark had suddenly raised doubts and even fears in her mind; and a profound silence succeeded to this interchange of words between M. Gaudiffret and his daughter. The latter, in fine, in order to conceal her uneasiness from the searching investigation of the paternal eye, took up from the notary's desk the local journal, of which he was the oldest and most constant subscriber—a circumstance, by the bye, which he never omitted to mention as often as he corresponded with the editor of the said journal, on the subject of certain advertisements relating to judicial or electoral affairs.

When it struck twelve, Herminie was still poring over the columns of the journal, and M. Gaudiffret continued his occupation, endorsing, with the usual flourish appended to his name, and according to the ancient and solemn usage, certain old papers which were piled up before him.

" Past twelve!" cried the young girl with an accent of ill-humor and impatience. And she flung the journal on the desk.

M. Gaudiffret was not a man to be disturbed by so trifling an affair. He raised his eyes, looked at his daughter, smiled; and then, continuing his work, pretended not to observe the abrupt exit of Herminie, who closed the door after her with unusual violence. The notary was not disturbed by it. He was habituated to such movements, to such almost dramatic exits on the part of his daughter.

Suddenly the bell, which, in most country towns in France, is a substitute for the heavy knockers at the Parisian doors, was set a ringing by a vigorous hand.

" 'Tis he!" said Herminie, partly opening the door of her father's cabinet.

" Who is *he*?"

" Why M. Bernard to be sure."

" Who told you 'twas M. Bernard?"

" I have guessed it. I will wager that it is he. I have seen him from my window, and besides that, he saluted me very politely."

" You may be mistaken, my child; and in order to avoid the dangerous effect of any mistake of that kind, I advise you to retire a moment: I shall inform you when it is time for you to appear; prudence requires it."

" I shall obey you, papa."

The sound of steps ascending the stairs, and directed towards the notary's cabinet, hastened the retreat of Herminie. She was leaving by one door, whilst a man was entering by another. This, in fine, was Jean Pierre Bernard, the son-in-law elect, and expectant successor of M. Gaudiffret.

CHAPTER II.

On coming to the little town where an office and a wife were awaiting him, Bernard thought that he might dispense with any information about the locality; he knew nothing whatever about the manners and habits of the province, and thought he had no occasion for any particular precautions, or attentions, in what he called a two-fold affair of business. M. Gaudiffret's word was pledged to him, on the condition, however, that he should not be found too displeasing to his daughter; but this condition, this stipulatory clause, gave him no uneasiness. In the first place he was young, and although his physiognomy was somewhat common place, he could not be considered as ugly. Then he came from Paris, where he had been second clerk in a second rate office, and a third rate dandy. But Bernard, habituated from an early age to set no value except on realities in this world, predestined, as it were, to be a scrivener, had limited his literary studies to Massé's dictionary; and, gifted though he was with peculiar fitness for business, he never for a moment dreamt that he was about to encounter any literary ordeal in a little town which was not the residence of even a sub-prefect of police, he did not imagine that he had been preceded by the reputation of being a "young man of genius," a reputation which it was necessary for him to sustain under the penalty of rejection, and of being obliged to return to Paris without either office or wife.

The first interview which he had with his intended, in the presence of M. Gaudiffret, was favorable to the young adventurer; indeed it was, to him, one of complete success, and might have

induced him to feel guaranteed from any future change or unfortunate vicissitude. It is true that on that occasion the conversation turned only on the inconveniences of the diligence—on the more or less picturesque prospects which were to be enjoyed along the road, and on the amusements and curiosities of the town, with respect to which M. Gaudiffret offered his services as *cicerone* for the following day to his intended son-in-law.

Herminie was pleased with Bernard's appearance, and dress, and manners; in respect to those things, indeed, he had no reason to dread a comparison with any rivals in the town of S——; but that was not all; he had, besides, to face the perils of another ordeal, perils of which he had no idea—no suspicion.

On that day, therefore, he slept midst dreams of happiness, and awoke under the influence of most delightful illusions. In the transports of his felicity he had well-nigh exclaimed—"I came—I conquered!"

M. Gaudiffret, himself, had concluded, from this first interview, that the marriage and the cessation of his office were definitely arranged; he congratulated and applauded himself on the result of his journey; he was proud of his good luck; and in the evening, when Bernard had retired, his first word to his daughter was a question, the answer to which, he anticipated, would be to him as a bulletin of his victory.

"Well, my daughter," said M. Gaudiffret, before imprinting on her forehead the usual paternal kiss, "are you pleased?"

Herminie hesitated to reply; and this hesitation was a subject of surprise to her father.

"You have not heard me," said the latter; "come, are you pleased?"

"Yes, papa, yes."

"Ah! that is fortunate; but that 'yes' does not seem to me free from all mental restriction. What, then, is wanting in Bernard? It would indeed be difficult to please you, if you were not content with such a husband as that. Is it his personal appearance that you find fault with?"

"I have not said it was, papa."

"One of the best second clerks in Paris; a young man full of probity and intelligence—a fine fellow—in fact—"

"But—but, papa, did you not tell me that he was a young man of genius?"

"Ha! ha! ha! I see how it is. Why did you not say that before?"

And M. Gaudiffret began to laugh, on learning what prevented Herminie from giving to her father's choice her full and unreserved approbation.

"But, in the name of goodness, give Bernard time for a fair trial. As yet he is but just arrived, and has not had time to look about him in a place to which he is altogether a stranger. I, however, who have often chatted with him in the capital, and who have seen him in the drawing-room of his late employer, I assure you that he is neither an imbecile nor a blockhead, but that, on the contrary, he can support a conversation most respectfully on any subject."

"But, papa, is there any literature in question?"

"Literature, do you say! why he speaks like a professor when you take him to that subject. But, in fact, you will be much better able to judge of him to-morrow, when he shall be completely restored from the fatigues of the journey. You shall yourself interrogate him, if you wish; and you shall see that he is a well-informed man, a man of

letters, and even much more so than it befits a notary to be. Go, my child, sleep in peace. You shall have a husband who will be a credit to you in every respect."

Herminie, somewhat tranquillized by those fresh assurances of her father's, made up her mind, and retired to her chamber. She slept but little, and on the next day took place the great party, at which Bernard was presented with great solemnity to all the members of the family; and to the friends and acquaintances invited to that preliminary feast, as a preface to the nuptial ceremonial.

Bernard, naturally a little timid, had not perhaps all the necessary self-possession and assurance in the presence of this odd assemblage, thus collected together expressly on his account. Constantly the object of prying looks, to which his most trivial movements were subjected, he could not conceal the *ennui* and embarrassment which it caused him, to play so disagreeable a part. Besides, there were among the rest, secret enemies, who had come with dispositions hostile to the Parisian, whom the indiscreet vanity of M. Gaudiffret had too much extolled, for he did not take into account the susceptibilities of his fellow-townsmen, who, on their side, sought for nothing better than an opportunity of avenging themselves for the disdain shown by the notary towards the local aspirants.

After dinner, during which a degree of stiffness and constraint, arising out of the relative position of the various parties, had prevailed, the company retired to the notary's drawing room, where, thanks to the coffee, liqueurs, and punch, the conversation assumed a more animated tone.

The object of his journey presented itself in a strong point of view to the mind of Bernard. He began to perceive that Herminie looked poutingly, and that M. Gaudiffret himself seemed somewhat fretted by his disappointment. He then called up all the resources of his memory and of his experience, to put on an air of amiability, and the change which took place in his manner was abrupt and striking. He launched at once into the midst of the conversation; he entered into discussions with the greatest talkers in the company; he attacked all subjects with the most reckless audacity; and the justice of the peace's registrar, a man who enjoyed the reputation of being a profound political economist in the little town of S——, paid homage to the great information of M. Gaudiffret's intended son-in-law.

Herminie looked at Bernard with an air of surprise, mingled with satisfaction. The old notary triumphed; and the whole company was charmed with the improvised essays of the Parisian second clerk, who, in less than an hour, and with the assistance of the punch, had redeemed all his advantages, and retaken all the ground he had lost.

Hurried away by his enthusiasm for Bernard's encyclopedism, M. Gaudiffret all at once proposed to him the following *point blanc* question:—

"What is the news, M. Bernard, in the literary world?"

Bernard replied, unhesitatingly, by some reflections on the last new works, of which he had seen in the advertisements in the newspapers, and on the dramatic pieces which he supposed he had seen in Paris just before he came away; he spoke about the *Théâtre Français* and Mademoiselle Rachel; about the classic and romantic schools of writers; about the ancient tragedy and the drama of modern times, and all with a degree of ease and facility that completely carried away the feelings of his

audience. Envy was silenced, and provincial pride bowed in the presence of uncontested superiority.

A little old man, in a white periwig, then approached Bernard. It was the mayor's adjunct.

"Sir," said he, addressing the young Parisian, "your name is not unknown in literature."

Bernard looked at the adjunct and blushed.

"Forgive me, I pray you, if I have wounded your modesty," added the adjunct; "but after hearing your literary dissertation, it has just occurred to me, that I read some charming feuilletons, inserted in one of the first class journals of the metropolis, and bearing a signature which you well know. I would lay a bet that you are the author of those articles."

"I, sir! really I did not think ——"

"You would be very wrong, sir, in not acknowledging it. Those feuilletons were most successful in Paris and in the departments."

There was a moment's silence, and then Bernard, who blushed more and more, and stammered some nonsense about modesty, at length assumed an air of resignation.

"It is true, sir," he replied, "that it has sometimes occurred to me to seek for relaxation in literary trifles, to which, however, I have never attached any importance; and then you know, *solaia muse*—the muses at once divert and console us. That, in fact, is all the excuse I have to offer."

And as he spoke, Bernard cast his eyes on the floor with an expression of humility bashful in the extreme. M. Gaudiffret looked at his daughter and smiled; and then leaning towards her, whispered in her ear,

"Did n't I tell you he was a young fellow of genius?"

"He writes feuilletons," replied Herminie, in a low tone of voice.

"And speaks Latin," added her father.

In the mean time, the mayor's adjunct required from Bernard a more ample confession.

"Yet, sir," he said, addressing the young Parisian, "I cannot bring to mind precisely the name of the journal which you enriched with your contributions—with the productions of your muse. Would you be so kind as to come to the aid of my unfortunate memory?"

Bernard was by this time too far advanced to retire. He would willingly have evaded the last question of the adjunct, but his reputation was at stake; and so were other interests, which were of more consequence than the gratification of his vanity.

"Oh, it was, indeed, quite against my will that my name was attached to those little feuilletons which you may have seen. I solemnly assure you, that I looked upon them as matters of no consequence whatever, and I thought that they were long since condemned to eternal oblivion."

"But what is the name of that journal which has thus escaped from my memory?"

"The *Independent*."

"The *Independent*!" repeated all present.

Bernard, fatigued and embarrassed with his part of the modest author, then entered abruptly on the subject of general politics, in order, if possible, to efface the recollection of both the *Independent* and the feuilletons, which had, quite unknown to him, distinguished the name of Bernard throughout the country.

CHAPTER III.

When sleep had dissipated the fumes of the punch which had somewhat disturbed the good sense of Bernard, usually so sober and modest, he could not bring to mind, without ill-humor, the last episode of the evening, although he was himself the hero of it. He regretted having yielded so far to the impulse of ridiculous vanity, as to undertake playing a part in which he did not take the slightest interest; and his more mature reflection made him discover more than one danger in that title of a man of genius, author, and above all of journalist, in a little town domineered over by every species of provincial prejudice. Nevertheless, he also perceived in his indiscretion some mitigatory circumstances; for the desire of pleasing Herminie, whose secret he had discovered, and whose nonsensical vanity he wished to flatter, had no small share in a piece of imprudence which had rendered him liable to severe criticism, and exposed him to more than one kind of inconvenience. He also encouraged himself with the reflection that M. Gaudiffret himself looked on him with indulgence; if, indeed, he did not participate in his daughter's admiration for the literary talent which his indiscretion had thus led him to assume.

For a moment he felt inclined to go and seek out M. Gaudiffret, to ask a private audience of him in his cabinet, and there to avow to him that he was a total stranger to every species of literature; and that far from having ever thought of composing a *feuilleton*, and getting it printed in the *Independent*, he was altogether ignorant of the very existence of such a journal. But his heart failed him, and he could not muster courage to make such an avowal. He dreaded the disenchanting of Herminie, and feared that if her illusions were all at once dissipated, and that she were compelled to look on her husband only as a simple mortal, a mere prosaic notary, she might take it into her head to conceive such an antipathy for the metropolitan second clerk as it would be impossible to surmount. Bernard, therefore, came to the determination of submitting to his usurped reputation, if he could not help it; and he hoped that oblivion would come to his aid, and that by avoiding every species of discussion and disquisition except on subjects immediately appertaining to his own profession, he might even himself forget the innocent little untruth by which he had trumped up such hazardous pretensions.

While Bernard was engaged at his toilette, which this flux and reflux of considerations and resolutions had prolonged to a most unusual length of time the preliminary operations of shaving—while the intended spouse of Herminie thus fluctuated between hope and fear—in his little room at the auberge of the Bull and Crown, Mr. Notary Gaudiffret was receiving the visit of a certain gentleman in black, who wore knee breeches, and entered with an air of great solemnity.

"Oh! is it you, Mr. Mayor?" cried the notary, going to meet him; "what is it that could have procured for me the honor of so early a visit?"

The Mayor, for he it was, did not answer immediately, but taking a chair, sat down, after having made a signal to M. Gaudiffret to do the same. He then looked at the notary, who was not a little surprised at the preamble.

"What! M. Gaudiffret, is it you—a man who is esteemed and respected by his neighbors—a man who—Alas! who could have thought it!"

And the mayor uttered a profound sigh, which might easily have been heard by the two clerks who were engrossing some documents in the office adjoining the notary's cabinet. Gaudiffret grew pale and red by turns during that long apostrophe, which had the appearance of an anathema.

"Conclude, for heaven's sake conclude, my dear friend, or Mr. Mayor; for after the words which have just fallen from you I know not whether I am to forget or not the kind relations and neighborly feelings which have so long existed between us."

"What! M. Gaudiffret; you do not understand! you do not divine!"

"I faith's I certainly don't. I am no sorcerer."

The mayor then assumed an air altogether solemn and tragical.

"Is it possible that you can give your daughter's hand, and your establishment to a—a—I know not whether I could have the courage to pronounce that frightful word—that horrible word."

"Is it possible that Bernard could be a—or a—oh, impossible."

"It is much worse than that, sir; and still you know it very well. Let us have no more of your pretended surprise and ignorance. You know very well that your intended son-in-law is one of those disturbers of the public peace—one of those anarchical writers, who—one of those pamphleteers who daily scatter abroad in society—the firebrands of discord. In a word, that he is a journalist!"

"A journalist! Oh, if that be all, Mr. Mayor, you give me some relief: why did you not say that sooner, for really I was beginning to have some doubts. I might even say some fear."

"But do you know what a journalist is—and still more a Parisian journalist?"

"Well, I think on the subject you are not likely to tell me anything I do not know already."

"And this is the son-in-law and successor whom you have gone in search of to the modern Babylon! I compliment you on your choice, sir. Good morning, M. Gaudiffret, good morning. But woe to you, and to your daughter, and to your establishment, if you persist in your unfortunate resolution."

Scarcely had he pronounced these words when he rose, and turning a last terrible look on the stupefied notary, who was confounded with the malediction, was directing his steps towards the door, when Gaudiffret becoming sensible of his movement, seized him by the shoulder.

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Mayor, do not thus condemn people without hearing them. Bernard is an honest man, who understands his business right well. I have obtained the most satisfactory account of him; he was second clerk in a respectable office in Paris, and he has obtained the good opinion of my daughter."

"So much the worse, my dear sir, so much the worse for her. I lament her lot, the poor child! from the bottom of my heart. Were there not at home with ourselves, in our own good town, young men of merit enough! She had only the trouble of choosing; but nothing would do for her but a Parisian for a husband! Good morning, M. Gaudiffret; reflect at your leisure, and if it be not yet too late, if you set any value on the esteem of honest men, and on mine, as well as on my friendship, you will send M. Bernard back to Paris. A journalist here! Why 't would be as bad as the Cholera Morbus!"

And the mayor, making a precipitate exit, re-

fused to listen to the observations or new arguments of M. Gaudiffret, who began to be a little shaken by the menaces of the municipal magistrate. When alone he began to reflect on what had just passed, on the consequences which might arise to his establishment and to his daughter from an alliance with a young man who had been preceded by so dreadful a reputation. Bernard, then, if he was to believe the mayor, was a well known and professional newspaper writer; and he had dissembled the strange combination of the clerkship and of journalism! Gaudiffret, however, did not overlook the subject of the recommendations which he had got with Bernard; and, besides, there was nothing to show that even if the young man were able, as he had declared on the evening before, to insert some articles in the newspapers, that he would not still give up all literary pursuits to devote himself seriously and exclusively to the notaryship. Although, however, the old notary did not participate in the ridiculous prejudices, of which the mayor had just before been the furious interpreter, still he did not feel courage enough to combat against them, and put himself in a state of permanent hostility and open war with the authorities of the town of S—. Hence, after having turned the matter a long time in his mind, he decided on seeking an explanation from Bernard before taking any determination which might be painful both to him and to his daughter; and in the solitude of his cabinet he began to exclaim in a passion, "A curse upon all newspapers, and newspaper writers!"

He had scarcely pronounced this excommunication when Herminie entered without any preliminary demand or permission. She perceived the uneasy and agitated air of Gaudiffret.

"Papa," she said, "has anything occurred to disturb you—any unpleasant circumstance in the way of business!—on the eve of a wedding!"

"On the eve of a wedding, my daughter," said the notary, interrupting her, "on the eve of a wedding one is often further from it than one thinks."

"What do you mean, papa? And has not Mr. Bernard returned yet? Is it possible that any misfortune could have happened to him, or any accident?"

The notary looked at Herminie, and sighed.

"Well! papa, you do not answer me!"

"Alas! my dear child, I fear that obstacles—unexpected difficulties are in our way. I had not been told everything about Bernard; and what I have just learned"—

"You terrify me, papa."

"My daughter, I fear greatly that M. Bernard has too much genius; or rather that he has not that kind of genius which is adapted to his position."

Herminie now smiled, notwithstanding the melancholy expression with which Gaudiffret endeavored to accompany the declaration.

"Genius, papa!" she exclaimed, "no one could have too much of that. Yesterday you spoke very differently; you did justice to M. Bernard; you admired as I did, or perhaps more than I did, the very animated elocution of that young man, and the extent and variety of his knowledge, and to-day"—

"To-day, my child, to-day!"

The sound of the bell happily came to Gaudiffret's relief, and prevented him from pronouncing the distressing confession which was just about to escape from his lips. A man handed a note to M.

Gaudifret. The latter opened it impatiently, and read the following words, written in haste :—

" By the time that this note shall be placed in your hands, I shall, perhaps, have ceased to exist."

The notary read no more : he endeavored to repress his emotion : then crushing the letter he put it in his pocket, made a sign to the messenger to leave the room, and followed him as if for the purpose of speaking to him in private.

Herminie, left alone, awaited her father's return to obtain from him the explanation of a mystery which filled her breast with cruel perplexity : but Gaudifret augmented her misery by prolonging his absence.

What can have been the matter? We shall see.

CHAPTER IV.

" I have the honor of addressing M. Bernard?"

" I am the person, sir; may I beg to know your business with him?"

Such were the preliminary expressions exchanged between Bernard, at the moment of his leaving the Bull and Crown, and a young man who wore the genuine moustaches of a hussar, or of a fencing master at a provincial school, and who carried in his mouth an earthen pipe at least two feet long. Near the latter was another individual, who appeared to be his companion, and seemed to be concealing something in the folds of his *paleto*.

Bernard was greatly surprised at the question, as he could not understand how his name should be known there, where he had but just arrived ; but he perceived by the manner of his interrogator that the latter wished to display a hostile intention, and an air of menace. Bernard, although he was neither a Cid nor an Achilles, was not devoid of spirit, and he at once prepared himself for the chances of the rencontre.

" I am glad, sir," added the unknown, " that I have not been mistaken ; I have sought you, sir, for a long time."

" Sought me, do you say! Then it was fortunate that I came here ; and if I could have expected that any one in this town desired to see me, I would have hastened to gratify him, and save him the trouble of making further search. Is it any matter respecting a money loan, or an auction of immovable property?"

" No, sir ; 't is nothing of the kind : it is an affair of an article."

" Of contract?"

" Of a newspaper article, sir. Do you understand me, sir?"

The unknown laid great emphasis on the last words, and twisting his moustache, he emitted a blast of tobacco smoke towards his interlocutor, who retreated a few paces to escape the cloud.

" A newspaper article!" exclaimed Bernard. " Well, I can't understand that."

" In the *Independent*; you have some knowledge, of that, I dare say."

That name grated painfully on Bernard's ears. It immediately revealed to him the conversation, and the literary triumph of the preceding evening, founded at it was on a supposition which he then thought altogether harmless. He hesitated to reply, and his interrogator continued in a loud voice :

" Do you mean to say that you don't know the *Independent*, and the author of this abominable, this infamous feuilleton?"

" What! sir, there is then such a journal?"

" Oh, you affect ignorance, because you dare not meet the object of your calumnies!"

" Permit me, sir, at least to explain myself."

" Look, Mr. Editor, do you recognize that signature?"

The young man took a newspaper from his pocket, and showing it to Bernard, continued :

" Behold, sir, this paper of the 5th of March, 1833 ; whose is this signature attached to that feuilleton entitled 'The Provincial Coffee-house'?"

Bernard cast his eyes on the newspaper. It was in reality the *Independent*, of the existence of which he had not the slightest knowledge, and the feuilleton was signed "Bernard;" the circumstance being thus the result of a strange circumstance, a singular fatality.

What was our friend, the second clerk, to do? Should he deny his responsibility for the article, discover the identity, and appeal to an *alibi*? He would not have been believed ; provincial silliness would have seen nothing in all his protestations, but the shifts and evasions of cowardice. Bernard determined at once on the course he was to adopt ; and forming a heroic resolution, he was resolved to undergo all the consequences of his newspaper character.

" Well, sir!" said he, approaching the provincial, the very Quixote of his parish ; " Yes, sir, it is I who wrote that article one of those days, I forget which, but no matter."

" The 5th of March, 1833, sir ; the article is not old."

" And what then?"

And he stood haughtily before his antagonist, and so near him that he had almost broken the enormous pipe of the latter.

" What then! what then! Why that you must give me satisfaction, or else!"

" Satisfaction for what, if you please?"

" For what! d—n me! For your article to be sure ; for the personalities, the insults, the calumnies which it contains!"

" Calumnies against whom? Surely not against you, of whom I have no knowledge."

" What! is it possible to designate any man more clearly—to hold any man more unequivocally up to public ridicule and scorn—and that, too, an honorable citizen, an elector, an officer of the National Guard?"

" Permit me at least to read, or rather re-read the article."

" No jesting, sir; you have grievously insulted me—your pretended sketch of local manners; I recognized myself at once, under the pseudo name of Leonidas, the hero of the coffee-house of the little town, and you have the audacity, or rather the effrontery, to come into that town where"—

" Enough, enough, M. Leonidas; have you arms? I am ready; come on."

The decided air of Bernard, and his laconic ultimatum, made some impression on the provincial.

" Stop a moment, sir," said the latter. " You know, or rather you do not know, that as the offended man I have a right to the choice of arms."

Bernard shrugged his shoulders.

" Small swords, pistols, sabres, your choice, sir; 't is all the same to me. Forward, march!"

In saying these words he hummed the air of the *Parisienne*.

The haughty expression of the self-styled journalist, contrasted with the embarrassment and surprise of M. Leonidas, who expected to come off more easily with his Parisian adversary.

"Sir," he said, "I have brought my duelling pistols, which I always use in affairs of honor, of which affairs I have hitherto had at least twenty."

"Good! then this will be the twenty-first, M. Leonidas."

"Sir, notwithstanding your feuilleton, my name is not"—

"Sir, I care not. It pleases me to call you M. Leonidas. Forward, march!"

The provincial made a signal to his Acolyte, who drew from under the skirts of his paletot the famous pistols, and exhibited them to Bernard.

"One moment, gentlemen; I ask your permission to write a word to a person of my acquaintance."

Bernard tore a leaf from his memorandum book, wrote a few lines with his pencil, handed the note to one of the servants of the inn; and then rejoined the two provincials.

"Now, gentlemen, I am at your disposal."

"But you must at least have a second."

"The first person we meet will answer the purpose. Forward, march!"

The notary's clerk stepped in advance, again humming the air of *Lá Parisienne*.

CHAPTER V.

They had already got outside the town, and approached a little wood adjoining. Thus far they had advanced without conversing. Once only, some one essayed to break the silence, and perhaps to make way for a reconciliation: but 'twas not Bernard who did so: it was M. Leonidas himself who had risked some timid overtures, under the form of almost good-natured questions, addressed to his antagonist. The second clerk, however, made no reply.

"May we not halt here?" said the latter, with the abruptness of impatience and ill-humor. "We have no need of much room to settle our little differences."

The three personages were at this time behind an old garden wall; they stopped, and Bernard immediately set about measuring the ground.

"Twenty-five paces, sir," said the provincial.

"Fifteen, if you please. 'Tis all one to me."

"Whereas we may kill each other very well at twenty-five paces distance, I don't see why"—

"Very well, very well."

Bernard's *sang froid* might have led one to think that he was altogether disinterested in the matter, and only going to act the part of second. The courage of the provincial, on the contrary, was not equal to his boastings and insults, but he sought to put the best face he could on it. He kindled his pipe, which had been extinguished, and while smoking, went to take his post; suddenly, however, he be思ought himself that Bernard had no second, and reminded him of that circumstance.

"True," said the clerk, "we must proceed legally."

He then cast his eyes around him, and perceived at some distance, a villager on his way to the town. He beckoned to him to approach, and as the countryman happened to be an old soldier, there was no difficulty in explaining to him the service for which he was required, or in inducing him to render it; and the two adversaries forthwith took their respective places.

Other villagers and some of the towns-people, attracted by these preparations, now came up to be present at the duel between a notable of the town, and a stranger whose fate began to inspire

some uneasiness, as his adversary passed for being first-rate at the sword and pistol.

"'Tis your turn to fire first, M. Leonidas," cried Bernard.

He awaited his enemy's fire; at the signal given by the seconds the shot went off, and the ball passed three or four feet above his head." It was now his turn; he adjusted his pistol, but before firing, he exclaimed:

"M. Leonidas, your pipe is a great deal too long."

And the bowl, carried off by Bernard's bullet, left a fragment of the shank in the mouth of the astonished M. Leonidas. Appalled and horrified, the provincial abandoned his pistol, which fell to the earth, and was falling himself after it, when the seconds ran to support him.

"He is hit," exclaimed the spectators.

"I only wounded his pipe," said Bernard, while he proceeded to reload his pistol, with perfect *sang froid*.

But the crowd gathered round the Parisian, anxious to see a young man who had shown so much dexterity, coolness, and generosity; for they all admitted that the life of his adversary had been in his power.

"Are you satisfied?" said Bernard to M. Leonidas, who came towards him, holding the two fragments of his pipe.

"Yes, sir," replied the latter, extending his hand in friendship.

"Well, then, I may now tell you, and in doing so I call those who hear me to witness my declaration, that the feuilleton in the *Independent* was not written by me; and that I did not even suspect an hour ago, that such a journal was in existence; and for the truth of this I pledge you my word of honor."

"What! then you are not a journalist?"

"No, sir. I have never been one, and most likely never will."

"But the signature to this article?"

"It is the name of a great many people; of some wise men, and of many fools."

"Oh, now I understand. But why did you not tell me that sooner?"

"I had my own reasons for not doing it."

And the two adversaries turned their steps towards the town, accompanied by a crowd, who exerted all their ingenuity to conjecture the cause of that singular duel, but who agreed in bestowing on Bernard the title of hero. The people were, besides, especially delighted with the lesson which had just been given to M. Leonidas, that haughty autocrat, and intolerable tyrant of the provincial coffee-house.

CHAPTER VI.

In the mean time, consternation and despair reigned in the habitation of Gaudiffret. After having received Bernard's gloomy note—a note, indeed, which was far from being explicit, and which the notary had almost interpreted as alluding to a suicide—he immediately went to obtain some explanation of that horrible mystery. His questions at the Bull and Crown were to no purpose. No one there could tell him whither Bernard had gone; and on his return home he had to submit to all the assaults of Herminie's curiosity and uneasiness; so that at length he suffered some expressions to escape from him which inspired his daughter with the most frightful presentiments.

"Where is M. Bernard? What has become of M. Bernard?"

And poor Gaudiffret could only reply to those interrogatories by profound sighs.

But on a sudden some dull and distant murmurs were heard; they resembled those of a popular tumult, approaching the house of M. Gaudiffret; he opens the window of his cabinet, and perceives below, surrounded by a great number of the inhabitants of the town and country, Bernard—Bernard himself, dressed in black, and walking as if in triumph. M. Leonidas, the mayor's nephew, had given him his arm, and the mayor himself accompanied him, and spoke to him in a most gracious manner. At her father's call, Herminie runs to enjoy the spectacle, so soothing to her heart. The cortege halts before the notary's door, and the mayor now perceiving Gaudiffret at his window, exclaims:—

"Oh, my friend, I congratulate you on having such a son-in-law: how much I was mistaken with respect to him!"

Bernard himself now arrives, and casts himself into the arms of the notary.

"What has happened to you?" said Gaudiffret.

"A slight discussion only; something in the shape of a duel. It was all on account of a feuilleton—an article in a newspaper, which I did not write, and which I was not able to write. But all is now arranged, and it has turned out to have been no more than a mistake. I was taken for a journalist, for a man of genius; I neither am nor wish to be one or the other."

"But you have not then written for the *Independent?*"

"No more than you, M. Gaudiffret: but if I really had done so, it is not a thing for which I should have blushed."

"The Lord be praised!"

Herminie cast down her eyes and blushed.

"M. Gaudiffret," said the mayor, "permit me to render a solemn homage to your son-in-law. He has behaved himself with equal courage and generosity. Challenged and insulted by a hair-brained fellow, he had the life of my nephew at the muzzle of his pistol, as he has proved, by his expertness. He has nobly avenged himself; and I hope that henceforth M. Bernard will be pleased to count me among his friends and clients."

The mayor shook Bernard heartily by the hand, while at the same time Herminie looked on the young clerk with a most amiable smile; for the hero of the duel, the vanquisher, who was at once so generous and so excellent a shot, had completely absolved, in the eyes of the young girl, the fallen journalist.

Eight days after this event, Bernard was the husband of Herminie; he sat in state in the office and in the cabinet of the ex-notary, Gaudiffret; but besides all that, he was the leading citizen of the little town of S——.

At the present moment, he is Commander-in-chief and Generalissimo of the National Guard of the little town. His chief clerk is M. Leonidas, who has shaved his moustaches, and goes no more to the coffee-house. As to the newspapers and the feuilletons, he reads but few of them, for he has no time to do so; but he talks very often about them, for he remembers with pleasure that famous feuilleton, the responsibility of which he had so foolishly assumed, and to the result and consequences of which he now gives his benediction.

A HINT FOR PUBLICISTS OF ALL KINDS. When I see men late in life thrust themselves into the world's face without a call, I feel a contemptuous pity for them; but they are always punished; they find themselves misplaced; and the more they try to adapt themselves to the tone of an age to which they belong not, the more awkwardly they succeed. Not only the fashions in dress and manners change, but the ways of thinking, nay, of speaking and pronouncing. Even the taste in beauty and wit alters. A Helen, or a Lord Rochester, perhaps, would not be approved but in one specific half-century. Sir William Temple says, that the Earl of Norwich, who had been the wit of the Court of Charles the First, was laughed at in that of Charles the Second. I myself remember that Lord Leicester, who had rather a jargon than wit, which was much admired in his day, having retired for a few years, and returning to town after a new generation had come about, recommenced his old routine, but was taken for a driveller by the new people in fashion, who neither understood his phrases nor allusions. At least, neither man nor woman that has been in vogue must hazard an interregnum and hope to resume the sceptre. An actor or actress that is a favorite may continue on the stage a long time: their decays are not despised, at least not allowed by those who grow old along with them; and the young, who come into the world one by one, hearing such performers applauded, believe them perfect, instead of criticizing: but if they quit the stage for a few years, and return to it, a large crop of new auditors has taken possession, are struck with the increased defects, and do not submit, when in a body, to be told by the aged that such a performer is charming, when they hear and see to the contrary. *Walpole.*

LOVE OF COUNTRY.—Several of the French journals, in announcing the recent death of M. Raoul, a celebrated file-maker, relate the following anecdote:—Napoleon, when First Consul, called upon him incognito, and, after having tested the superiority of his files, said—"You live in a country which gives poor encouragement to industry; why do you not go to England, where merit of this kind is encouraged? There you would get a good price for your secret." "Sell my secret to the English!" said Raoul: "Poor as I am, I would rather die of hunger." Napoleon was delighted; but would not reveal who he was. The next day, however, he sent a present to Raoul of 50,000f., and gave him a building in which to establish a factory. Such a man deserved to be honored.

EXPORT EXTRAORDINARY.—There is an export house whose establishment is in Manchester, which, from the magnitude of its business, is perhaps unparalleled—that is, in the same business—namely, exporters of cotton twist and piece-goods. The firm referred to is known to pack no fewer than 25,000 to 30,000 bales per annum, each weighing half a ton; this latter quantity gives 82 bales a day, equal to 41 tons, or 287 tons weekly—or 15,000 tons a year. The carriage or freight paid by this house is really astounding. The present charge to Hull is £2 per ton, and which, at this rate, amounts to £500 per week, presuming that the bales take this route, which, no doubt, nine-tenths of them do. The annual payment on this head will therefore be within a fraction of £30,000. The statement will no doubt cause much surprise, but there is every reason to believe that it is based on facts.—*Leeds Mercury.*

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE DODO.

We (the Divan) have received letters enough to tie into a tolerably thick bundle, thanking us for the instructions on the best mode of fitting any one joke into the greatest variety of circumstances, which appeared in our last, under the head of a "Theme, with variations." "Dull-dog" tells us that, after having fired off well-tried Joe Millers for twenty years, without finding so much as a simper, he has, by following our method, produced three guffaws, two chuckles, and a giggle, since the first of April. "Slow-coach," whom his friends despaired of seeing him in any other capacity but that of a respectable mute, has actually set two tables in a roar; and "Horrid-bore," who was never known to go twice to the same house, really made himself so funny at the domicile of an eminent Baltic merchant, that he received an invite to dinner on the day-week of his first appearance. We thank our correspondents, and congratulate them on the solid advantages they have reaped by studying the doctrines we have put forth, not in the shape of dry precepts, but of unctuous examples.

But another class of persons claims our attention. We mean those who are, for some cause or other, constantly called upon to write verses. Now, many of these, when suddenly required to make a song to a given tune, to scribble a chorus for the end of a farce, or to jot down an impromptu on the blue leaf of an album, suddenly find themselves at a non-plus,—not because they are not masters of rhyme and metre, but simply because they cannot get a subject. We propose to show that, far from this want being a just cause for embarrassment, it is absolutely impossible *not* to find a subject. The first thing that catches the eye, or comes into the head, will do, and may be treated in every manner. In this age, although only a chosen few can fill the post of fiddler, opera-dancer, juggler, or clown to the ring, these occupations requiring innate genius, he who cannot become a poet is a very poor creature. But, to our task; we take the Dodo, that ugly bird, which every child knows from its picture in the books on natural history, as a subject that seems of all others the least promising, and we shall show our readers how artistically we can manage it in all sorts of styles.

I. THE DESCRIPTIVE. For this we must go to our encyclopædias, cram for the occasion, and attentively observe the picture. "Our Rees" tells us that the Latin name for the bird is "Didus," that the Dutch are said to have found it in the Mauritius, and called it "Dodaerts;" while the French termed it "Cygne à Capuchon;" and the Portuguese, "Dodo." Its existence, it seems, has been doubted, and at all events it is now supposed to be extinct.

In the island of Mauritius once a sturdy Dutchman found
Such a curious bird as ne'er before was seen to tread
the ground;
Straight he called it "Dodaerts;" when a Frenchman
gazed upon
Its hood of down, and said it was a "Cygne à capuchon."

French and Dutch might be content with making sorry names like these,
But they would not satisfy the proud and high-souled
Portuguese;

He proclaimed the bird a "Dodo." "Dodo" now each
infant cries.
Pedants, they may call it "Didus;" but such pedants
we despise.

'T was a mighty bird; those short, strong legs were
never known to fail,
And he felt a glow of pride when thinking of that lit-
tle tail;
And his beak was marked with vigor, curving like a
wondrous hook;
Thick and ugly was his body,—such a form as made
one look.

No one now can see the dodo, which the sturdy Dutch-
man found;
Long ago those wondrous stumps of legs have ceased
to tread the ground.
If perchance his bones we find, oh, let us gently turn
them o'er,
Saying, "T was a gallant world when dodos lived in
days of yore."

II. THE MELANCHOLY SENTIMENTAL.—We need
only recollect that when the dodo lived somebody
else lived, who is not living now, and we have our
cue at once.

Oh, when the dodo's feet
His native island pressed,
How many a warm heart beat
Within a living breast,
Which now can beat no more,
But crumbles into dust,
And finds its turn is o'er,
As all things earthly must!

He's dead that nam'd the bird,
That gallant Portuguese;
Who weeps not, having heard
Of changes such as these?
The Dutchman, too, is gone:
The dodo's gone beside;
They teach us every one
How vain is earthly pride!

III. IMPROMPTU for a lady's album.

The dodo vanished, as we must confess,
Being unfit to live from ugliness;
Surely, methinks, it will not be too bold
To hope the converse of the rule will hold.
If lovely things no power from earth can sever,
Celia, we all may swear, will live forever.

IV. BACCHANALIAN, with full chorus.

The dodo once lived, and he does n't live now;
Yet, why should a cloud overshadow our brow?
The loss of that bird ne'er should trouble our brains,
For, though he is gone, still our claret remains.

Sing dodo—dodo—jolly dodó!
Hurrah! in his name let our cups overflow!

We know that he perished; yet why shed a tear?
This generous bowl all our bosoms can cheer.
The dodo is gone, and, no doubt, in his day
He delighted, as we do, to moisten his clay.

Sing dodo—dodo—jolly dodó!
Hurrah! in his name let our cups overflow!

V. THE REMONSTRATIVE, addressed to those
who do not believe there ever was a dodo.

What! disbelieve the dodo?
The like was never heard.
Deprive the face of nature
Of such a wondrous bird!
I always loved the dodo,
When quite a little boy,
I saw it in my "Goldsmith,"
My heart beat high with joy.

I think now how my uncle
One morning went to town;
He brought me home a "Goldsmith,"
Which cost him half-a-crown.
No picture like the dodo
Such rapture could impart;
Then don't deny the dodo,
It wounds my inmost heart.

DIFFUSION OF SHAKSPEAREANITY AT COURT.

OUR gracious Queen, as we briefly stated in our last, summoned a few nights since Mr. Charles Kemble to Buckingham Palace, that he then and there might enter upon the goodly work of diffusing Shakespeareanity through the hearts and minds of the natives abiding within the royal precincts; and we are happy to learn that although Mr. Kemble found the greater number of the individuals in a very benighted condition in as far as related to their knowledge and appreciation of the ennobling qualities of the Great Teacher, they nevertheless—the great defects of their education considered—evinced a degree of interest and aptitude, which Mr. Kemble believes may in good time be made to produce the very best fruits.

We have received a letter from Mr. Kemble on the subject. It will be seen from the document that he has unconsciously fallen into the missionary style of composition; a circumstance, perhaps, hardly to be wondered at, when we consider the importance of his new duties.

FROM CHARLES KEMBLE TO PUNCH.

MY VERY DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Delighting in the interest you have always manifested for the progress of literature and the arts, cherished and honored as they are by our beloved mistress, the Queen, I hold it to be no other than my duty to forward to you, and through you to the whole universe, the subjoined report of my labors up to the present time at Buckingham Palace, for the diffusion of Shakespeareanity throughout the court.

Her Majesty received me with the greatest cordiality, and Prince Albert, by the very attentive manner with which he listened to me, showed an example of decorum which I am sure was not lost upon the inferior people. He is evidently a young man of good natural understanding, although the unfortunate prejudices of his station may have hitherto caused him to neglect his Shakespeare for the more frivolous pursuits of rabbit-shooting and sitting for five hundred portraits. Nevertheless, the many questions he put to me respecting Shakespeare, namely, as to where the poet was born,—whether he had been apprenticed to any business,—whether he died married or a bachelor,—whether he had really invented mulberries,—with other curious interrogatives, all showed to me that the mind of the Prince was at least hungry for a better knowledge of the Moral Master. Indeed, I have every hope, from the interest already awakened in the royal breast, that Prince Albert will, in a short time, wholly renounce the idols of the Opera; and, as a most convincing proof of his belief in Shakespeare, sit out the *Petruchio* of Mr. Webster.

I shall now, Mr. Punch, proceed to give you a few cases illustrative of my success in Queen Victoria's Court, heartily hoping that they will be multiplied ten thousand fold. For most charitable reasons, I suppress the names, giving only the occupations of my neophytes.

"A Maid of Honor, age 23.—Had certainly heard of Shakespeare, when a little girl and before she came to court; but had seldom had her attention called to the subject since. Did not know where he was born. Believes that he was dancing-master to Queen Elizabeth. Thinks she has heard it said that he was a low man, and wrote very bad English; for that reason

was advised never to hear him except in Italian at the opera. Knew an opera called *Otello*; was sure she knew it, because Grisi and Lablache played in it! Had certainly heard of the swan of Avon; believes that she once saw it in the Zoological Gardens. It was a white swan."

[I am happy to inform you, Mr. Punch, that such has already been my success with this benighted young woman, that she has broken a very pretty plaster statuette of Rubini on her dressing-table, and every night takes her rest with the Family Shakespeare under her pillow.]

"A Woman of the Bedchamber, age 32.—Had heard of Shakespeare several times. Saw *The Murder of Macbeth* once; was sure it was the *Murder of Macbeth*, for a Mr. Charles Kean played the principal part. Never went to the play; no, never; that is, except on a royal visit, which was as good as never. Remembers to have seen Mr. Balfe's *Falstaff* at the opera; liked it very well; but thought *Falstaff* at the play-houses only fit for low people. Remembers to have heard of *Romeo and Juliet* when a girl. Never looked into Shakespeare; it was not considered proper. Had seen General Tom Thumb three times; kissed him on each occasion. Once heard part of the *Tempest*; thought Caliban a disgusting creature; had seen and liked the Ojibbeways very much."

[I assure you, Mr. Punch, so great has been my influence over this darkened individual, that she has not visited the opera this ten days, and, as a proof of her conversion to Shakespeare, has expressed herself ready to go even to the Victoria to endure him.]

"A Gentleman of the Bedchamber, age 40.—Had heard of Shakespeare, but thought him a bore. Had seen *Hamlet* once; he didn't mean the silversmith, but *Hamlet*, the Duke of Denmark; thought it very dull and unsatisfactory. What had *Hamlet* to complain of? Wasn't he a prince, with a devilish fine girl to marry, and all that? Thought there was no interest in *Hamlet*; liked something that touched the feelings; for instance, admired the *Maid and Magpie*."

Judge my delight, Mr. Punch, when, after only three interviews with this forlorn individual, he was found devouring Shakespeare raw at the Pavilion.]

"An Equerry, age 27.—Had, in his time, heard of Shakespeare: might have been a slap-up fellow in his day, but was too slow for these times. Once saw the *Merchant of Venice*; old *Shylock* was a bill-discounter of the tribe of Levi. Never went to the play. Never missed Carlotta Grisi."

[This gentleman, after only two readings, dismissed twenty pictures of the Pets of the Ballet from the walls of his bed-room, and promoted to his dormitory a magnificent bust of Shakespeare.]

Such, Mr. Punch, are a few of my conversions at the Palace. As I proceed in my labors you shall hear more; meanwhile, believe me,

Yours, with fervent admiration and respect,
CHARLES KEMBLE.

Garrick Club, May 7.—Punch.

TO THE AGE-FEARING.

Why should the aspect of the vale of years
Banish thy smiles? Imports it much, I pray,
How dark the path that leads thee to the day?
Lo, all thine own yon gathering cloud of fears!
Lo, all thine own the mist of falling tears,
Weeping around the portals of the way,
From this world, full of beautiful decay,
Unto the lasting light of purer spheres!
What dost thou long for most? what most lament?
If perfect love—if youth and beauty spent;
And thy companion-spirits too soon rent
From thy sad heart—behold the road to all!
Oh! let not then that gracious gloom appal,
When first its shadows round thy footsteps fall.
Bentley.

From the Spectator.

CAPTAIN JESSE'S LIFE OF BRUMMELL.

It has been the fashion to sneer at Beau BRUMMELL, (after his reverses,) but he at least did what no other man could ever do—without birth, rank, fortune, or forerunning reputation of any kind, he established himself as the autocrat of fashion among the proudest and most exclusive aristocracy in Europe. Other instances may be adduced of men with as little of high or solid merit filling a similar conspicuous position in the eyes of the great, but not from their own intrinsic qualities. Antinous, and other celebrities of ancient times, were supported by the Imperial power, to whose vices they administered. The same may be said of Carr and the two Villierses,—who, moreover, attained rank, wealth, and political influence. Beau Brummell had no pretensions to court favor, and for the longer period of his career he had for an enemy the most malignant “fine gentleman” that ever breathed; yet neither the power of Heir Apparent, Prince Regent, or leader of the ton, sufficed to shake him. He only succumbed to that pressure which changes dynasties, overwhelms states, and would have destroyed Cæsar had he not managed to destroy the republic—the pressure of a vacuum in the exchequer, the most irresistible of pressures excepting that of atmospheric air.

There is more in a man who could accomplish this than impudence and the tie of a cravat, or we should have a Brummell every day in the week. That he had a power of face which surpassed Cibber or Fouché, is clear; that he dressed well—with “exquisite propriety,” is recorded by Byron; and stories of the starched neckcloth are told in various forms, though we suspect none of them accurately. He had also great elegance of manner, with several social accomplishments: he was an amateur artist, had some knowledge of music with an agreeable voice, he could write *vers de société*, and, it would appear, pilfer those of other writers, and told a story capitally. He had moreover, a keen eye for a weak point, and great tact in the mode of probing it so as to escape personal consequences however offensive he might be. In the exercise of his faculty he was, like Theodore Hook, restrained by no sense of feeling, of gratitude, or of propriety; so that the slaves of fashion were slaves to him. This would go far to account for his retention of power, but not for its acquisition. The art of Beau Brummell's rise would seem to be an unknown art. As in most great geniuses, however, his peculiar faculty developed itself early. At sixteen he was a Cornet in the “Prince's Own;” and, if the dates of Mr. Jesse's book are correct, he was at six-and-twenty sufficiently established on the throne of the world of fashion to defy the art and malice of the Prince, which were more “his own” than his regiment.

Such a character and career were as well worth tracing as those of players, playwrights, demireps, or dullards, with which the town has been so often inundated. Two volumes may look too much for a beau; but some of the mimes, we think, have extended to more; and if Horace thought it worth while to make the characteristics of Tigellius a leading theme for two satires, Captain Jesse may justify the devotion of two volumes, in this age of print to a greater than Tigellius. The true objection to the length of Mr. Jesse's book is that much of it is not necessary to Brummell. There are sketches of preceding beaus which might have been spared;

there are digressions upon anything that turns up, which had been better away; there are interminable extracts from Brummell's album, consisting of verses by the mob of gentlemen and ladies of his own time; together with some commonplace episodes of Brummell himself, and details of a screen and so forth, that only overlay.

Still, the volumes are amusing; and the life of Brummell could not have fallen into better hands. A clearer arrangement, a more regular narrative, a closer style, might be attained; and we do not expect from a collector any very searching estimate of the authenticity of the gossip he receives. But who save Captain Jesse would have had patience and perseverance to gather the materials? His own personal reminiscences are easy enough told; the floating stories of the clubs and coteries, with the printed sketches or caricatures of his hero, are not difficult to collect; a pilgrimage to Calais and Caen might have been undertaken by the zealous bookmaker: but Captain Jesse does not show like a mere literary lover of gossip picking up what he finds—he is like a soldier going out to gain “intelligence.” Brummell was born in 1778, and educated at Eton; so thither went the Captain. The lady who supplied the Etonians at the close of the last century with apples and cakes is living in the Alms-houses, but the old soul's mind and memory have failed her: it is therefore unknown whether the “child was father to the man” in the matter of good things and getting them on credit. Our author, however, has hunted out a correspondent to whom Brummell was fag, and who speaks highly of his general character and conduct, but seems to consider that his first excellence was in toasting cheese. It also appears that in his school-days he was remarkable for the neatness and style of his dress, so as to have acquired the sobriquet of “Buck Brummell,”—which was perhaps better than “Beau.” It would seem that the future hero of the world of fashion never suffered corporal degradation. Dining once in a strange party, an elderly Nimrod happened to mention that he was at Eton towards the close of the last century; Captain Jesse, on the watch, immediately queries, “Do you recollect Brummell there?” “I knew him well, sir,” replied the old squire: “he was never flogged; and a man, sir, is not worth a d—n who was never flogged through the school.”

But Captain Jesse, in obedience to the rule of the philosophical poet, not only adds the morn but the evening to the day of his hero.* His landlord and his laundress at Calais are put to the question. He hunted up the valet of his meridian splendor and first decline, in a café at Boulogne. From him he probably learned the *modus operandi* of putting on the neckcloth, which he describes at length. The same authority should have taught Captain Jesse to doubt the hackneyed story of “our failures,” which he elsewhere relates: the cravats were folded by the laundress, and only inspected by the Beau; and the valet emphatically declares that his master “never failed in the tie.” Not content with the commoner sources at his last resting-place, Caen, our author penetrates to the prison where he was confined for debt, and to the lunatic asylum where he died; and visits the congenial-minded tailor, who groaned in spirit over the coat out at elbows, and the tattered trousers that dis-

* “Alas! not dazzled by their noon tide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day.”

figured the dandy's cloudy setting. "J'avais honte," said the indignant artist to the inquiring biographer, "de voir un homme si célèbre et distingué, et qui s'était crée une place dans l'histoire, dans un état si malheureux." He could not afford to give clothes, but he mended Brummell's only suit *con amore*, whilst the Beau lay in bed.

It is said that in the cotton-districts a person with a grandfather is a person of family. Brummell had a grandfather, but his original status is matter of dispute; some affirming that he was a porter to the Treasury, others that he was in Lord Bute's household, and others, again, that he was a confectioner. Captain Jesse cannot settle the question, but he has discovered that he was "in business in Bury Street, St. James's," where Jenkinson, the first Lord Liverpool, took lodgings at his house, attracted by the perfect penmanship of Beau Brummell's father in "Lodgings to let." This introduction led to protection and patronage—amanuensis, a clerkship in the Treasury, private secretary to Lord North, and thence to a good marriage and a good many sinecures; so that "Lodgings to let" eventually "cut up" to the tune of nearly £70,000. This he divided equally among his three children, and Beau Brummell's share had increased on the attainment of his majority to £30,000—some say £40,000. We have seen he was at Eton; thence he went to Oxford: at sixteen he was a Cornet, and at eighteen a Captain; but the army was too great a tie, and he left it at twenty.

With the Funds yielding five per cent, he might probably have continued to keep his head above water for his lifetime, had "Prudence been present." But, like the Prince and all of his set, he seems to have had no notion of the value of money; and though he spent little on other people, he expended a good deal on himself. A small but exquisite bachelor's house, a man-cook, a stud, and so forth, could scarcely be kept up on £1,500 or £2,000 a year. Then he had taste in articles of virtù, especially porcelain; he had an unrivalled collection of snuff-boxes; and he gambled, without capital sufficient to stand a run of ill-luck. His personal habits were very expensive; so much so that his reply to the lady who asked what her son could appear well for, might not be so very extravagant: "Why, with strict economy, it might be done for £800 a year." His capital melted, his debts accumulated; and, after a reign of more than twenty years, the ruined Beau "bolted" for Calais—according to our author, on the 16th May, 1816.

In this town of passage he lived till 1830, maintained in luxury by the large contributions of his fashionable friends: a fact which speaks much in favor of Brummell, for with no class of people is "out of sight out of mind" more truly to be predicted, especially when memory is to make an inroad on the pocket. In 1830, the whigs appointed him to the Consulship at Caen, with a salary of £400 a year; but as £320 was put aside for the payment of his Calais debts, without which arrangement he could not have departed, he gained a loss, as his friends thought he was provided for. Debts, of course, ran up at Caen; and when Lord Palmerston abolished the Consulship, the Beau was arrested and thrown into prison. A subscription among his surviving fashionable friends arranged his affairs; and from the same source an allowance of £120 was raised for him. The secret of this influence is not discoverable in these volumes; but

it is a fact that every one with whom he came in continual contact, down even to the prisoners in gaol, retained favorable and friendly impressions of Beau Brummell.

His close of life realized the most deplorable pictures of those satirists who have warned mankind against the prayer for multitude of days. Poverty, disease, idiocy, and a paralysis of the bowels which reduced him at last to a shocking state of filthy helplessness, Captain Jesse pursues through their minute details, with a result at once mournful and mirthful. After some time of what we agree with our author in thinking gross mismanagement of his income, he was removed from the hotel to the Bon Sauveur, a religious asylum for the insane. Here he died, on the 30th March 1840; his last act exhibiting, whether consciously or accidentally, all his former sense of propriety; he turned his face to the wall, so as to be hidden from the attendants on the other side, and in that position expired.

Though Brummell had the reputation of a wit, he exhibited very little real wit. Like Theodore Hook, and perhaps most other reputed wits of society, his mind was of the buffo cast, redeemed from buffoonery only by reserve and causticity. What Johnson says of Tom Brown is not far from the truth respecting the class we speak of: "the whole animation [and point] of these compositions arises from a profusion of ludicrous and affected comparison,"—in other words, from exaggeration so great as to startle. Such was Brummell's reply to the beggar who solicited charity "if only a half-penny:" "My good fellow, I have heard of the coin, but I never had one—there's a shilling for you." When asked during a bad summer if he had ever seen such a one, he replied, "Yes, last winter,"—which is of the same character. Sometimes the mere impudence of the deed or word produces the same effect of surprise. Once, at a party, he asked an acquaintance, with a great air of curiosity, who that ugly man near the chimney-piece might be? "Why, surely, my good fellow, you know him—that is the master of the house." "No," replied the unmoved Cornet; "how should, I! I was never invited." He does not appear to have been good at retort; perhaps he had prudence enough to avoid the risk of having to make one. But the following approaches to repartee. A doctor's wife at Caen tried hard to get him to her house: walking one afternoon with a friend, they passed through an archway under the lady's balcony, in which she was: leaning over, she accosted the Beau, earnestly requesting him to walk up and take tea: "Madam," said he to the medico's wife, in his calmest and most disdainful manner, "you take physic, you take a walk, you take a liberty, but you drink tea." Disagreeable, personal, painful truths, such as only unflinching impudence could utter, produce their effects by the same means of surprise. The "fat friend" was of this kind. So was the last witticism; for we hardly think, with Mr. Jesse, that it was any proof of absence of mind.

"One evening, absorbed in the contemplation of a blazing fire at the house of a friend, and sitting next to two ladies who were carrying on a desultory conversation near him, he heard the lady of the mansion gently chide her companion for having left her daughter by the sea-side alone: upon which he broke silence by audibly observing to himself, 'There is no necessity for being alarmed; she is too plain for anybody to dream of running off with her.'

Brummell, however, in common with great satirists, had the faculty of intuitively seeing the sore place : he also disregarded the forms of things in comparison with the pith, though he affected to estimate them by a whimsical standard of his own.

There are other points in his meridian splendor, as well as in his decline and fall, which we should like to have touched upon : the care and time he spent upon his toilet, with its moral of natural taste matured by labor ; and the sad story of his decline —how he sponged upon casual travellers at the table d'hôte for his wine, in return for the honor of his company and anecdotes—how he apparently struggled against fortune in public, with its effects upon mind and health in private. But we have only space left for a few anecdotes, relating to the “first gentleman of the age,”—who is exhibited throughout as a very paltry fellow. The following are furnished by a voluntary correspondent who addressed Captain Jesse in consequence of the advertisement of his work ; and who seems, like other of the Beau's friends, to have entertained a strong regard for him.

THE TALE OF THE SNUFF-BOX.

Brummell had a collection chosen with his singular sagacity and good taste ; and one of them had been seen and admired by the Prince, who said, “Brummell, this box must be mine : go to Gray's, and order any box you like in lieu of it.” Brummell begged that it might be one with his Royal Highness's miniature ; and the Prince, pleased and flattered at the suggestion, gave his assent to the request. Accordingly, the box was ordered and Brummell took great pains with the pattern and form, as well as with the miniature and the diamonds round it. When some progress had been made, the portrait was shown to the Prince ; who was charmed with it, suggested slight improvements and alterations, and took the liveliest interest in the work as it proceeded. All in fact was on the point of being concluded when the scene at Claremont took place. [Where this writer describes the quarrel as originating, through the Prince preventing Brummell from joining a party, on the plea of Mrs. Fitzherbert disliking him.] A day or two after this, Brummell thought he might as well go to Gray's and inquire about the box : he did so, and was told that special directions had been sent by the Prince of Wales that the box was not to be delivered : it never was, nor was the one returned for which it was to have been an equivalent. It was this, I believe, more than anything besides, which induced Brummell to bear himself with such unbending hostility towards the Prince of Wales. He felt that he had treated him unworthily, and from this moment he indulged himself by saying the bitterest things. When pressed by poverty, however, and, as I suppose, somewhat broken in spirit, he at a later period recalled the Prince's attention to the subject of the snuff-box. Colonel Cooke (who was at Eton called “Cricketer Cooke,” afterwards known as “Kangaroo Cooke,”) when passing through Calais, saw Brummell ; who told him the story, and requested that he would inform the Prince Regent that the promised box had never been given, and that he was now constrained to recall the circumstance to his recollection. The Regent's reply was—“Well, Master Kang, as for the box, it is all nonsense ; but I suppose the poor devil wants a hundred guineas, and he shall have them ;” and it was in this ungracious manner that the money was sent, received, and acknowledged.

Mr. Jesse adds, in a note—

“I have heard Brummell speak of this affair of the snuff box, but never heard him say that he received the hundred guineas.”

THE MEETING OF THE RIVALS.

Brummell, before he sunk under the pressure of poverty, always withstood the Prince of Wales, like a man whose feelings had been injured. Well do I remember an instance of this, one night after the opera. I was standing near the stove of the lower waiting-room, talking to several persons, of whom one is now alive. The Prince of Wales, who always came out rather before the performance concluded, was also standing there, and waiting for his carriage, which used to drive up what was then Market Lane, now the Opera Arcade. Presently, Brummell came out, talking eagerly to some friends ; and, not seeing the Prince or his party, he took up a position near the check-taker's bar. As the crowd flowed on, Brummell was gradually pressed backwards, until he was all but driven against the Regent ; who distinctly saw him, but who of course would not move. In order to stop him, therefore, and prevent actual collision, one of the Prince's suite tapped him on the back ; when Brummell immediately turned sharply round, and saw that there was not much more than a foot between his nose and the Prince of Wales'. I watched him with intense curiosity, and observed that his countenance did not change in the slightest degree, nor did his head move : they looked straight into each other's eyes ; the Prince evidently amazed and annoyed. Brummell, however, did not quail or show the least embarrassment. He receded quite quietly, and backed slowly step by step till the crowd closed between them, never once taking his eyes off those of the Prince. It is impossible to describe the impression made by this scene on the bystanders ; there was in his manner nothing insolent, nothing offensive ; by retiring with his face to the Regent he recognized his rank ; but he offered no apology for his inadvertence, (as a mere stranger would have done,) no recognition as an acquaintance : as man to man, his bearing was adverse and uncompromising.

THE RIGHT READING OF “THE FAT FRIEND.”

Lord Alvanley, Brummell, Henry Pierrepont, and Sir Harry Mildmay, gave at the Hanover Square Rooms a fête, which was called the Dandies' Ball. Alvanley was a friend of the Duke of York's ; Harry Mildmay young, and had never been introduced to the Prince ; Pierrepont knew him slightly ; and Brummell was at dagger's-drawing with his Royal Highness. No invitation, therefore, was sent to the Prince : but the ball excited much interest and expectation ; and, to the surprise of the Amphitryons, a communication was received from his Royal Highness intimating his wish to be present. Nothing, therefore, was left but to send him an invitation ; which was done in due form, and in the names of the four spirited givers of the ball. The next question was, how were they to receive their guest ; which, after some discussion, was arranged thus : when the approach of the Prince was announced, each of the four gentlemen took, in due form, a candle in his hand. Pierrepont, as knowing the Prince, stood nearest the door, with his wax-light, and Mildmay, as being young and void of offence, opposite ; Alvanley, with Brummell opposite, stood immediately within the other two. The Prince at length arrived ; and, as was expected, spoke civilly and with recognition to Pierrepont, and then turned and spoke a few words to Mildmay ; advancing, he addressed several sentences to Alvanley ; and then turned towards Brummell, looked at him, but as if he did not know who he was, or why he was there, and without bestowing upon him the slightest symptom of recognition. It was then, at the very instant he passed on, that Brummell, seizing with infinite fun and readiness the notion that they were unknown to each other, said across to his friend, and aloud, for the purpose of being heard, “Alvanley, who's your fat friend ?” Those who were in front and saw the Prince's face, say that he was cut to the quick by the aptness of the satire.

This version carries better internal evidence than any other; for it was neat, appropriate, and telling,—points which Brummell ever regarded. The fact of the ball is well known; it was given by the four after a great run of luck: it is also known that the Prince intimated a wish to be present, and is said to have cut Brummell when he got there. The story would otherwise be incredible; for what an idea does it give of “the finest gentleman in Europe”—a *ci-devant jeune* Prince fishing for an invitation to a ball, and insulting one of his entertainers the moment he arrived!

PROHIBITION OF ART-UNIONS.—So there is an end to our picture-lotteries: they are prohibited. The drawing of prizes for the London Art-Union, which was to have taken place on Tuesday last, was prevented by a missive from the Treasury apprising the committee that it was illegal. This proceeding, though inevitable, took people by surprise, and created quite a consternation among those artists who relied upon the enlightened patrons of the wheel of fortune for encouragement; and the subscribers murmur at the loss of their chances: government might have allowed the prizes to be drawn first, and have put a stop to the lottery afterwards, they exclaim. They would have had reason to complain, had they been suffered to commit a breach of the law subjecting all parties concerned to heavy penalties. This step could scarcely have been taken earlier; a public announcement of the intended lottery being a necessary preliminary to the act of interference. Nor could it have been avoided: since the question of the legality of Art-Unions had been raised by the print-sellers, and the law-officers of the crown were required to give an opinion for the government's guidance.

We cannot regret the suppression of Art-Unions: they have done much more harm to art than good to artists. Only the inferior class of painters, who had no other chance of finding a sale for their works, were benefited: men of real merit were rather injured than otherwise; for many people, who would otherwise have bought a picture that pleased them, were content to wait for the chance of a prize. Looking at the matter in a merely pecuniary point of view, the money distributed by Art-Unions was very far from being a clear addition to the amount annually expended on works of art; and the moral effect of the system was bad: it tended to lower rather than to elevate the aim of the artist, who naturally sought to propitiate the vulgar liking of the many in preference to the more refined taste of the few; and engendered a jobbing spirit among the producers and possessors of pictures, degrading an intellectual pursuit to a trifle in chances. As for the prints that were circulated by thousands, they were not of such surpassing excellence and beauty as to prevent them from becoming a drug, having no other than a mere money value.

The fourteen thousand pounds of subscriptions need not, however, be wasted, or diverted to other purposes. The ostensible object of the Art-Unions may be better promoted now than ever, by purchasing the best pictures in the current exhibitions, or in the possession of their painters, and presenting them to the National Gallery; or by giving commissions to a few first-rate artists for works to adorn some public building. And if the public zeal for the “promotion of art,” burn with genuine ardor, the subscribers may have the satisfaction of vying with the pontiffs and nobles of Italy in the munificence of their patronage of the fine arts.

A RIDDLE.

A song, a salute, and one little word,
Will give you the name of a beautiful bird.

CURIOS EXPERIMENT.—The *Courrier Français* states, that “an experiment calculated to excite the greatest interest was made in Paris, in that part of the river opposite to the Quai d'Orsay. Towards five o'clock in the evening of Wednesday last, Dr. Payerne, placed in an enormous metal bell, weighing several hundred kilograms, descended under this heavy apparatus to the bottom of the river. The doctor remained more than half an hour under water. He had under his bell a chymical apparatus, with the assistance of which he absorbed the carbonic acid gas, and produced oxygen and azote to render the air fit for respiration. The experiment succeeded completely, and we are assured that with this bell, of a new construction, a person may remain under water for an indefinite period at a depth of fifty yards. An instrument of a similar construction, placed in the hands of our pearl and coral fishers, would be of vast importance.”

THE TROOPER'S SONG.

(SCHILLER.)

Up, comrades, and saddle! To horse, and away
To the field, where freedom's the prize, sirs!
There hearts of true metal still carry the day,
And men are the kings and the kaisers.
No shelter is there, where a skulker may creep,
But each man's sword his own head must keep.

From the earth has freedom outvanished quite,
And left but the master and master'd;
Chicaning and falsehood have fasten'd them tight
On the hearts of the fool and the dastard.
The soldier bears death in the teeth,—and he,
Alone of all mortals, alone is free.

Life's cares and its troubles, he doffs them by;
No fear has he, and no sorrow;
He shows a full front to his fate!—for why?
It comes, at the latest, to-morrow.
And if then to-morrow, to-day let us drain
The heart-stirring cup,—we may never again.

We toil not, we moil not, but snatch for ourselves
The joys that from heaven down tumble.
The serf, sorry drudge, he digs and he delves,
In hopes on a treasure to stumble.
He digs and he shovels, while life flies fast:
And digs, till he digs his own grave at last.

Unwelcome guests are the trooper tall
And his coal-black so fiercely ridden:
When the lamps are bright in the bridal hall,
He comes to the revel unbidden.
He woos not with speeches, he woos not with gold,
But bears off the prize like a reiver bold.

A kiss, wench, at parting! Why, never take on,
Your tears will be dried by some new love.
We are here to-day, and to-morrow are gone,—
Can a soldier know constant and true love?
We are lost to and fro, like the restless wind,
And are true, while we may, to the lass that's kind.

Then up, boys, and saddle. Huzzah for the fight,
Where the pulses beat high, till they madden;
Youth boils in each vein, in each nerve dances light,
Up, up, ere its spirit can sadden.
Strike home, and remember in battle strife,
The man that fears death has no chance for life.

Tait's Magazine.

From the Spectator.

POLITICAL JUDGES.—The practice of appointing political partisans to the bench, as a reward for their political services, is not exactly new. From the time that the country party, (the name is as old as the reign of Elizabeth,) grew strong enough to excite the watchfulness, if not the apprehension of the government, a lawyer's devotion to the court party became a recommendation to the bench; and from the time that ministerial tenure of office came to be more dependent on the support of the majority of the aristocracy than the liking of the sovereign, ministers have been in the habit of retaining legal followers by the prospect of judgeships. But under the constitution of the Reform Act the abuse seems to be growing more inveterate.

Judges chosen by the crown or by the minister commanding a majority in a Boroughmonger Parliament, on account of their political subserviency, were liable to suspicion in all trials where a question affecting the prerogative of the crown or ministerial tenure of office was at issue. The evil of this was not confined to the endangering of popular privileges: the dignity of the bench was lowered in the eyes of the public—popular confidence in the law was weakened. But, except in political cases, these judges might be honest, and were able and learned lawyers. Whatever may be thought of Lord Mansfield when political questions came before him, his invaluable services to the mercantile law of England are beyond question; and even the most sordid and sycophantic of the judges in the time of the two Charleses were able lawyers. The reason was, that the court and the minister had an interest in choosing sound lawyers, and had the power to do it. Even after the rise of the House of Commons into importance had rendered ministers more or less dependant on the assistance of their legal partisans in debates, and had made such parliamentary services a claim for promotion to the bench, nomination-boroughs enabled party leaders to place in Parliament men who had already attained to legal eminence. Partisanship was the motive that determined the choice of law-officers of the crown and judges from among the parliamentary lawyers; but a lawyer required to be eminent in his profession before the owner of a borough thought it worth while to place him in Parliament. The principle of selection was bad, but the abilities and experience of the body from whom the selection was made mitigated its bad effects. The lawyers chosen for judges by the court before Parliament grew strong, and by ministers afterwards, were uniformly men who had characters *as lawyers* to support; they had a professional point of honor, which often served in lieu of higher moral principle.

Now the case is altered for the worse. The reform has thrown ministers, in their selection of the high officers of the law, upon an entirely different class of practitioners. Party leaders can no longer obtain a seat in Parliament for any man they please: they must take the kind of men who have the knack of pleasing constituencies,—which is rarely the case with great lawyers. Formerly, eminence in the law was a means of getting into Parliament as a step to the bench; now, men without any professional eminence get into Parliament, as a means of helping them to practice. Ministers must take their legal assistants in Parliament from the lawyers they find there; and the assistance lent them by these lawyers must be re-

paid by the highest offices of the profession. It is no longer by hard study and extensive practice that lawyers look to reach the bench; but by dexterity in canvassing, and all the equivocal practices of political intrigue. The experience of the last dozen years shows that the evil is increasing. Mere political considerations, apart from professional eminence, have more frequently been the means of raising men to the bench during that period than used to be the case. All parties have alike been guilty of this abuse; for it is in a great measure a necessity of their position.

The tendency of this state of matters to degrade the bench is obvious. In course of time men will come to be appointed who could not discharge the duties of their office fairly if they would, from sheer lack of knowledge and experience. And in point of *morale* such men must necessarily rank lower than the political judges of old times. The chicanery of constituency-managers is worse and more demoralizing than any professional chicanery that can be practised among the higher grades of the legal profession; and men promoted to the bench simply on account of their political power are unchecked by the professional conscience above alluded to. The tendency of the new parliamentary system is to force upon ministers a class of judges of equivocal reputation in their own profession. This must necessarily react upon the bar: the majority of its members will precipitate themselves into that career which leads most surely to distinction—especially as it is also more easy and exciting than the dry drudgery of legal study. It would be an exaggeration to attribute the present paucity of men of high legal attainments at the bar, and the wretchedly low condition of juridical science in England, to this cause alone; but there can be no question, that it has contributed powerfully to the deterioration of both.

That the necessity of their position has forced questionable appointments upon ministers, may be admitted as an excuse, for what has been done of late years: but it cannot be admitted as a rule for the future. It is the duty of ministers to devise the means of counteracting the mischievous tendency to which they and their predecessors have been yielding. It can be counteracted; for in America, where electioneering intrigue has degraded the legislative character more than here, the bench has retained its integrity, and presents an honorable contrast to the general lax and low-pitched conventional morality of the republic. This is the happy result of the strict separation between the political and judicial departments of the state. Perhaps something might be accomplished here, by enabling ministers to dispense with seats in Parliament, for the law-offices of the crown. If the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General were permitted to sit in Parliament *ex officio*, and express their opinions when legal questions are raised, but without the right of voting, ministers would no longer be obliged to confer these offices upon mere partisan lawyers: they might place the best lawyers upon these steps to the bench, even without asking whether they were skilful canvassers or specious hustings-orators. Although, however, the good effects of such a measure admit of little doubt, the difficulty of carrying it is but too obvious. Opposition would meet it with all sorts of popular fallacies, and probably succeed in persuading the public that its sole object was to lessen ministerial responsibility.

From the Spectator.

THE BIGOTRY OF LAISSEZ-FAIRE AND THE LAW OF COMPETITION.—Every doctrine has its appropriate bigotry. The bigotry of *Laissez-faire* consists in believing that every man is the best judge of his own interest in whatever relates to production or exchange; and, therefore, that all legislation is mischievous which controls anybody's inclination in matters of that kind. Hence the fury of certain of the Economists at the proposal to shorten the hours of labor by act of Parliament. They cannot listen with patience to arguments of which the tendency is to show the necessity of such interference; because their dislike is not to unnecessary interference, but to all. They begin and end by denying that any interference can ever be necessary.

Let us test this extreme opinion by reference to facts. We shall mention those cases only in which the utility of interference by law is fully recognized. On what ground is it that Parliament regulates fishing-seasons, declaring when people may, and when they may not, take certain fish?—on the ground that, but for such regulation, the improvidence of some among the fishermen would soon destroy the fishery. Why was the Passenger's Act passed?—because the necessity was perceived of preventing bargains between poor emigrants and ship-owners which led to frightful suffering among the former. It was against the ignorance and improvidence of poor emigrants, and the reckless greediness of ship-owners, that Parliament saw fit to guard. Why, except in special cases, and under all sorts of precautions, does the law forbid people to club their money into a joint-stock, and make effective bargains with other people, absolving the individual property of the stockholders from liability for the debts of the company?—In order to save those other people from the losses which their own heedless desire of gain might otherwise occasion. Why does the law prevent individuals from issuing promises to pay in any manner suitable to their own judgment and inclination in this matter of trade?—in order to guard others from their own carelessness in a matter of trade. Such cases are without end. In all of them the Legislature interferes in order to prevent a greater evil than its interference. In every such case, the only question is, on which side the balance of good inclines: if for interference, then interfere; if for non-interference, then *Laissez-faire*. In all the cases cited, the bigot's application of the doctrine of *Laissez-faire* is most usefully set at naught.

From this general view we proceed naturally to an examination of the principles which ought to guide the Legislature in the particular case of Short-time.

It is admitted on all hands, that excessive competition among the laborers is the immediate cause of that excessive toil of which all likewise admit the evil. It is a case of excessive competition.

A very slight examination of the political-economy law of competition shows, that in no few matters of bargain the majority is apt to be subject to the minority. Let us suppose that three fourths of the factory-laborers had made up their own judgment and inclination in favor of working not more than ten hours a day; still they must work twelve hours if the others did, because there cannot be two prices in the same market, and in any market the higher price must always give way to the lower. Thus the minority would control the majority.

A large majority perhaps of the laboring peasantry would gladly keep their children at school till they had really learnt something: but the minority care nothing about it; these let out their boys for hire at twelve years of age; and therefore the others must do the same, in obedience to the unchecked law of competition, which in this case commands equality of wages for all the families of equal laboring power, and, as in every other case, gives the lower wages control over the higher. Supposing it good that the factory-laborers should work for only ten hours, but that all must work twelve hours if any can, then surely the Legislature might properly interfere in order to give effect to the judgment and inclination of the majority. It is good for all poor children to go to school: but if any can go to work instead, the families of the school-goers would be punished by a diminution of wages: supposing those who wish their children to learn something to be the majority, surely Parliament would do well to pass a law compelling all poor children to go to school—that is, permitting the majority to do as they please.

Nay, more, interference for the purpose of checking the law of competition may often be necessary in order to give effect to the judgment and inclination, not of the majority, but of all concerned. Supposing that all the factory-workers could agree in opinion about ten hours a day, and wished to enter into an agreement to the effect that none should work longer, their opinion and wish would be of no avail, because, from the nature of things, such an agreement would not be binding without a law to enforce it. If it were not enforced by a law, some might change their mind afterwards, and compel the others, in obedience to the law of competition, to work twelve hours. It would be the same with respect to education. In any like case—in any case where a general agreement of opinion and wish cannot take effect without the aid of Parliament—it is a proper function of Parliament to lend its assistance.

The principle is as old as the world. All law is founded on it. It is for the interest of all to be honest; but none could be honest if any were allowed to steal at pleasure: therefore we make laws against stealing. The bigotry of *Laissez-faire* says, that the principle ought never to be applied to matters of production and exchange. We hope it has been shown that the cases are very numerous and important in which legislative interference with the law of competition, so far from being opposed to the reasonable doctrine of *Laissez-faire*, is rather a means of giving effect to the judgment and inclination of a majority, or of the whole, of the parties interested.

This conclusion, however, leaves with the advocates of Short-time the *onus* of proving that the factory-workers desire the proposed interference with the law of competition; and that a compliance with their wish would not be so injurious to the rest of the community as to counterbalance the general good of saving the factory-workers from excessive toil. We do not meddle with those points here. Our sole object on the present occasion has been to show, that the bigotry of *Laissez-faire*, which fumes at the proposal of any legislative interference with the law of competition, is all stuff and nonsense. Let us conclude by expressing a hope, that Lord Howick, who seems to have got a better hold of the subject than anybody else in the House of Commons, will take the trouble effectually to justify his vote with Lord Ashley.

CAMILLO SIVORI'S MORNING CONCERT.—The experience of the present age of music has certainly contributed greatly to improve our calculations on the extent of attainment possible to human genius and industry. Twelve or fourteen years ago, Paganini introduced to the public a set of unheard-of feats on the violin, which turned the heads and spoiled the talent of those who were presumptuous enough to attempt to imitate them, and even threatened to disappoint a long life of labor spent amidst the most favorable circumstances in their pursuit. But see how facts have reversed a theory founded upon the age and toil-worn appearance of the great artist who struck out this new route on his instrument. A young man of five or six and twenty, the son of a merchant at Genoa, has already possessed himself of the greater part of the astounding difficulties of Paganini, exhibiting them with the grace resulting from easy command, and embellished by a large share of the musical feeling and genius of the original model. This is a singular psychological fact; nor is it less instructive in reference to the mechanism of music.

By the time that he was twenty years old, Paganini, according to his own account, had traversed the whole extent of known violin music; and then began to combine in a system those ancient, modern, and original effects, which formed his own transcendent art. What he exhibited to us in the wane of life, is now the possession of his pupil in the opening of manhood: with him this long silent music revives and flourishes in all its pristine beauty. A more extraordinary illusion than the senses undergo in listening to Sivori cannot be conceived. Let but the eyes be closed, and, what with the peculiarity of the music, especially the pompous instrumentation with trombones and a great military drum, it is difficult to conceive that Paganini does not live again. An impassioned study has been made of the master's mind and style; the charm which he conveyed to his hearers has been caught, and is faithfully transmitted. Here, therefore, we have the true Paganini—not in oddities of his gait or his eccentric actions.

The pieces performed by Sivori on Friday morning, at the Hanover Square Rooms, were three,—the first movement of a Concerto in B minor, "La Clochette;" the "Preghiera del Mosè," with variations on the fourth string; and the "Carnival de Venise." The execution of these things, from its uncommon roundness and perfection, was a miracle of art. The extraordinary purity, power, and sweetness of the tone, the truth of the intonation in the most daring leaps and skips, the fire of the delivery, and the unusually sweet musical feeling which pervades the whole, riveted the audience, who were "all ear." The only question mooted was, "Is this better than Paganini or not?" —and as far as mere quality of tone is concerned, we believe the answer to have been affirmative. It would be useless to recapitulate the varieties of mastery he displayed, the pieces being still well remembered. We will merely observe, that as a disciple of Paganini, he has taken the most honorable method of asserting his claim to the connexion, by playing his most difficult compositions. If Ernst, or any one else vainly set up in rivalry to Sivori, will compete fairly, let him do the same. But in truth, the two are not to be named in a day. Sivori accomplishes his object by great faith in the music and perfect simplicity of demeanor.

The audience sit ready to burst till they can express their feelings in a hearty salvo of applause; and in this way a considerable portion of each solo is overwhelmed. We need not exhibit a more characteristic trait of the genuine pupil of Paganini. We hope that Sivori will produce by degrees all the Paganinian Concertos. The first Concerto in E flat, with the *adagio flesile*, lives still in memory's ear; and the announcement of it would, we think, draw all the amateurs of London.

The pieces were accompanied by a fine band, under the direction of Tolbecque. Among the vocal pieces, we must distinguish an air from the *Puritani*, sung by Miss Sabilla Novello, in a voice of fine quality and volume, which, by its present appearance of cultivation, promises shortly to advance her to a very distinguished position among the vocalists of the day.—*Spectator.*

TAXATION OF NON-HERALDIC DEVICES.—It is asserted in the newspapers that "any fanciful device engraven on seals is an armorial bearing or ensign, and subjects the user to taxation." The abstract principle may have interest for comparatively few; but the paragraph, which has been running the round of the press, reads alarmingly like a hint from the taxgatherers that they intend to act upon it.

Heraldic bearings, in the strict acceptation of the word, minister to vanity—are one of those articles of luxury which people may fairly be taxed for indulging in. Indeed, were it not for the tax they would long ere this have ceased to minister to vanity at all—so insatiable is the craving after them on the part of those

"Whose ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood;"

and so liberal are modern heralds in gratifying the desire. But it is rather hard to tax sentiment, or innocent mechanical jokes, (the resource of those who have no wit of their own,) which may justly be regarded as the cheap luxuries of the poor. Shall the tax-gatherer interfere to prevent the love-sick maiden from giving vent to her emotions by sealing her love-letter with the device of a pair of scissors and the motto "We part to meet again!" or the joker of his circle sealing his humorous effusions with the device of an ass braying, and the motto "That strain again?" Must we fine to the Treasury for leave to impress upon the wax of our epistles "For particulars inquire within?"

A writer in the *Times*, apparently learned in these matters, shows that it is easy to distinguish between the heraldic and non-heraldic device. The former must be borne on a shield, displayed issuing from a coronet, or accompanied by the heraldic wreath. He mentions, indeed, badges, a kind of semi-heraldic devices, which our ancient nobility used to have sewed on the coats of their retainers or domestics. But if the device non-heraldic on a seal runs any risk of being confounded with the badge, this is only an additional reason for not taxing its user. By sealing with a simple device, he voluntarily classes himself with domestic bearers of badges; and surely such a spirit of pious humility ought rather to be encouraged than otherwise.—*Spectator.*

From the Spectator.

THE CHEAPEST NATION IN THE WORLD. Once upon a time, to say that a thing was English was equivalent to saying that it was good; for the English merchant and the English maker took a pride not only in the cheapness but in the solidity of their wares; they would boast that it was not all "outside show," but good to the core. "Nous avons changé tout cela;" cheapness is the great object now, the one paramount object; and the only check upon the production of an utterly worthless article, in the competition to produce the cheapest, is some condition or bond under penalty. If British goods have not quite lost their character for goodness in the markets of the world, they are fast losing it. But we feel the direct effects of the system nearer home, and in nothing more than in the state of our buildings, public and private. We, boasting to be the wealthiest and most civilized nation of the world, possess no class of buildings, with scarcely an exception, that are not unstable, rickety, and tawdry or ludicrously ugly. There have existed, ages past, nations that we could have "bought up," but that had so much hearty pride in their work as to make it stand good in all time: the palaces of the rude middle ages see the "splendid mansions" of our auction-bills rise and fall as the oak witnesses the growth and decay of mushrooms. The Egyptians, the ancient Hindoos, have left us specimens of their building art; the Greeks; even the Etrurians and Pelasgians, peoples who have disappeared from history. Despotism may have been the compelling power to some of these structures, but it was not to all; and in all cases there must somewhere have been a pride in the goodness and solidity of the work. In our worldly wisdom we forego that honest pride. Our dwellings are, in malice prepense, calculated to last just ninety-nine years. No one, however, takes a pride that they should do even that; but it is in the bond. They often do not last so long: a clause is occasionally put into the lease to forbid dancing, lest too much hilarity should bring the house down: to see a house propped up, is one of the commonest of sights, the tenement confessing its sickly constitution by the resort to crutches; nay, sometimes the structure, even of a public kind, will not stand to be built. We had an instance last week, in the ruin of an incomplete edifice at a railway-terminus, which toppled down upon the workmen, killing one and wounding others. Railways are the grand characteristic of our day; one might have supposed, *a priori*, that the builders, our *pontifices maximi*, would take a just and laudable pride in rendering some part of the structure at least a monument of the high estate and power of the English people—a monument to stand as a record and a lesson for all ages. Alas! railway-directors have their chief pride in the high price of shares. If some concession be made to the popular love for what is "handsome," the concession is made with a sneer at the "humbug," and a clumsy effort at compliance, without a sense of the beautiful. Nay, the whole affair is turned over to a "contractor." The strength, the beauty, and the durability, no doubt, are put in the bond or contract; but there is no life in the dry stipulation: it is altogether overridden by the limitation of price. We all know the value of mere bonds, ever since we chuckled at the cheat put upon Shylock. Language, law, and penalty, are incapable of binding the conscience or defining the future, unless read by some moral construction of the bond. Now,

competition in its excess has pared down bargains between the projectors of buildings and the contractors, so that a mere literal compliance is all that is to be expected. The projector, eager to get as much as he can for his money, enters into a contract, stipulating a variety of things; for the execution of which he is no longer responsible, since he has shuffled off the responsibility upon the contractor: the contractor, eager to make as much money as he can by the bargain, often so hard that it requires much ingenuity to make anything, does as little as he can; complying with the letter of the contract, but caring nothing on earth for the thing to be done: he sometimes retransfers part of his responsibility to another contractor, who has a still more remote interest in the project, and only the motive to realize the price and evade the penalty stipulated by the middle-man. Thus, Messrs. Grissell and Peto, the contractors for the railway where this disgraceful and fatal ruin happened, write to the papers—"Although we are the contractors for the whole of the works at that station, *our firm* was not concerned in the erection of the iron roofing to which the accident occurred, nor were any of our workmen employed therein." And that must be taken to exonerate Messrs. Grissell and Peto! Perhaps it may; but what does it say for the nation that endures such a system? Why, it is to such a system that we intrust our very greatest national buildings; and, if we mistake not, Messrs. Grissell and Peto, who *thus* exonerate themselves, are contractors for work done to the new Parliament Palace at Westminster.

This is one part of the larger question, the increasing practice among us of substituting guarantees and bonds for honest pride and good feeling. The observant man will not fail to detect evil results of the practice in every quarter of society. The very strictness with which we bind each other down provokes the disposition to circumvent the stipulator. A bond that professes to provide for everything seems to exonerate the conscience: the man who would hesitate to circumvent a helpless orphan avowedly trusting in his kind heart, or even the active and sagacious friend trusting, with only so much stipulation as to make the mutual meaning plain, in his integrity and good feeling, would think it fine fun to outwit the Yankee who thought he had driven a hard and inevitable bargain. This system substitutes a parchment bond for "stuff o' the conscience;" can more be said against it? Yes; it is damned not only in its nature but in its effects: we see men on all sides referring more and more to "the agreement," less and less to what is just and generous; we see official oaths and securities fructify in peculation; shipmasters starving or poisoning their passengers with bad food, because some special kind of biscuit or pork was not in the bond; English goods losing their once unimpeachable and proverbial character; our very houses tumble about our ears, or stand upon crutches in the public way; our great national edifices depend for their stability upon the soundness of some contract, or stare us in the face with miserable poverty of design—like the National Gallery—a laughing-stock to ourselves; and there are more such brewing, as witness the British Museum. Our great public edifices are like to tumble of their own accord; or we wish they would, to save our shame in the eyes of strangers. All this may be a fit retribution upon a "sharp" or "acute" people, with whom it is a point of

popular morals to outwit the unwary ; but is it suitable to a great nation ? We appear sometimes to forget that a nation has a character as well as individuals ; and that while we admire and seek to emulate the greatness of the Romans, the taste of the Italians and Greeks, or of the barbarous Hindoos, we record ourselves in our monuments, what we have been called, a "nation boutiquière."

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

The oft-told tale of the actor who, in Richard III., instead of adhering to the text, and repulsing the intrusive Gloster with, "My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass," addressed him in cockney dialect, "My lord, stand back, and let the pass'un cough," is not a solitary instance of the perversion of sense and inversion of language sometimes heard upon the stage. We were present at the first representation of a lively interlude, the name of which escapes us at this moment : but Farren personated a sort of English Dominie Sampson, grafted upon Dr. Syntax ; and the mysterious discovery of an infant constituted the mainspring of the plot. The unseen baby was much talked about. Blanchard, who played an irritable old man, in the course of the piece called for a lantern, having resolved to search the grounds despite a heavy storm, rendered audible to the audience by the mechanism employed behind the scenes to imitate rain and wind. The servant, who was supposed to be in the confidence of the parents, endeavored to throw an obstacle in the way of the old man's determination, and *should* have said, "Going out, sir ? Why, 'tis pouring with rain !" instead of which he substituted, to the great amusement of the audience, who appeared deeply interested in the fate of the innocent child, "Going out, sir ? Why, 'tis roaring with pain !" We have also heard a provincial Shylock gravely ask, "Shall I lay surgery upon my pole ?" though *perjury* upon his soul was the correct reading. And we have been told of a Haymarket king of Denmark loudly desiring his attendant nobles to "Suck them a plunder !" though plucking asunder Hamlet and Laertes at the grave of the fair Ophelia should have been his majesty's direction.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE LAST WISH.

The celebrated Wilson, the ornithologist, requested that he might be buried near some sunny spot. This wish is expressed in the following lines. The name of their author is unknown to us.

In some wild forest shade,
Under some spreading oak, or waving pine,
Or old elm, festooned with the gadding vine,
Let me be laid.

In this dim lonely grot,
No foot intrusive will disturb my dust ;
But o'er me songs of the wild birds shall burst,
Cheering the spot.

Not amid charnel stones,
Or coffins dark, and thick with ancient mould,
With tattered pall, and fringe of cankered gold,
May rest my bones ;

But let the dewy rose,
The snow-drop and the violet, lend perfume
Above the spot where, in my grassy tomb,
I take repose.

Year after year,
Within the silver birch tree o'er me hung,
The chirping wren shall rear her callow young,
Shall build her dwelling near.

And ever at the purple dawn of day
The lark shall chant a pealing song above,
And the shrill quail shall pipe her hymn of love,
When eve grows dim and gray.

The blackbird and the thrush,
The golden oriole, shall flit around,
And waken, with a mellow gust of sound,
The forest's solemn hush.

Birds from the distant sea
Shall sometimes hither flock on snowy wings,
And soar above my dust in airy rings,
Singing a dirge to me.

Chambers's Journal.

DIFFICULTY AND PERSEVERANCE.—To the young who have to make their way in their studies and professions, nothing can be more useful than frequent counsel on the duty and necessity of regarding all obstacles on the road as things to be grappled with a bold determination to conquer them manfully. One may not succeed, but if one does, it is sweet to look back upon the heap of briers and hurdles that one has forced a passage by. Hence it is that the greater the difficulty, the more glory there is in surmounting it. So skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests. Burke says, "Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill : our antagonist is our helper. This amicable contest with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations ; it will not suffer us to be superficial." Those who are too apt to quake and quail before every difficulty, would do well to learn the song of "Try Again."*

"T is a lesson you should heed,
Try again ;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try again ;
Then your courage should appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear,
Try again.

Once or twice, though you should fail,
Try again ;
If you would at last prevail,
Try again ;
If we strive, 't is no disgrace
Though we do not win the race ;
What should we do in that case ?
Try again.

If you find your task is hard,
Try again ;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try again ;
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, may not you ?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try again."

SUBMARINE PLOUGH.—A submarine plough for removing sand-banks in shallow waters is said to have been constructed by Doctor Eddy, of Cincinnati, somewhat on the principle of the Archimedean screw, boring up the sand at one end, and passing it through the screw to be discharged at the other extremity.

* *The Singing-Master* : Taylor and Walton, London.

From the Examiner.

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. Containing many Pieces now first collected. Moxon.

THERE can be no doubt, we apprehend, that Mr. Hunt is a man of singular and delicate genius: a poet of great insight and happy fancy, and a prose writer of varied excellence, ranging from deep pathos to wit and humor of as mercurial and rare a character as any in the circle of English literature. There is scarcely a note on the scale of human interest, which he has not touched with effect: from the "Story of Rimini" and the wild and young passion of "Hero and Leander;" from the oriental gravity of "Mahmoud" and the tenderness of the essay "On the Deaths of Children"—to the revelry of "Christmas," and the admirable humor of his "Hot Day" and those other salies of a similar nature of which the *Indicator* is full. There is no one who has more thoroughly brought out the sentiment of ancient stories; we do not know a translator more thoroughly imbued with the old classic spirit; there is no one who has made more happy or continuous advances to the highest aims of poetry, or with whom the study and pursuit have been more of a genuine passion; and we are quite sure that Royalty was never crowned by such charming compliments, as the Queen of England and her children have received from the muse of Mr. Leigh Hunt.

The present publication consists of the author's poetry only. It is a very small volume; well printed, and containing 288 full pages; and the price is half-a-crown. We do not know that we could advise an artisan or person of moderate means, aspiring to possess a knowledge of the sterling writers of our time, better than by counsellng him to lay aside sixpence a week for five weeks, and invest it in the purchase of this little book. We are quite sure that we need not wish any lover of poetry a greater pleasure, than that he may read it, for the first time, in one of his days of leisure. We have given the scholar, we hope, good reason for the purchase. For lighter as for graver hours, it is a pocket companion, which the kindly aspects of nature will make every one relish the more. It is a book which should be taken into the fields, where the April grass is stealing forth in the sunshine, sending up its perpetual perfumes, unnoticed; or by the side of primrose banks; or under hawthorn boughs, filled with blossoms;—or, it may be read on a bed of fern; or on a carpet of wild hyacinths; or by a lulling river. The willing spirit can never be at a loss. And, be it observed, that it is to willing spirits alone that the Muse of Poetry, (like the Minerva of old,) deigns to disclose herself. To the rest of the skeptic world, she presents herself often in a shape as questionable as that of the Æolic Digamma, or the Quadrature of the Circle, or the North-west Passage; and sometimes even in the very formidable figure of the Ass's Bridge.

It is one of the privileges, (as it is amongst the duties,) of a true poet, to rescue men, perplexed as they are by conventional thoughts and artificial distinctions, and lift them into a clear and serene atmosphere, from which they may be able to survey all things and consider their relative value, and learn to know whether they belong to the province of falsehood or truth. In this way we think that Mr. Hunt has done great and undoubted

service; not so much by pithy maxims and direct precepts, as by producing high examples: attractive images, gentle thoughts, pleasant landscapes; by leading his readers from the "smoke and stir" of this close and busy spot, into the open-hearted fields; from the pursuit of gold to the love of nature; from the sound of cannon to the carolling of the lark under the morning sun. This has fine and ample illustration in one of his latter poems—*Captain Sword and Captain Pen*—in which we see striking proof of those advances to the higher regions of the poetical art, which we before adverted to. But indeed Mr. Hunt's province has been generally mistaken for one much too limited and circumscribed.

Mr. Hunt is the poet of chivalry as well as of domestic life. He is to be found as often in the "valley of ladies," with the story-tellers of the Decameron, as in a cottage hidden by roses and honeysuckles on the banks of the Thames. In his love of poets and poetry he has a large and catholic spirit, although he evidently leans towards one and the better class. Without denying the great merit of some writers, who have dealt with artificial subjects; and whilst he admits, with great glee, and almost with fraternal cordiality, the sparkling wit and gay pretensions of the writers of Charles the Second's time; he is himself, in the main, a person of different quality, and belongs, in fact, to a superior order. He is the poet of nature; of the fields and flowers; of love, of kindness, of toleration, of peace. He does not advocate the punishment of death. With him Carnage is not God's daughter; but a hag, bloody, loathsome, and depraved; who ought to be spurned, or rather, according to those gentler theories which have of late years so much increased with him, who ought to be converted, by sound argument or winning examples, to a milder creed.

Considered merely as an artist, Mr. Hunt seems to approach the sculptor perhaps nearer than the painter; for—notwithstanding his fine touches of color, and some deviations into the regions of passion, and even a dithyrambic in favor of wine, (but this last is a translation only)—he is essentially a lover of quiet, and his illustrations are, for the most part, drawn from subjects connected with gentleness or repose.

Many years have elapsed since the poems of Mr. Hunt have been the subjects of regular criticism. In that period his reputation has sustained a remarkable change. From having been denounced as the founder of a school, which every simpleton who could not understand poetry was forward to deify, he has taken his station as an English classic. His essays will remain among the master-examples of genial humor, as long as those of Goldsmith and Charles Lamb shall last. And, in the history of his poetical life, never let it be forgotten that he was the *first* to see and bring before the notice of the world the poetry of Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, and others. The delicacy and discrimination evinced in his criticisms, indeed, are very remarkable; and although in some few, (and they are very few,) instances we have had occasion to dissent from his opinions, we can testify to the care, sincerity, and kindness which they invariably exhibit.

On another occasion it is our intention to illustrate these remarks by extracts from the volume before us. It is full of new and masterly writing, and the reader will thank us for returning to it.

From the Examiner.

BOOKS FOR THE WORKING CLASS.

A "Circular," just issued by Mr. Charles Knight, announces a new literary speculation of remarkable boldness; the publication of a series of popular works at the rate of a volume every week, each containing as much matter as an ordinary octavo of 300 pages, and to be sold at the price of a *shilling*.

Mr. Knight, it appears, had been consulted by some influential persons taking an interest in the moral and intellectual improvement of the working classes, as to the best mode of supplying a body of books suited, both by their cost and their subjects, for district and factory libraries; and it had been proposed or suggested that such books might be produced by the aid of an association of manufacturers and other employers, engaging to purchase a certain number of copies of each, or otherwise securing the publisher against loss. Mr. Knight, however, has determined to decline the formal co-operation of any such body, and to publish the works at his own risk, provided his announcement of the scheme shall be so received as to justify him, upon the ordinary commercial principle, in making such a venture.

We cannot give its details, but may say generally, that it turns upon conditions of guarantee as to sales of a certain extent being secured by the private exertions of those more immediately interested in the plan; Mr. Knight committing the rest to the common chances of publication.

It must be admitted that it is at any rate the largest scheme that has yet been proposed for providing the people with cheap reading. And it is cheapness, after all, that is most wanted in this particular matter. If we had ever so many of the best books, they would be out of the reach of this class of readers so long as they remained dear. The combination of a sufficiently low price with excellence or suitableness in other respects, is to be found only in a very small number of existing books. All ordinary publication is regulated upon the calculation of a very limited demand, and a consequently high price. Yet there is in reality scarcely a limit to the cheapness at which books may be produced. All that is required is a sufficiently extended demand, to enable the art of printing to produce any book at less than the most infinitesimal addition of charge upon the mere cost of the paper. If a farthing of additional charge would answer with a million of purchasers, half a farthing would answer with two millions, and the fourth part of a farthing with four millions. Nor does there seem to be any reason in the nature of things why new books should not some day or other come to sell by millions as well as new hats or new shoes. Neither the shoemaker nor the hatter have any art by which they can reduce their prices upon an extension of their sales, in the proportion that the publisher of books can do by means of the art of printing.

Mr. Knight has done wisely, we think, in keeping clear of any benevolent confederacy for imposing libraries or books upon the working classes. Associations or committees may be of much service in aiding or directing the purchase of books for district or factory libraries; but association-manufactured books, or any sort of machine-made literature, would in this case prove a failure. It is bread that the people want (morally as well as materially); it will not do to give them a stone.

And we like what Mr. Knight says as to the subjects and general character of his proposed new series of works—"that there should be no attempt at exclusiveness; that books should not be made for the poor; that we should not take up the most false and dangerous opinion that the understandings of the poor should be written down to." The books, in fact, as we understand the design, are to be peculiarly adapted to the working classes by their cheapness rather than by anything else; it is the pocket, not the understanding, of the poor man that is to be recognized as less capacious, or not so well supplied, as that of the rich; it is not the writing, but only the price, of the works now offered to the people that is to be kept down. Indeed, it would be more correct to say that the works are, by virtue of this peculiarity, not offered exclusively to any one class, but to all classes; that they will form the first considerable body of reading produced in this country of which the poor may avail themselves equally with the rich.

There is certainly no exclusiveness, no timid and insulting accommodation to the ignorance or incapacity of the poor, in the subjects of the volumes announced for the commencing quarter of the series,—which, besides an account of the "Factories of Great Britain," comprise an original work on domestic life in Egypt, a reprint of Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, a work on China by Mr. Davis, a Biography of Caxton the printer, a History of Early English Literature from the competent hand of Mr. Craik, and a new translation of Plutarch's Lives of Alexander and Julius Caesar, with notes and other illustrations—the last-mentioned by Professor Long.

The novelty and chief importance of this scheme are found in its promise of enabling the poor to command by their numbers the same advantages, in so far as its scope or purpose extends, which hitherto have been only within the reach of the comparatively few and wealthy; and for this we wish it all success.

STATUE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.—The king has presented to the Chamber of Peers his statue at full length, in marble, in his royal robes, executed by M. Jector. It was conveyed to the Luxembourg, and placed in the hall preceding the old chamber. In the same hall has also been hung a large picture in wax, representing the great legislators under the inspiration of the Gospel. At the summit of the picture is Christ presenting the Gospel to the world, attended by the four evangelists. In the foreground are, in different groups, all the great lawgivers from the time of Constantine the Great down to Louis Philippe.

SLAVERY.—It is strongly rumored, and apparently on good authority, that the French Cabinet have it in contemplation to abolish negro slavery in French colonies on the plan adopted by England, of purchasing from the masters the liberty of their slaves. A sum of two millions sterling is to be set apart for this good work. The public mind has been, in some measure, prepared for the plan by able articles in its advocacy published in the most powerful of the French journals—the *Débats*. If the measure be carried, it will add new lustre to the reign of Louis Philippe.

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

SOUTH AMERICAN AND AFRICAN GUANO.

BY JOHN DAVY, M. D., F. R. S. LOND. AND ED.

MODERN enterprise and intelligence are well displayed, and in a very characteristic manner, in the importation from such distant regions as the coast of Peru and the south-western coast of Africa, of the excrement of a bird, and in its varied application, founded on scientific principles, to the purposes of agriculture and of horticulture.

There is something very agreeable in the idea, that our merchants, instead of sending vessels out for cargoes of slaves to the latter coast, keeping up a cruel and barbarous traffic, are commissioning them to the same sea in quest of a valuable manure, and a manure that appears to be admirably fitted to enrich the exhausted soil of the sugar-growing islands of the West Indies, and to lighten and reward the free labor of the liberated African.

At the present time, when the attention is so much given to agricultural improvement, and such great exertions are making to increase the productiveness of our own soil, to meet, as it is to be hoped, foreign competition, the discovery of great deposits of concentrated manure, such as the guano is, may be considered peculiarly fortunate and encouraging.

As we have few or no good accounts of the localities, and as they are very curious and peculiar, I shall insert a description of one instance in particular,—viz., that of an islet from which some African guano was taken, the composition of which I shall have to notice farther on.

"The island from whence the guano is taken, is about three miles from the shore, on the southwest coast of Africa. It is a barren rock, about a mile in circumference; has no soil, or the least sign of vegetation. The guano lies to the depth of about twenty feet, and without any variation in quality. The continent is very sandy, and in high winds (hurricanes, for instance) will cover a ship's deck nearly 100 miles from the land. The birds on the island are a kind of penguin, and cannot fly to any distance, if at all, their wings being a kind of fin. It is believed that the captain of the vessel who brought the guano, was the first human being who set foot on the island, which is very difficult to approach, there being no harbor and a heavy surf. On walking on it, he could scarcely set his foot without treading on the birds, and they took no notice whatever of him, except pecking at his feet, he being barefoot; and, on a gun being fired, they merely fluttered a good deal and made much noise. There is no fresh water, it is believed, for some hundreds of miles along the coast, and no rain."

For this interesting and simple account, I am indebted to a friend, who obtained it from the merchant, the importer of the guano.

As, in consequence of the increasing demand for guano,* and its high price as a manure, there is great temptation to adulterate it, or impose a spurious compost in imitation of it; and which, indeed, is said to be practised already to a considerable extent, any precise information respecting the genuine article can hardly fail to be useful. With the hope of contributing something of this kind, I have examined both the American and African

guano, comparing them together; and I shall now briefly state the results, premising a slight notice of their appearance.

Both, when moist or damp, as when imported, and offered for sale, are of a pretty dark reddish brown color, very like that of dark moist snuff. In drying, both become of a lighter hue, and the African kind, on exposure to the air, soon exhibits a white efflorescence. Both when moist exhale a strong ammoniacal odor, (the African the strongest,) mixed with a different and peculiar smell, somewhat offensive, which, with the ammoniacal, they in a great measure lose in drying.

Under the microscope, using a high power, both appear to consist chiefly of very minute granules, many of them smaller than the blood corpuscles, and of slender prismatic crystals of oxalate of ammonia, in which the African kind is most abundant.

Subjected to chemical analysis, the two kinds (No. 1 the American, No. 2 the African) have appeared to consist of—

No. 1.	No. 2.	
41.2	40.2	Matter soluble in water, destructible by fire or volatile, such as oxalate of ammonia, diphosphate and muricate of ammonia, and animal matter.
29.0	28.2	Matter not destroyed by fire, nor soluble in water, or very slightly so, chiefly phosphate of lime and magnesia, with a little sulphate of lime and a very little siliceous sand.
2.8	6.4	Matter not destroyed by fire, but soluble in water, chiefly common salt, with a little sulphate and sesquicarbonate of potash.
19.0	—	Matter destructible by fire, little soluble in water, chiefly lithate of ammonia.
8.0	25.2	Matter expelled in drying on a steam bath, chiefly water and sesquicarbonate of ammonia.
100.0	100.0	

As regards the American guano, the results of this coarse analysis do not disagree with those of the more minute one of Völkel, excepting in one particular; he obtained 7 per cent. of oxalate of lime, a salt which certainly did not exist in the specimen which I examined; and this I say, after having carefully sought for it.

Comparing the constituents as they are placed side by side of the American and African guano, the chief difference is seen to be, that while the American kind contains a large proportion of lithate or urate of ammonia, the African kind is totally destitute of it. This I little expected, considering its origin, the excrement of birds, their feces and urine, the latter of which commonly consists chiefly of lithate of ammonia. The obvious explanation of the circumstance is, that the lithic acid, which formed a part of the urine, has in a long period of time suffered decomposition, and has given rise to oxalate of ammonia. And, that this guano is very old, was indicated by the partially decomposed state of some feathers, not excepting the quills, which were included in it. I have said that the African guano is totally destitute of lithic acid; and I believe I am warranted in coming to this conclusion, having carefully sought for it in vain. It may be mentioned that

* The price of the Peruvian is about £12, and the African is offered for £9 a ton.

search also was made in both kinds of guano for urea, but without well-marked success. The brown animal matter, soluble in water, yielded a small portion to alcohol, which had some of the properties of urea, and formed a compound with nitric acid, but less distinctly crystalline than the nitrate of urea.

On account of the origin of guano, that already referred to, and the questions involved in the difference as to composition which exists, or is supposed to exist, between it and the matter from which it is derived, it appeared to me desirable to examine with care the excrements of birds, and especially the urinary portion,—thinking it not improbable, that besides lithate of ammonia, [which it would appear, as far as experiment has hitherto gone, is the principal constituent of the urine of birds, whatever their food may be,] oxalate of ammonia might form also a part.

The specimens which I have hitherto examined have been chiefly the following, viz., from the common goose, after feeding on grass, from the pigeon, the common fowl, the gull, the pelican, and the white-headed sea eagle,—the three latter in the garden of the Zoological Society of London, where they are fed chiefly on fish, and the gulls entirely so, as I am informed by my friend Mr. Gulliver, to whose kindness I am indebted for the specimens.

The urine from each of these birds, in its purest state, or least mixed, was very similar; of an opaque white, sometimes with a stain of brown. Under the microscope, it appeared to be composed chiefly of granular matter, each particle seldom exceeding in size a blood corpuscle, viz., that of man, and commonly less. In the instance of the urine of the sea-eagle, delicate tabular crystals were mixed with the molecules. Submitted to chemical examination, each kind was found to consist chiefly of lithate of ammonia, with a little phosphate of lime and magnesia. In that of the goose, a trace of urea was detected, with a little carbonate of lime and magnesia: and in that of the sea-eagle, a small portion of oxalate of lime, constituting the tabular crystals seen under the microscope. In each instance, search was made, but in vain, for oxalate of ammonia,—not a trace of it could be detected; and thus tending to confirm the conclusion of M. Liebig, that this salt results in guano, from the decomposition of lithic acid, and the new arrangement of its elements, aided, I would add, by the absorption of oxygen from the atmosphere.

That atmospheric oxygen is concerned in this change, I am induced to infer from some experiments which I have made. I shall briefly notice two. Lithate of ammonia (the urine of the sea-eagle) in a moist state, was subjected in a close vessel to the temperature of boiling water, for about twenty-four hours, when it was tried for oxalate of ammonia; but not a trace of this salt could be detected. It was next exposed to the same temperature, mixed with black oxide of manganese, and for about the same time. Now, the presence of oxalate of ammonia was clearly indicated, for the mixture, after digestion, with a little water and filtered, yielded a solution, which, after having been made slightly acid, was rendered turbid by muriate of lime, and the precipitate had the properties of oxalate of lime. I may mention further, that the aqueous solution was colored slightly brown, seeming to show, that besides the formation of some oxalate of ammonia, in this instance,

a soluble matter also was produced, which, it may be conjectured, is analogous to that which exists in the guano, imparting color to it.

Before concluding, I would wish to say a few words relative to the tests of guano,—the means of distinguishing between the genuine and the spurious kinds. Taking into account its origin, and that deposits of it can be found only where no rain falls, the inference seems now to be obvious, either, if old, that it must abound in oxalate of ammonia; or if comparatively of little age, in lithate of ammonia; or if not of great age, it must contain a notable quantity of both these substances. These salts are easily detected, and the first mentioned, very readily by the microscope.

The adulteration of the genuine kind, to which the temptation is great, cannot be so easily detected. I fear it cannot be accomplished, excepting by means of chemical analysis; and that the farmer must hold himself dependent on the integrity of the merchant; and if he would wish to avoid the chances of imposition, he must purchase only of the merchant of established name, and at the regular price.

As guano appears to be constantly exhaling ammonia on exposure to the atmosphere, to prevent loss and deterioration, it cannot be, before use, too carefully excluded from the air; and on the same account, it ought not to be applied as a manure, whilst vegetation is inactive, but rather at the moment of its coming into activity, and when in progress, according to the Peruvian manner of bestowing it on the plant, rather than on the soil.

I have alluded, in the beginning of this notice, to the spirit of enterprise displayed in the importation of guano. I have since learnt, that, in procuring the African kind, that which I have examined, no ordinary degree of this quality has been exerted, accompanied by a boldness of daring, and a perseverance worthy of record. The importer, Mr. Rae, informs me, in a letter with which he has just favored me, that his son is the discoverer of the guano-islet or islets, for it would appear that there are several of them, so remarkably situated. That he was led to go in search of them in the beginning of last year, from remembering having, when a boy at school, looked into the sea-journal of an American whaler, in which mention was made of such spots. And that his first attempt was unsuccessful, and nearly proved fatal to himself and all concerned,—he and his boat's crew, in exploring the islets, having almost perished from want of water, before they could rejoin their little "surveying vessel;" and then (she, too, being in want of water) having had to sail 1500 miles before they could obtain a fresh supply.

This is a meagre outline of a hazardous and most important enterprise. The details of it, it is to be hoped, will be published; they can hardly fail exciting interest; and they may convey valuable information, either directly or indirectly, on many important points connected with the physical history of a region of which at present so little is known. The result of the voyage, the director of it may well be proud of, contemplating, as he writes to me, by the introduction of some thousands of tons of productive manure, increase of fertility to our soil, to the extent of "producing three bushels of corn where only two were previously grown."

From the Spectator.

KENDALL'S SANTA FE EXPEDITION.

APART from any intrinsic interest, this narrative of the piratical expedition of the Texans into New Mexico is curious for its indication of American character and Southern American morality. Mr. WILKINS KENDALL, an editor of the New Orleans Picayune, found his health deranged, in the spring of 1841; and, instead of a quiet trip to a watering-place for change of air and scene, he "determined on a tour of some kind upon the great Western Prairies." He was engaged in canvassing with New Orleans friends the merits of an excursion over the ground already visited by Washington Irving, when the Texan Major Howard appeared on the Mississippi, to purchase goods for that Santa Fe expedition which ended in the capture of the worthies engaged in it. Mr. Kendall says, that the Major informed him the objects were only commercial; the professed design being to establish a nearer route from Texas for the over-land Mexican trade, instead of the existing but longer course from the United States town of St. Louis. The Texan President, General Lamar, had an ulterior object, which Mr. Kendall did not find out till upon the road; when, however, he so thoroughly identified himself with the project, both in action and approbation, as to become to all intents and purposes an accessory. The scheme, to do it justice, was original. Something like it, no doubt, is done by pirates on a smaller scale, and unscrupulous partisans have occasionally practised "stratagems" resembling it during open war; but as the project of a government, it is *sui generis*, and appears to have been so considered, as Mr. Kendall complains, "to some extent in the United States." The speculation itself was this. Texas claims the Rio Grande as its boundary, just as the United States claims the whole of the Oregon territory; or rather without so much of *prima facie* right, for the inhabitants on the Rio Grande district are Spaniards, have always been under Mexican government, and Texas has no other right or pretence of right than consists in bold assumption. General Lamar, however, was "led" to entertain a "well-founded belief that nine tenths of the inhabitants were discontented under the Mexican yoke, and anxious to come under the protection of that flag to which they really owed fealty;" and he got up an expedition, which, under the guise of commerce and peace, was to act as spy, sympathizer, invading army, or company of merchants trading to Mexico, just as occasion served. That it may not be said the facts look stronger by a condensed mode of stating them, we give Mr. Kendall's own representation.

"Texas claims, as I have just stated, the Rio Grande as her Western boundary; yet, so isolated were Sante Fé and such of the settled portions of New Mexico as were situated on the eastern side of that stream, that the new republic had never been able to exercise jurisdiction over a people really within her limits. The time had now arrived, so thought the rulers of Texas, when rule should be exercised over the length and breadth of her domain—when the citizens of her farthest borders should be brought into the common fold; and with the full belief in their readiness and willingness for the movement, the Texas Santa Fé Expedition was originated. On its arrival at the destined point, should the inhabitants really manifest a disposition to declare their full allegiance to Texas, the flag of the single-star Republic would have been raised on the Government House at

Santa Fé; but if not, the Texan Commissioners were merely to make such arrangements with the authorities as would best tend to the opening of a trade, and then retire."

And when they approached the confines of Mexico, this was the course pursued.

"It was now determined by our principal officers, to send two men forward to the frontier town of San Miguel, for the purpose of conferring with the authorities. W. P. Lewis, captain of the artillery company, and George Van Ness, secretary of the commissioners, were detailed for this service. Both could speak Spanish; and the former enjoyed in every way the confidence of Colonel Cooke, who had often befriended him. In addition to verbal instructions, the young men were intrusted with letters to the Alcalde or principal officer of San Miguel; and both the instructions and letters set forth that a large trading party of Texans was now approaching, that their intentions were in every way pacific, and that the leaders of the advance-party were anxious to purchase a large quantity of provisions, to be sent back to the main command. Several of General Lamar's proclamations were also given to Mr. Van Ness, to be distributed among the principal citizens; the purport of which was, that the expedition was sent for the purpose of trading, and that if the inhabitants of New Mexico were not disposed to join, peacefully, the Texan standard, the expedition was to retire immediately. These proclamations were printed in both Spanish and English; and not a doubt existed that the liberal terms offered would be at once acceded to by a population living within the limits of Texas, and who had long been groaning under a misrule the most tyrannical."

The discomfiture of the more than buccaneering expedition has been made pretty public by occasional extracts from the American newspapers; and Marryat, from Mr. Kendall's contributions to his newspaper and perhaps other sources, has embodied some of the striking features of travel in the tale of Monsieur Violet, though with gross exaggerations. By a species of retributive justice, the seeds of failure were sown at a very early period. Through some mismanagement, the march was delayed several weeks after the proper time for starting: great quantities of provision were wasted during the first plenty of the buffalo hunting-ground: as the country had never been traversed throughout its extent, the proper route was of course unknown; the expedition appears to have been but indifferently provided with a scientific geographer, who might have inferred the best mode of proceeding from observation; and the only officer who could take the latitude and longitude was killed by Indians. A Mexican trapper who acted as guide was misled by his own want of knowledge and the resemblance of natural features; and, frightened when he found he had lost himself and the expedition, deserted. To what extent this wandering in the wilderness operated in the earlier part of the journey, cannot be told: not much, we suspect from the map, unless there was an easier road: but as the caravan approached the confines of Mexico, the mistake into which the party fell is matter of experience. Exhausted with toil, subdued by hunger, and dispirited by uncertainty, the main body halted on a stream, and sent forward an advance-party to explore. This body took the wrong way—which was exceedingly easy where no one knew the right; and, bewildered amid mountains, and encountering the immense chasms of which Marryat has made so melodramatic a use in *Monsieur Violet*, was thirteen days in reaching a point that some Mexi-

eans they hired to return to the main body accomplished in four. During the latter part of the journey, the privations undergone are described as terrific : snakes, reptiles, wild fruits ripe or unripe, with anything of the nature of herbs, were greedily eaten ; and the accident of rain more than once saved the lives of the expedition. Arriving in this plight, they were not exactly in condition to carry out their nefarious plan. The avant-couriers of the advance-guard, which we have seen starting with instructions to the government and proclamations to the people were arrested, with Mr. Kendall among them as a volunteer. Lewis, commandant of the artillery, turned traitor, it is said, and persuaded the advance-guard, and then the main body, to surrender to General Armijo, the governor of New Mexico. Thus ended the first part of the drama : and, to remove all mistake as to the designs of the Texans, or of Mr. Kendall's hearty approbation of them, if he will not call it participation, he thus contrasts what might have been with what was.

"Far different would have been the result had the expedition reached the confines of New Mexico a month earlier, and in a body. Then, with fresh horses and a sufficiency of provisions for the men, the feelings of the inhabitants could have been ascertained ; the proclamations of General Lamar would have been distributed among them ; the people would have had an opportunity to come over to Texas without fear ; and the feeble opposition Armijo could have made—and I doubt whether he would have made any against the Texans in a body—could have been put down with ease. Had it been evident that a majority of the inhabitants were satisfied under their present government and unfriendly to a union with Texas, then the goods would have been sold and the force withdrawn ; [he cautiously adds] *at least, such was the tenor of the proclamations.*"

Mr. Kendall is loud in his outcries against the treatment of the prisoners, and the detention of himself in particular ; and not particularly measured towards the American embassy for negotiating about his release instead of demanding Mr. Kendall or passports. In these troubles we cannot affect to sympathize ; nor do we see that the persons composing the expedition had much reason to complain. The relations between Texas and Mexico it may be difficult to fix ; but in any case, this expedition was a gang of spies, whose lives were forfeited in strict law, however, blood-thirsty the execution might have been. Two or three, indeed, were shot by Armijo ; but it would seem to have been for breaking their parole : the prisoners in their march from San Miguel to Mexico, under the command of one Salezar, suffered great hardships through his avarice and wantonness ; but on other occasions they had little more to endure than was to be expected in so long a march through a thinly-peopled mountainous country with a primitive state of society. Their treatment varied, of course, with the character of the officers commanding ; some carrying their kindness and courtesy to a greater extent than such a horde could expect, and others standing more strictly on military forms. Nor does the government seem to have been very culpable in the business. Mr. Falconer was released at once on arriving at Mexico ; Mr. Kendall thinks that he himself would have been set free by Armijo at San Miguel, but for some representations of the traitor Lewis ; and when the negotiation was proceeding favorably at

the capital, there appeared in his own newspaper a statement connecting him with the expedition. But the truth seems to be, that Mr. Kendall has no sense of national morality, even of that formal kind which, however hollow, throws a decent veil over its hollowness.

The volume in which Mr. Kendall narrates the projects, adventures, and difficulties of this expedition, consists of three sections. The first part gives an account of the journey through the wilderness of the prairies and table-lands, forming the base of the Rocky Mountains ; the second narrates their detention at San Miguel, and subsequent march of nearly two thousand miles, to Mexico ; the third describes his long imprisonment at the capital, chiefly (as he was unwell) in the hospital of the lepers. This narrative is not without interest, though its interest is diminished by diffuseness, and a sameness of detail—arising perhaps from the sameness of the subject-matter. Part of this may be ascribed to Mr. Kendall's profession of newspaper-writer, and to some of his narrative having been written for his journal ; part of it to his having composed nearly the whole of the eight hundred pages from memory. When first arrested, his papers were taken from him ; and during his subsequent journey he had no opportunity for taking notes. As regards general effects, we dare say the narrative conveys a true enough idea, though particular accuracy cannot be expected : but writing such an enormous mass of detailed narrative from memory alone, must tend to give a character of uniformity and vagueness, which the freshness of the memorandums might have removed. It is like painting a large picture from fancy instead of living models. As Mr. Falconer had more facility of recording his observations, and was perhaps more capable of observing, it is to be regretted that he did not publish an account of the Santa Fé Expedition.

Subject to the weariness induced by indiffuseness, akin to what the original perambulators might feel on their long journey, Mr. Kendall's narrative may be received as an addition to the literature of books of travels. Caravan-travelling on the Western Prairies, and the hardships undergone by explorers, are not altogether new subjects, but they are not so frequent as to have grown stale, and they are displayed in another phase by this expedition. We have had two descriptions of Mexico within a short time ; but Mr. Kendall with his companions in misfortune marched through the interior of the country, by a route rarely trodden by Europeans ; their mode of travelling was quite different from that of an Ambassador's wife, or a Secretary of Legation ; and the variety of characters in their escort-commanders, the different treatment they met at different places, and the necessary contrasts in their long and painful pilgrimage, give interest to the narrative. Neither is Mr. Kendall himself a bad fellow. Notwithstanding the national looseness of his public morals, and notions by no means strait-laced in other respects, he seems a good-tempered give-and-take personage—not very forbearing, perhaps, but able to bear ; philosophically submitting to any hardships or misery if he can but tell his troubles to the world, and determined to meet death itself for the honor of the star-spangled banner. The worst point about him is a want of delicacy in mentioning matters which in Europe are considered confidential though no confidence is stipulated. This, however, is a national failing, and in Mr. Kendall's

case refers to a remote people, which often seems to justify the act.

Besides the three main subjects of the work, there is an introduction, giving an account of Mr. Kendall's preliminary proceedings, and conveying a good enough idea of the wretched state of Texas as regards the common conveniences of life, and the security of life itself. But we will plunge for extracts into the heart of the expedition.

FEEDING AFTER STARVATION, AND STARVATION SENSATION.

About the middle of the afternoon, one of the four who had been sent forward, returned with the joyful intelligence that they had fallen in with a herd of no less than seventeen thousand sheep, and had succeeded in purchasing a sufficiency for the whole command. Again we put spurs to our horses; and a ride of half an hour brought us up with the shepherds and their charge, and to a fine camping-ground on the Rio Gallinas.

Here a scene of feasting ensued which beggars description. We had been thirteen days upon the road, with really not provisions enough for three; and now that there was an abundance, our starving men at once abandoned themselves to eating—perhaps I should rather call it gormandizing or stuffing. No less than twenty large fat sheep had been purchased and dressed; and every ramrod, as well as every stick that could be found, was soon graced with smoking ribs and shoulders, livers and hearts. Many made themselves sick by over-eating; but an attempt to restrain the appetites of half-starved men, except by main force, would be the very extreme of folly. Had the food been anything but mutton, and had we not procured an ample supply of salt from the Mexicans to season it, our men might have died of the surfeit.

I have never yet seen a treatise or dissertation upon starving to death—I can speak feelingly of nearly every stage except the last. For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing, his sufferings are, perhaps, more acute than in the remaining stages—he feels an inordinate, unappeasable craving at the stomach, night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread, and other substantials: but still, in a great measure, the body retains its strength. On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with loss of strength he loses that eager craving which is felt in the earlier stages. Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food, as was occasionally the case with us, he swallows it with a wolfish avidity; but five minutes afterward his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence. On the fifth day, his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated, his color an ashy pale, and his eye wild, glassy, cannibalish. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food; the legs, from very weakness, refuse. The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes giddy; the ghosts of well-remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through the mind. The seventh day comes, bringing increased lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arms hang listlessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is still felt to a degree; but it must be brought, not sought. The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne; yet his inherent love of existence induces

a desire still to preserve it, if it can be saved without a tax upon bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile; the next he is endowed with unnatural strength; and if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly onward, wondering whence proceeds this new and sudden impulse.

Captain Salezar, the first commandant of that division of the prisoners to which Mr. Kendall was attached, not only shot several of them when they were unable to walk, but cheated the living of the rations which Armijo had allotted them. Like many other cruel persons, he seems to have had a strong sense of the humorous, which found vent on several occasions.

SCRAMBLE FOR FOOD.

Early in the morning we were ordered to continue the march, and without food. Salezar did, previous to starting, distribute some fifty small cakes among one hundred and eighty-seven half-starved men; and the manner of this distribution showed the brutal nature of the wretch. Calling the prisoners around him, each with the hope that he was to receive something to allay the sharp cravings of hunger, he would toss one of these cakes high in the air, and then, with a glee absolutely demoniacal, watch the scramble that ensued as it fell among the suffering throng. It was a game of the strong against the weak, this struggle for the few mouthfuls of food which Salezar threw among them. The better attributes of our nature, the kind sympathies and generous forbearance which lift man above the brutes, were for a time overwhelmed, in a majority of the prisoners, by long starvation and great bodily suffering; and now, as the savage who had charge of them tossed the miserable pittance in the air, it was a study to watch their eager faces as it descended, to see with what wolf-like ferocity they would rush to secure the prize, and the terrible struggle which was sure to ensue ere some one stronger than his fellows could secure it. Salezar was accompanied by our old acquaintance, Don Jesus, in this distribution; and the satisfaction with which they watched the fierce conflicts marked a new leaf in the dreadful chapter of human depravity.

COUNTING THE PRISONERS.

We were driven, one by one, into a cow-pen or yard, and there encamped for the night; Salezar distributing a pint-cup of meal to each man, after having satisfied himself that none of us were missing. Even in his mode of counting us he exhibited his characteristic brutality; for just as they drive sheep or cattle into pens in New Mexico with the intention of enumerating them, so had he driven us.

EFFECTS OF SHOOTING M'ALLISTER.

Among the passengers in the cart with poor M'Allister were the narrator and a man who went by the soubriquet of "Stump;" there may have been others, but if there were I have now forgotten their names. In the morning, before starting, Stump had declared that he could not walk a mile—to save his life even; and so positive was he upon this point, that a place was provided for him in the cart. When this vehicle met with the accident, of course Stump was thrown upon his feet with the rest. While the few words were passing between M'Allister and Salezar, and previous to the inhuman murder of the former, Stump was hobbling about, apparently unable to walk at all: his feet were sore, his knees were stiff, and not a bone was there in his body that did not pain him at every movement: he was curled up, the picture of despair. But no sooner did he see his comrade fall, and feel the certainty that he too would meet with a similar

fate unless he put his powers of locomotion in immediate action, than, to use the old captain's own words, Stump straightened up, and started at a pace that would have staggered Captain Barclay, Ellsworth, or the greatest pedestrian mentioned in the annals of "tall walking." Stump went by, first one, then another of his companions, and never abated his stride until he was in the lead of the whole party of prisoners; a position he pertinaciously kept through the remainder of the day, and in fact during the march. In the morning he could not walk a mile; he afterward did walk something like eighteen hundred, and without flagging.

THE UNLUCKY LINGUIST.

As we were about starting, a little incident occurred in which were strangely mixed the painful and the ludicrous. For some trifling cause, Salezar drew his sword, and with the flat of it struck one of the prisoners a violent blow across the shoulders. The poor fellow had only learned one Spanish expression, *muchas gracias*—the common phrase employed in New Mexico to thank a person for any favor received. Thinking he must say something, and not knowing anything else to say, the unfortunate Texan ejaculated, "*Muchas gracias, Señor!*" Another terrible whack from the sword of Salezar was followed by a shrug of the shoulders and another "*Many thanks, Sir!*" The captain was now more infuriate than ever. To be thus publicly and openly thanked by a person upon whom he was inflicting a painful punishment, he looked upon as a defiance; and he accordingly redoubled his blows. How long this might have continued I am unable to say: had not some of the friends of the man told him to hold his tongue, Salezar might have continued his blows until exhausted by the very labor.

WRITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—Punch, I am a grave person; a philosopher, Sir; at least I hope so. I never write nonsense intentionally; but I lately wrote a piece of very great nonsense unintentionally; and, as I have no other use for it, I beg to send it to you. I was inditing an essay, Sir, on the subject of Life; now see what stuff, owing to a cause which will be apparent on its perusal, I made of it. I must premise that A. stands for Author—that is to say, myself; and B. for Bore. Here follows, with explanatory interpolations,

THE ESSAY.

"The word 'Life,' "(*Here came a tremendous rap, followed by a violent ring at the street door. I started, spilt my ink, and blotted my paper,*) "has a two-fold ac"—(I stopped writing for some seconds) "a two-fold acception,"—(*Rap and ring repeated,*) "two-fold acception"—(*Rap and ring again, louder than ever*—servant in the coal-hole, I suppose. Rushed, in great excitement, to door, and opened it. There stood Hawkins—that is B. Could not do less than ask him to walk in; so, enter B. B. sees I am busy, but tells me not to mind him, for that he will take a book; which he does, and throws himself on the sofa. I resume) "Life has a twofold"—(B. begins a species of whistling. I cannot stand it, and stop again. B. desists) "two-fold acception"—(B. Fine day! A. Very.) "acception." (B. Seen Favanti? A. Eh?—yes—no.) "In one" —(B. I hear her real name is Edwards. A. Ah!) "one sense of the word—" (B. What nonsense that is! A. Nonsense!—what? B. Why, changing her name. A. Oh!) "word, it signifies—" (B. Seen the Times this morning? A. Eh? yes—no; I beg your pardon) "signifies the state of living or—" (B. Capital article that on the Factory Question. A. I dare say) "living or being alive. In the other—" (B. What will Peel do? A. Ah! what?) "other Peel, sense, Factory Question, it signifies—" (B. Been to the Water Color?

A. What did you say?—water color?—no) "it signifies the hypothetical principle"—(B. What do you think of Hunt's 'Plough-boys?' A. Eh!) "principle which—" (B. Hunt's 'Ploughboys.' A. Oh! very funny) "principle, plough-boys, or substance, which pervading organized funny bodies, is—" (B. What do you pay for these lodgings? A. Sixteen shillings) "is assumed to be sixteen shillings—"

Here it occurred to me just to look over what I had written, and I leave you, sir, to imagine the feelings with which I perused the above jumble. I found it utterly useless to proceed; and accordingly yielded myself to the infliction of Hawkins, which lasted nearly an hour.

Now, Mr. Punch, I know not whether you find it as difficult to make jokes under interruption, as I do to write philosophy; if you do, you will perhaps find your account in publishing this communication, for

Your obedient servant,
VICTIM.

THE PROPHETIC ECHO.

A YOUTHFUL poet laid him by a stream,
Fresh from the mountain's side. Fair Italy,
Thy sky was o'er him, and thy sun's bright beam
Fell tempered through the leafy canopy
That cast its graceful shadow on his head.
It was a lovely scene to look upon;
Where art and nature's dearest gifts were shed—
Where fragrant groves, and verdant meadows shone;
While Florence rose afar, superbly fair:
"Young dreamer, say, what speak thy visions there?"

He gazed on all around with radiant brow,
For love, and youth, and joy, were in his heart;
"And ever thus," he murmured, "still as now,
Here would I rest, and never more depart;
With one fair form to share my solitude,
Content to live on earth alone for me;
Each day the promise of the last renewed,
And never once betrayed; Oh! shall it be
My destiny such paradise to know?"
A mocking voice repeated near him—"No."

He started at the warning, but his eye
Fell on the noble city at his feet,
And his heart swelled with aspirations high,
Stronger than love, although perchance less sweet.
"Say shall my name find place 'mid those whose fame
All glorious, breathes of immortality?
Or am I doomed to bear the withering shame
That waits on those who fall—Oh must I fly,
And every hope of happiness forego?"
Sullen and stern the echo answered "Go."
Alas! poor boy, his dark eyes fill with tears,
As disappointment takes the place of hope;
In sooth it needs the sufferings of years,
To teach us with such iron foes to cope,
For sorrow bringeth patience—"Wo is me,"
At length he cried, "that ever I was born,
Since love's sweet dream but leads to misery;
And fame's bright visions to disgrace and scorn.
If fate hath robed her in so black a dye,"
Faintly and sad the echo whispered "Die."

CHARADE.

My first, a prefix to a word,
That shows its repetition;
My next, the deaf'ning sound that's heard,
At thunderbolt's ignition.
My whole, the maddening shout that fills
Our great united nation;
And rising from green Erin's hills,
Demands self-legislation.

STUCKEY'S PATENT FILTER.—We were invited, on Thursday, to witness Mr. Stuckey's patent filter in operation, near the corner of Guilford-street, Gray's-inn-lane, previous to its being submitted to the government as a means for purifying the water supplied to large towns. The principal feature in this invention, and what recommends it peculiarly to public notice, is the rapidity of the filtration. The means by which this is effected is the employment of a sponge in a highly compressed state. The rapidity of filtration is of the utmost importance, inasmuch as it not only is a saving of time and cost, but preserves the best qualities of the water. In the petition presented some time ago to Parliament, by Mr. Stuckey, these facts appear to be satisfactorily established. It will not be necessary to enter minutely into the mechanical details of this invention; but it may be stated generally that the filtering material, sponge, from its porous and reticulate structure, not only allows the water to pass through with great rapidity, but arrests every extraneous matter mechanically mixed with it, is more easily cleansed than any other medium hitherto employed for filtration, and imparts neither taste nor smell to the water. In the petition above referred to, Mr. Stuckey thus sums up the advantages of his invention over the present system of filtration. He states that it presents an economy, in space, of one foot for one acre; in money, of £7,300 per annum, as the current expenses, instead of the estimated current expenses of the New River Company, of £19,000 per annum; and, in time, of filtering in six hours, by machinery, of one foot to the acre, more than 2,300,000 gallons, which quantity, in the Chelsea water-works, it takes twenty-four hours to filter. In an experiment made before Lord Brougham and other scientific individuals, and the representatives of several of the great water companies, Mr. Stuckey has, we hear, by a single machine of only five feet square, filtered water in a thick and muddy state, and produced it bright, limpid, and sparkling, at the rate of 2,500,000 gallons in twenty-four hours; and subsequently a filter of not more than one hundred cubical contents, has delivered at the rate of from three to four million gallons per day. The select committee on the health of the metropolis and the large towns of the kingdom, of which the Duke of Buccleuch is chairman, have, we hear, requested the invention to be exhibited before them.

THE PANORAMA OF HONG-KONG.—We have frequently had occasion to speak of the merit of Mr. Burford's panoramas. His subjects are always attractive, and they are treated with such singular effect and artistic skill, that the spectator has brought before his eye with remarkable fidelity some of the most striking and beautiful scenes of nature.

The last painting is the best yet exhibited. We do not give it this praise because it is the last, but because the view is more interesting, novel, and varied, and more full of picturesque effect, and because the execution in all its details is more bold and spirited than in any of the artist's previous productions. It happened that, while we were present in the room, some gentlemen entered who had been engaged in the late war, and who had been stationed at Hong-Kong for months. They declared the whole view was wonderfully true to nature, and that the general effect of the coast was perfectly preserved.

We quite despair of giving any adequate idea of the painting by a description. The effect, after looking at it for a short time, is magical, as the eye becomes more enamored with the splendor of the scene the longer it is gazed on. The coast of the island appears to be magnificent. Some of the rocks are bold, rugged, and scarped, with crystal streams (whence the name of the island) flowing down them; others are covered with vegetation. They have every variety of form and aspect; in some places abruptly bounding the sight, and in others revealing enchanting glimpses of the interior of the picturesque country. The new town of Victoria is a pleasing object in the scene. It appears to be fast rising into importance, and every building of note is accurately delineated. The water, beautifully painted, that laves the coast is covered with native vessels, and British ships of war and steamers. The Chinese craft are of all kinds, from the rude raft to the large war-junk.

The part of the painting which will be most admired, and which appears most admirably painted, is that where a large raft is shown side by side with a mandarin's boat. The raft is apparently for the conveyance of rural produce. It is of great extent, and is furnished with rude sheds. It brings to the eye, with the utmost force and distinctness, one form of Chinese life. On it are seen domestic animals and a party of the natives at dinner. Their fire, their provisions, their utensils, their clothing, everything appertaining to their economy, are delineated in the most natural style. In contrast to this scene is the handsome barge of a mandarin, with its lanterns at the poop, and a party of grandees seated in state on the deck, while servants, bending low, are offering them coffee. Nothing can be better than the effect thus produced; the figures are well drawn, and the coloring artistic. The objects on the water are more faintly reflected on its clear bosom. A nearer approach by art to reality has never been witnessed; and the great merit of the panorama is, that while a genuine Chinese view, with all its most striking characteristics, is presented, the materials are selected with a painter's skill, and so managed as to form a most harmonious picture. The ingenious artist, we make no doubt, will find this the most attractive of all his productions.

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA. To check the continual emigration of the Jews over the frontiers, the following resolution of the Council of the Empire, sanctioned by his Majesty the Emperor, has been published as a law:—"Jews who without legal licenses, or with legal licenses which have expired, go over the frontier, when they have before been recognized as actual Russian subjects, and as such been brought back into the empire, shall be given up to the local government authorities, who shall deal with them according to the laws relating to deserters and vagrants, even when their former places of residence and the parishes to which they belong are known. According to these laws, they shall be employed in the military service; in case they are unfit for it, be placed in what are called the penal companies, without the right of being given up to their parishes, if the latter shall desire it. If they are not fit for hard labor in public works, they shall be sent with their wives to settle in Siberia."

From the Examiner.

Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann. Now first published from the original MSS. Concluding Series. Vols. 3 and 4. Bentley.

WE have so recently spoken of Walpole's letters, his character, and his genius, that we must be brief with these volumes. They are *the last*. No more rummaging from poor Strawberry Hill! —for such, though the editor favors us with no information on that point, we take to have been the origin of the present publication.

The letters extend over the last ten years of the life of Horace Mann, from the 60th to the 70th year of Horace Walpole's life. The date of the first is in 1776, of the last in 1786. We had already letters of the same date, touching the same topics for the most part, and in the same tone. But Walpole never tires—no, not in repetitions even. Some new turn of humor, some fresh seizure of the bye-points of character, unexpected novel strokes of witty malice, are sure to present themselves. These last four volumes are very little inferior to Lord Dover's series, where the ground was unoccupied altogether. It would not be possible to pay a higher compliment to this inimitable letter-writer.

But allowances must be made for the coming on of age. Its steady advances discomfited poor Horace not a little, for all the careless face he affects to put upon them. The transition from grave to gay is more abrupt, the philosophy less plain than the discontent, the gout tolerably evident always. His consolation is the seeing nothing to envy, which one cannot but think a poor one for a man to go out of the world with. Chatham's death is recorded coldly; Garrick's with a sneer. They were "both good actors," he says; though parliament only provided for the family of one of them. He grumbles at projects for reform of the House of Commons; and is obliged to be minute in relation of certain scenes of profligacy, to recover his liveliness of spirits. The grave-digger in *Hamlet* does not assert with half the serious enjoyment of Walpole, that England is fast becoming a nation of lunatics, that we are all profligate and all mad in England. For perfect "archiepiscopal seats of knavery and folly," he singles out Parliament and the Society of Antiquaries. And in himself—alas, that he should have looked so curiously!—he has come to see little better than the image of an *old baboon*.

"You say, you *love* and *adore* me. My dear sir! What an object of adoration! You put me in mind of what I have read in some traveller, who, viewing some Indian temple that blazed with gold and jewels, was at last introduced into the *sanctum sanctorum*, where behind the veil sat the object of worship—an old baboon!"

These are the discoveries and discomfitures of age. On the other hand, his experience grew to the last, and the sphere of his witty allusions became more and more extended. He dwells now and then with some complacency on this more consolatory side of things. It was something to have seen mistresses of the second Charles and James; to have been familiar with the court of Anne; to have kissed the hand of George the First, and lived to witness the frolics of his great-great-grandson; to have beheld the burial of Marlborough; to have outlived some four wars by later

generals, the career of Chatham, the loss of America, and the second conflagration of London under auspices of Lord George Gordon; and to have seen the rise and fame of a second Pitt and a second Fox. There are no pleasanter passages in these volumes than those of his early and earnest appreciation of the last-named statesman. He thought Charles James, in some special points, a close resemblance of his own father: the highest praise he had for any one.

It was something to have a store of memory like this, and yet be some four or five centuries "younger than Methusalem."

ON DOCTOR JOHNSON.

"In fact, the poor man is to be pitied: he was mad, and his disciples did not find it out, but have unveiled all his defects; nay, have exhibited all his brutalities as wit, and his lowest conundrums as humor."

ON THE PROFESSION OF AUTHOR.

"My reading or writing has seldom had any object but my own amusement; and, having given over the trade, I had rather my customers went to another shop. The profession of author is trifling; but, when any *charlatanerie* is superadded, it is a contemptible one. To puff one's self is to be a mountebank, and swallowing wind as well as vending it."

Yet never was Grub-street hack so greedy of praise as Walpole.

ON THE CORRESPONDENCE WITH HORACE MANN.

"I have been counting how many letters I have written to you since I landed in England, in 1741: they amount—astonishing!—to above eight hundred; and we have not met in three-and-forty years! A correspondence of near half a century is, I suppose, not to be paralleled in the annals of the post-office!"

INFORMATION FOR AN ALDERMAN.

"One of the Duke of Marlborough's generals dining with the Lord Mayor, an alderman who sat next to him said, 'Sir, yours must be a very laborious profession.'—'No,' replied the general, 'we fight about four hours in the morning, and two or three after dinner, and then we have all the rest of the day to ourselves.'

A LORD'S WINE-CELLAR.

"At Wilton he always recommends his port before his other wines, saying, 'I can warrant the port good, for I make it myself.'

POLITICAL MANIA.

"We have no private news at all. Indeed, politics are all in all. I question whether any woman intrigues with a man of a different party. Little girls say, 'Pray, Miss, of which side are you?' I heard of one that said, 'Mamma and I cannot get Papa over to our side!'

LATE HOURS.

"It is the fashion now to go to Ranelagh two hours after it is over. You may not believe this, but it is literal. The music ends at ten; the company go at twelve. Lord Derby's cook lately gave him warning. The man owned he liked his place, but said he should be killed by dressing suppers at three in the morning. The Earl asked him coolly at how much he valued his life? That is, he would have paid him for killing him."

At the close of the Mann correspondence, some letters are reprinted from the Selwyn collection. A memoir on his income, written by Walpole; and some brief autobiographical notes and dates; are also appended. There is no novelty in these to call for particular remark.

The editor's notes are more correct than in the early volumes, but still, at times, very careless and confused. What earthly occasion was there for mentioning, more than once, Mrs. Thrale's marriage to her Italian fiddler? And why should readers be confused with the very needless and singularly incorrect intimation that *Bubb Doddington's Diary* is "generally named" *Doddington's Memoirs*?

From the Examiner.

The Wilfulness of Woman. By the Authoress of a "History of a Flirt." Three vols. Colburn.

THIS book is not comparable to the *History of a Flirt*. We are sorry that the writer does not think it worth while to work, with greater assiduity and success, the quiet, natural, unobtrusive vein of character, which was the charm of her first tale.

There is too much flash and exaggeration in the production before us. While it holds up a great many cants to the contempt they deserve, it is by no means free from cant and pretension of its own. Real talent can less afford to dispense with modesty and carefulness in composition, than its puffed, hawked, and counterfeit likeness. The absence of art or structure in this novel, is most painful. The last volume is a sort of supplement to the general subject. It cannot be called a continuation of the tale.

Nevertheless, it is impossible to read the book without feeling its writer's cleverness. Where she excels particularly, we think, is in the absence of malice or favor with which her least amiable portraits are drawn. Her shading is excellent. Her bad people are never—as in this world they seldom are, or it would suffer less at their hands—without a certain companionable sympathy. Admirably drawn is Captain Fermor. A perfectly quiet, gentlemanly, well-bred man to the last. Even the irritable anguish of the poor weak wife he has seduced, fails to ruffle his temper, interrupt his gallantry, or unsettle his chivalrous deference to a still lovely woman.

Captain Trelawney is also successful. He is perfectly worthless, and perfectly good-natured. We cannot discover an atom of positive, staring, downright wickedness in him. He has no beliefs, no sincerity, no principle: and that is all. It is not enough to deter a thoughtless girl from adoring him before marriage, and trying to cover his failings after it. On this structure a material part of the tale is built. In the endeavor to screen her unworthy choice, and the misery it has entailed upon herself, she is driven to false excitements. Plainly, she is driven to drink. These passages are much too delicate, and let us add unpleasant, for us to touch upon further.

But the captain and his wife may be shown to the reader, in a brief incident of their courting days. The young lady, warned of the captain's delinquencies, has set her heart on showing him to her grave, kind aunt, in the new character of a church-goer; he parries the request amusingly enough, but at last consents; conducts himself in church after a fashion described with some truth and humor; and makes his apologies when service is over:

"What a lot of plain girls you have in your parish, my dear Mrs. Harrington," remarked Captain Trelawney aloud, as the party quitted their pew.

'I never saw such a row of ungenteel noses at a glance before, and the rector's face is a subject for Hogarth.'

"Miss Erskine gave her lover an eye glance, which took some effect, and silenced the young officer till they had traversed the churchyard, which decorated the Studleigh grounds. He then placed the card upon which the likeness was sketched into Miss Erskine's hand.

"Do you know such a person?" he asked in his peculiar and somewhat effeminate tones.

"Miss Erskine laughed as she examined the drawing with a pleased expression of admiration and pride, which induced her to exhibit it to her aunt in reckless confidence.

"Did you ever see a more talented creature, Aunt Harrington? Is not the sketch a clever and spirited portrait? Oh, look at the dear doctor's long, sharp nose, I beseech you, and that paragon of a chin. My dear Trelawney, where did you acquire such multifarious talents?"

"It is a portrait, Captain Trelawney," observed Mrs. Harrington, mildly; "but surely, my dear sir, the place and the occasion was most unsuited to the amusement."

"What could I do, my dear Mrs. Harrington?"

"You were in the house of prayer, not in your painting-room, Captain Trelawney."

"My dear madam, Harriet insisted upon my attending parade, or I should not have presented myself. I was quite unprepared for such noses as I saw in rows beyond your pew. Winchester is celebrated among us for plain girls, which makes it alarmingly unpleasant quarters; but you boast quite as rueful a turnout at Studleigh."

As for the *Glen-Aram humdrums*, as Captain Trelawney calls them, we fear we must admit the Captain to be not so far astray. Mr. and Mrs. Monteith are decidedly the uninteresting people of the book. Even in the thick of her London temptations, the lady never sufficiently alarms us. We perceive that she is safe. We fear we must add that there is a want of a certain relish in the mere do-me-good portraiture of this writer.

The last volume introduces an entirely new set of actors. But though there is an amusing spirit of frolic exaggeration at work, we find these new acquaintances on the whole extremely tedious. The vulgar but handsome little widow is the best. Among other things, her description of her maid is very tolerable indeed.

Wilfulness of Woman is so loose and unconnected in its plan that it hardly makes pretence to be judged by any of the rules of art. But, for even its no-plan, the final incident is "slobbered over" in somewhat too great a hurry. The "bonassus" of a doctor who discovered Mrs. Trelawney's failing, is bold enough to marry her after her husband's death. How he got his hands out of his pockets to go through the ceremony, and whether the lady was perfectly sober when she consented, are things we continue to doubt. The best-sustained incident of the book is Captain Fermor's seduction of Lady Sarah Monteith. Her remorse is painted with power and delicacy.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—It is a common idea that the most laconic military despatch ever issued was that sent by Caesar to the Horse-Guards at Rome, containing the three memorable words "*Veni, vidi, vici*," and perhaps, until our own day, no like instance of brevity has been found. The despatch of Sir Charles Napier, after the capture of Scinde, to Lord Ellenborough, both for brevity and truth, is, however, far beyond it. The despatch consisted of one emphatic word—"Peccavi." "I have Scinde," (sinned.)—*Punch*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE SLIDING SCALE OF MANNERS.

BY CAPTAIN ORLANDO SABERTASH.

It is really curious to observe how long we continue to see customs and usages practised in every society, as a regular matter of course indeed, before we think of giving them just and appropriate names, capable of fully characterizing their merits to the world. This is doubly curious at a period when so many great national measures have been carried, not by the force of argument, but merely by the force of names, and without any effort having been made, or attempted to be made, for the purpose of calmly ascertaining how far the liberal, philanthropic, or reforming title, corresponded with the legislative enactment it was put forward to secure. We have no doubt that many very fashionable members of the fashionable world have long regulated their manners according to the wealth, rank, and station of the persons with whom they chanced to be thrown together; but we have never seen the practice, however open and avowed in these times, reduced to rules and estimated accordingly. We have all occasionally seen well-dressed persons behaving with what seemed perfect courtesy towards a peer, and with the most perfect and polite impertinence to some plain nobody; but though the mischievous laughed, and the good sighed, none ascribed such conduct to the admirable *Sliding Scale of Manners*, now so generally introduced, and so well adapted to the character of modern and fashionable society.

I cannot, I think, do better than illustrate this point by an extract from a lately published novel, *The Fortunes of the Falconars*, by Mrs. Gordon, a very charming work, which I recommend every person to read, as I feel confident that none will rise from its perusal without having been deeply interested, and it may be also, greatly improved.

Eleanor Falconar, the heroine, who is poor, as heroines should be, is on a visit at the house of some wealthy relations of the name of Livingston. All are persons of good family and standing.

The conversation at table chiefly consisted of short sentences enunciated by Mr. Livingston and his son, touching the all-important topics of wines and cookery. Of the female part of the company, Lady Susan from time to time responded in a low voice to questions or remarks addressed to her by the heads of the house, and looked as if the remainder of the party were entirely beneath her notice; the aunts praised and were delighted with everything; Mrs. Livingston was condescendingly agreeable, and Eleanor sat nearly silent, experiencing, in full perfection, the comfortable sensation of being nobody.

Dinner over, the same scene continued to be enacted in the drawing-room, varied only by the arrival of tea and coffee, and of the gentlemen. The ladies collected round a table placed near the fire, and each produced her work. Mrs. Livingston was renowned for her skill in those elegant and useless efforts of female ingenuity, which delude those who exercise their hands upon them into a notion that they are spending their time to advantage; and Lady Susan was an adept in the same species of craft: most part of the conversation, therefore, turned upon this, to the aunts, deeply interesting topic. Mr. Livingston, meanwhile, paced the spacious apartment with long strides, and occasionally sat down for a few minutes to a newspaper, and his son took up a new number of the *Sporting Magazine*, and extended himself upon a sofa.

"Thus intellectually passed some part of the endless evening. Then there was a humble request preferred to Lady Susan for some music. This was negatived by her ladyship, 'She really could not possibly sing to-night.' Then perhaps she would favor them with an air on the harp? 'No;' her ladyship positively could not play to-night; she was fatigued, and her music had not been brought down stairs; they must be so good as to excuse her.

"'Does Eleanor play?' asked Mrs. Livingston of her sister.

"'A little, I believe,' was the reply.

"'I am sure Eleanor is no musician,' observed aunt Annie, looking up from her knitting.

"'Will you give us a little music, my dear?' at last inquired Mrs. Livingston of her niece herself.

"'I am no musician, aunt Livingston,' said Eleanor, smiling; 'but I shall be very happy to play a little, if you wish it.'

"'Do so, my dear, music is a necessary of life with us almost, we are so much accustomed to it.'

Eleanor willingly exchanged her position at the work-table for the pianoforte, which was a very fine instrument. It had long been a received opinion amongst her aunts that she could hardly play at all, founded upon their having heard from her mother, during her childhood, that she showed no particular talent for music; and this opinion, like most others, once formed and matured in the minds of the Misses Falconar, was henceforward ineradicable. Yet, notwithstanding this, Eleanor's finger on the pianoforte, though not brilliant, was very sweet and graceful, and her taste faultless. Her performance over, she was rewarded as she resumed her seat at the table, by a—'thank you, my dear, very pretty,'—uttered in a condescending tone by her aunt, and a murmur of approbation from Mr. Livingston, who never uttered a louder demonstration of pleasure after the musical displays of any but his own daughters.

"'How exquisitely Gertrude plays,' exclaimed aunt Elizabeth, addressing her sister; 'and Amabel too. I don't know which of their instrumental music is the most delightful.'

"'I think,' said Mrs. Livingston, 'that of the two, Gertrude's is perhaps the most brilliant execution. Amabel certainly has the finest voice.'

"'Yes, they are really to be called musicians,' pronounced aunt Annie with emphasis.

"'So they have a good right to be, Miss Annie,' said Mr. Livingston; 'they have had the first masters. I was always resolved they should have every advantage that money could procure; and I own, I think they do no discredit to the sums spent on their education.'

"'No, that they do not, indeed,' exclaimed aunt Elizabeth. 'There are few girls so universally admired.'

"'It is a pity,' said Mrs. Livingston, 'that you have not heard Lady Susan's fine voice to-night; but I hope you may ere long have that enjoyment. Your duets with Amabel are charming, Lady Susan.'

"'Amabel's voice and mine suit remarkably well,' replied her ladyship in a languid tone.

"'I wish you would go and sing something, Susan,' said her lord and master, breaking silence for the first time since tea.

"'I can't sing to-night, George, my voice is quite gone.'

"'Come,' interposed Mr. Livingston, 'I won't have Lady Susan teased any more about singing. Surely it is time the tray were brought up,' &c. &c.

"'If we go on as we have begun to-night, Ferney-lee will prove but a dull residence,' thought Eleanor, as she seated herself by the fire in a small but comfortable chamber allotted to her, &c. &c.

"She thus, during the first ten days of her stay, enjoyed ample opportunity of observing, for the sake of future comparisons, the difference made, in a large

country house, between Nobody and Somebody, as visitors beneath its roof."

Now here we have various gradations of the *Sliding Scale* admirably displayed, as well in the conduct of the party generally, as in their conduct to the wealthy and high-born Lady Susan, on the one side, and to our poor heroine, Eleanor, on the other. Nor is the picture exaggerated; we could draw fifty of the kind, and so could any fair and manly observer, who has mixed in what is termed fashionable society. Still more in the would-be fashionable society; for, though we often meet with affectation and pretension even in the ranks of the peerage, it must be admitted that, generally speaking, the best and highest breeding is to be found in the highest circles, where its absence, indeed, would be least excusable; the border-clans, uncertain of their exact position, anxious to be included among the *somedodies*, invariably contain the greatest number of insufferables; that is, as far as society is concerned, for you often meet in these circles individuals of high merit, and who have risen by talent and honorable exertion; but their striving, or that of the younger branches of their families rather, for fashionable distinction on one side, and the haughty efforts too often made on the other, by second-rate fashionables, to keep them out, tend greatly to introduce a very indifferent tone of manners.

Now in all the intercourse between these different parties, from highest to lowest, the *Sliding Scale*, as detrimental to good manners as to good feeling, is invariably resorted to; and after all from mere ignorance. It is no doubt painful to speak thus of my fashionable public, which contains in its ranks so many really charming persons, and, what is more to the purpose, so many pretty girls; but truth must be told at times, and I repeat, that the *Sliding Scale* of manners, now so generally in vogue, is only the result of deplorable and downright ignorance; nor is it an ignorance of which any will boast, when once fairly exposed, as exquisites formerly boasted of being unable to write their own names. The ladies and gentlemen of the *Sliding Scale* are courteous to persons of high rank and station, as indeed they ought to be; they show that they can behave well, and yet they cool down in manner towards others of inferior station, exactly in proportion to the grades the *Nobodies* may chance to hold on the scale, and descend from polite courtesy to polite rudeness—the most impertinent of all kinds of rudeness.

It is, indeed, highly diverting, at times, to behold the active working of the *Scale*, and its rapid sliding from one degree—from one extreme even—to another. We recommend the curious in such matters to take a favorable position in the drawing-room, and observe the arrivals and the receptions guests experience at any fashionable party; it will well reward the trouble. Notice the lady of the house in particular; for, though gentlemen are in fact greater *sliders* than ladies, the latter do things more gracefully, and with a prettier air. You will there see the delight, however subdued, that is evinced in receiving the high in rank, station, or fashionable reputation; the easy and friendly manner that falls to the lot of those next on the scale; then there is the pretty *empressé* courtesy of pleasure, the profound courtesy of hate, the graceful courtesy of indifference, the sliding courtesy to the right or left, according to position—which says, “Pass on.” There we see both hands extended to receive “dear Lady

A,” one hand held out to greet Mrs. Nabob B., and three fingers given, with a familiar nod, to Miss Nobody C. Nor is this all, for we have the sweet little head leant over to the left when a younger brother is advancing from the right; and a word or nod to Sir John, cast over the right arm, while acknowledging parson Lackliving’s formal bow on the left. There are a thousand pretty little tricks and manœuvres besides, all equally graceful and expressive, though impossible to be rendered by description. A good observer will easily distinguish the groups who are invited to give *éclat* to the party, those who are only invited “because they must be invited,” those again who are to be delighted and astonished at everything, and the odd rank and file called in to fill places and no more.

Nor are the guests behind the hosts in tactics; far from it, for many would have you think that they only come to confer an obligation, some even to confer an honor. The vapid exclusive affects to lounge in merely to kill time, and, looking round on the crowded rooms, seems to ask, “Is there any one here?” while many, on the other hand, show at once that they come to act the part of regular sycophants. In general, the young girls are the happiest on such occasions; and, though you see some who have no idea beyond being admired, they still bring the greatest portion of hilarity and cheerfulness with them into company, and east, indeed, when not spoilt by fortune-hunting mothers, or the heartless and artificial tone of modern manners, the principal charm over the so-called brilliant and fashionable society of the day.

Nor is there any concealment effected in this transit from one degree of the scale to another. The *sliders*, indeed, if they gild over actual coarseness, deem it right to show that it is only condescension on their part, nothing more, and never intended it to pass for genuine coin, which is always reserved for very different parties.

Now all this, when not simple and silly affectation, is the result of mere ignorance—to give it the gentlest name possible; for persons behaving in this manner wish, in fact, to be thought something *distingué*, elevated in sentiments, feelings, intellect, or mental refinement, the very reverse of what their manners, which, if not founded in ignorance, must be looked upon as ignoble and low-minded, prove them to be. And for the best and cleverest of all reasons, that every person of true worth, endowed with generous sentiments, with the kind, noble, and lofty feelings men are proud to possess and ashamed to want, delights in being courteous and polite, and never resorts to an opposite line of conduct, unless where cases of open and avowed personal hostility place all social intercourse entirely out of the question. If this last proposition is just, and it will hardly, we think, be disputed, the *sliders* have only the choice between the ignorance of which we have in our gentleness accused them, and that rottenness of heart, from which, where there is knowledge, rudeness and bad manners can alone arise. Q. E. D.

Nor must it be supposed that a mere absence of coarse language and rude manners is sufficient to constitute the degree of courtesy due to society, and to the individuals of whom it is so composed. Very far from it indeed, for, with ordinary good feeling, courtesy of manner is so easy, so absolutely natural, that a mere absence of discourtesy can save none from deserved reproof. And as it

is as easy to answer an inquiry respecting the hour of the day, in a polite, as in a rude or indifferent manner, the first only must be expected from persons making any pretensions to good breeding; for, though a *Nobody* should chance to be the questioner, there is not, as so many persons seem to think, the least derogation from dignity, in replying courteously even to Monsieur Personne.

Many will, I fear, conclude, from these premises, that rudeness and want of courtesy are necessarily, when evinced by educated persons, proofs of envy, bad temper, or selfishness, of that rottenness of heart of which we have spoken. But, this, I think, would be a harsh conclusion, for it is very evident that a great deal of it results merely from silly affectation and ignorance. My opinion is, indeed, that society should tolerate neither the one nor the other, and never permit the use of the *Sliding Scale* of manners under any circumstances. But what can be done, when so many worthy persons will not perceive its existence, and always declare the condescension of great people to be the very pink and perfection of elegant and refined courtesy, talking incessantly of the kind and considerate attention shown by "dear Lady A." to all her guests, and of the "frank and delightful hospitality of Sir John B.'s splendid mansion;" and that too, at the very time when every one knows that Lady A. and Sir John B. practise the *Sliding Scale* to an extent that none of their own footmen can equal?

Now the worst feature of the whole case is, that these very persons who affect such perfect blindness to the vulgar condescension of which we have spoken are, in fact, as clear-sighted as others; for nothing is so easily seen through as this slightly gilded impertinence, only they would rather be thought blind than be taken for sycophants, and rather submit to insult, than forego the society whence they derive what they would call fashionable distinction.

Let me here relate a trifling anecdote, which, though not exactly to the point before us, touches pretty considerably on the general subject.

Our regiment happening, some years ago, to be quartered near a fashionable watering-place, it was usual for officers, when off duty, to ride over and pass a day or two with the gay world there assembled, whenever we heard that the party was rich in beauty or in agreeable society.

While idling in the drawing-room after dinner one evening, we were told that a new guest had arrived; our informant adding that he was "a very good-looking fellow." The last portion of the information did not please some of the would-be dandies of the party who were paying particular attention to the ladies present, several of whom were, indeed, extremely pretty. They declared, therefore, that they had seen the man, and that it was only "the handsome tailor," as a snip from the neighboring town was, from his good looks, very deservedly called, and who would not of course think of joining the party at the hotel. The thing, having been said in apparent seriousness, there being besides no perceptible wit or humor in saying it as a jest, was readily believed, so that, when a young gentleman answering the description entered the room and placed himself at one of the tea-tables, lady after lady, and dandy after dandy, rose from their seats and joined other parties. The stranger looked a little surprised to find himself thus left alone, but took no notice of the rudeness, and proceeded very calmly to help

himself to the best things present. The fine ladies and gentlemen of the party did not take things so quietly, and, though a single look might have satisfied any one that he was a gentleman, they despatched a secret messenger to the landlord calling for the immediate expulsion of the supposed tailor. Mine host was, of course, forced to obey, and sent his waiter to inform the obnoxious guest that Mr. Thompson wished to speak with him.

"Who is Mr. Thompson?" inquired the stranger, with perfect composure.

"The master of the house, sir," replied John.

"Oh! tell Mr. Thompson to walk in, and that I shall be happy to see him."

Out went John, evidently a little disconcerted, to do his bidding, warning his master, at the same time, that the young gentleman looked "more like a lord than a tailor."

Mr. Thompson, however, thought differently; the parties who had desired the tailor's expulsion kept horses and carriages, and could not be mistaken; besides, the stranger had come on the top of the coach, and had not even a servant with him; there could be no mistake in the case. Entering the room, therefore, he told the stranger in a half-whispering tone, but with perfect politeness, that the drawing-room was exclusively appropriated to the use of the "company," and that he had another apartment ready for his reception, in which tea was already served, and to which, making a move to the door, he begged leave to show the way.

"Thank you—thank you!" replied the stranger, with continued calmness, "I am extremely well here; plenty of room has, you see, been made for me."

An ill-suppressed titter, in which the stranger seemed greatly inclined to join, ran round the room; and mine host, who had prepared no further speech, could only remonstrate with "hems," broken phrases, and awkward bows; the stranger keeping his seat, and sipping his tea with the most imperturbable gravity. The culprit, having at last finished his repast, and seeing Mr. Thompson still, as it seemed, waiting for him, looked up, and asked the meaning of all this anxiety to get rid of him. Mine host, thus driven to the wall, was obliged to confess that the drawing-room was not intended for *gentlemen* of his profession.

"My profession!" said the stranger; "and pray what is that?"

Mr. Thompson was evidently confused and desirous of evading an answer, but the new guest would not let him off.

"Speak out, man," he said "your house is your castle, let us hear what my profession is; if it is a good one, I promise not to disown it."

"Why, a tailor to be sure, since you will have it," replied mine host, thus forced upon his mettle; while a roar of laughter, in which the young gentleman joined right heartily, burst from the whole party. The supposed tailor, having regained his gravity, pointed with a nod to his hat, in the manner of a person accustomed to be waited upon, and, having received it from mine host, who handed it in proper courtesy, said, with perfect good-humor,—

"Well, Mr. Thompson, let us now look at this room of yours. I like the situation of your house, and, if you can find good stabling for my horses, and quarters for my servants, who are not so easily pleased as I am, I shall probably remain a few days with you. I suppose you will want my name

for your book ; there 's my card,"—Lord A. B. " And let me give you a piece of advice at the same time : whenever you see a tailor, travelling with a batch of horses and servants, shut your eyes to the goose, man—shut them close—otherwise the world will say that you are the greater goose of the two."

A burst of laughter followed this sally. The gentlemen, who, from mere envious motives, from not wishing to have a good-looking young man added to the circle, had represented our new guest as a tailor, vanished without being even missed ; while his lordship became the very soul of the party, though they hardly deserved so much courtesy at his hands, for a very little observation would have shown them that he was evidently a gentleman of the first water. A very little reflection ought also to have made them sensible of the impropriety of behaving with, what was in reality, extreme rudeness—and would probably have been considered as such by a man of inferior cast—to a person of whom they knew absolutely nothing, and before they could even take the trouble to inquire how far they had any cause of complaint against him. The *Sliding Scale*, however, accounts for all ; for it shows us crowds of persons who can never be too little before the great, and others, again, who can never be too great—or in too great a hurry to be so—before those whom they think little.

And yet what a delightful change would come over the world—how cheerful, buoyant, and exhilarating, would be the sunshine in which we should constantly move, if ladies and gentlemen would only feel convinced that their friends and neighbors see as clearly as they do themselves, and that society at large are never long imposed upon by acting of any kind. Affection and pretension, the bland but heartless smile of malignant envy, the mighty frown of would-be greatness, whether of wealth, power, or intellect, the humility of pride or of meanness, are all seen through with equal facility.

" Pour paraître honnête homme, en un mot, il faut l'être,
Et jamais quoiqu'il fasse, un mortel icibas
Ne peut aux yeux du monde, être ce qu'il n'est pas,"

says Boileau, and very truly ; for men are physiognomists, *bongré, malgré*, even while they deny the accuracy of the science, which is only an imperfect one because it confines itself to the lineaments of the face, whereas character is displayed in every attitude and gesture, in the voice, tone, and manner of every word uttered, as well as in every step, bow, look, or move, of the best-drilled follower of fashion. Children are physiognomists, dogs are admirable physiognomists ; but ladies and gentlemen are not, because they dare not always avow the moving-springs of their actions and manners. Few would wish to confess that their hearts are fairly open to scrutiny, though in most cases, we should probably discover, after all, more of weakness than of wickedness muffled up in their folds.

It is affecting to think, indeed, that at a time when steamboats and spinning-machines have made such rapid progress, the far more important art of polishing manners—or its result, the art of pleasing—should still be so far behind ; for, though the world is some six thousand years old, there are, as we see, many points, essentially affecting the ordinary intercourse of society, of which my fashiona-

ble public are still in utter darkness. I might say in deplorable darkness, for among the classes to whom these papers are more particularly addressed, a great deal of the so-called happiness of life depends, after all, on the mere *manner* in which the most ordinary acts of every-day intercourse are gone through ; if the parties we meet and transact business with, whether for pleasure and amusement, or in the pursuits of ambition or profit, are agreeable or disagreeable in their manners, are proficient in, or ignorant of, the art of pleasing.

Though I have seen an Arowak Indian, adorned with blue paint and parrot's feathers, striving hard to act the agreeable towards the copper-colored belle of the tribe, and know that there is a system of etiquette observed at the court of Ashantee as well as at the court of St. James's, it may yet be true that the so-called useful arts precede the agreeable ones. Certain it is that the latter only extend their influence as knowledge advances, as society becomes more polished and refined, and as our sentiments and perceptions of what is due to conduct, character, acquirements, sentiments of honor, learning, and intellect—to the nobler and better qualities of our nature—become more generally and universally admitted. In educated society we are each and all forced to claim a certain portion of these qualities—they constitute our ticket of admission ; and, claiming from our neighbors the respect due to us on these grounds, we are certainly bound to give them the same amount of credit, and treat them accordingly.

But have we fulfilled our duty in this respect ? and are refined manners—or, to simplify the term—is a due attention to the art of pleasing properly enforced by society ? We suspect not : the very existence, indeed, of the *Sliding Scale of Manners* shows how far we are yet behind, though the importance of the subject has been long perceived, as is amply proved by the books and codes of instruction to which it has given rise.

In 1637 Baltasar Graciano, of Catalayud, in Arragon, already published an advice to courtiers, entitled, *el Oráculo Manuel, y arte de prudencia*. In Paris, Bellegarde, Vaumoriere, and others, followed in the same line, till, in the next century, England eclipsed all foreign nations by the glory which Chesterfield acquired as master of ceremonies to the very graces themselves.

Whether the study of the graces, as recommended by the accomplished peer, required gifts of a higher order, more refinement, and mental cultivation, or, above all, greater sacrifices of individual sufficiency and pretension, than suits the fashionable public of the nineteenth century, need not be urged here : as it is enough for our purpose to know—that is, indeed, sufficiently apparent—that the art of pleasing has been completely superseded by the science of etiquette. This science, the wide-spread study of which, particularly in our own country, so strongly marks the real spirit of the age, could hardly fail to obtain numerous followers the moment it obtained influence ; for it is easily acquired, suits the meanest capacity, and enables the most perfect mediocrity to act—what it fancies—a part, by merely following prescribed mechanical rules natural to all persons of good breeding, but absolutely worthless by themselves, as they only form the frame, and the ungilt frame, indeed, of the portraiture which the Art of Pleasing can alone fill up and render valuable. And yet it is within this worthless frame-work, fortified by these silver-spoon rules, that so many persons

think themselves entitled to sport their *sliding scale* manners ; a scale that certainly tends to lower the general tone of social intercourse, and though it rarely imposes, even upon the foolish, furnishes invariable amusement to the mischievous. It is really afflicting to think how some of the grandest *sliders* in the land are occasionally laughed at by wicked wags, that were thought to have been almost annihilated by the superlative bearing of the very objects of their merriment. "It is too bad."

Now do not misunderstand what I have here said about etiquette, which is very well in its way, and perhaps indispensable. In this country it is, at all events, very useful; for we have so many able, excellent, and deserving persons constantly rising from the humbler ranks to wealth and station, by pursuits that precluded them mixing early in polished society, and becoming acquainted with the manners of fashionable life, that it is of advantage to have some fixed rules laid down for their guidance ; rules that shall prevent them from crossing their legs, Yankee fashion, over a dinner-table, or picking their teeth with a fork *à la Française*. But this is to give no sanction to persons of any class, whether *nouveaux riches* or aristocrats of the oldest standing, to assume the slightest particle of merit, for a knowledge of and adherence to mere rules and forms, more easily learned than the duties of the footman who waits upon them at dinner.

"But a truce to these cynical remarks," I think I hear the reader say ; "teach us the Art of Pleasing, and you will find plenty of willing disciples ; for we are all anxious to please in society, and be well thought of in the world, but do not always know how to set about it. Let fops of all classes, the rude, the vapid, the affected, say what they will, they act the part most congenial to their capacity, and give themselves airs because they can do no better ; they would gladly be distinguished for skill in the art of pleasing, be men of gallantry, of elegant and refined manners if they could, and only pretend to undervalue and disdain that excellence which they cannot attain. No, no ; only show us the way to please, and we shall gladly follow."

There may be some truth in this ; but it is not easy to reduce the Art of Pleasing to rules and regulations. All that can be done is to call upon society to maintain their own dignity, to prevent them from affecting blindness, from shutting their eyes to the evils of the *Sliding Scale*, and from receiving counterfeit coin instead of real good breeding and manners. What single pen could polish down the vulgar barbarian, the bully of society ? who can amend the pompous blockhead, the man of envious and envenomed vanity ? what cure, short of the actual *knout*, can improve the jealous, vapid, affected, and pretending ? what is to be done with the numerous class who purposely study the art of displeasing ? some from the impulse of bad hearts and coarse minds : others from the silly vanity which makes them anxious to act the *magnifico* in so exalted a style as not to admit of their appearing polite or attentive to ordinary mortals ; others, again, because they fear to fail in doing the agreeable, but are sure to succeed in acting the ruffian. No single effort can, I repeat, remedy these evils ; all we can do is to hold up the mirror of truth, and shame society into the performance of its duty.

It was at a party only last winter, that Mr.

Coarsegrain bandied words with Miss Smirkwell, who, forgetting that she was engaged to dance with him, had provided herself with another partner ; and he was yet, notwithstanding such conduct, invited to almost every succeeding ball of the season. Ladies never jilt me about mere dances : the cruel dears reserve these tricks for matters that more nearly affect the heart ; but had a lady cut me about a dance, I should only have expressed my regret at her having forgot me so soon—should have assured her that a thousand years could not obliterate her image from the tablets of my memory. In such a case, the other *cavaliere*, unless a regular vulgarian, would instantly have withdrawn his claim, and declared that it was happiness enough for him to have been, even for a moment, thought worthy of dancing with Miss Smirkwell ; who, as far as he was concerned, was to consider herself perfectly disengaged, and at full liberty to dance with any one deserving the honor. Such conduct would have led at once to smiles, bows, and pretty speeches, instead of frowns and harsh words, which should be considered as altogether excluded from ladies' society.

"But you forget," I think I hear Mrs. Huntwell say, "that Mr. Coarsegrain's estate is worth five thousand a-year."

True, true ; and this may account for the subsequent invitations, but cannot justify them.

At the same time I would recommend ladies never to make such double engagements ; there can be no great difficulty in recollecting who is to be the partner for the third quadrille or second waltz ; or if you have a bad memory, take a little ivory tablet with you, and register the gentlemen according to a German fashion, which I have always thought a little affected. Inattention to this trifling matter—sometimes, I fear, the result of a little vanity—occasions ill blood and bad feeling, and should be most carefully avoided. On the Continent, especially in France, it is a law *de rigueur* that no lady, after making such a mistake, dances again during the evening ; and though I deem it ludicrous in the extreme to see a grim and mustachioed dandy keeping fierce watch to prevent a pretty girl from joining a quadrille, I still think it right to have some rein kept over ladies' caprices.

To return, however, to the direct thread of my subject.

Though the Art of Pleasing cannot be taught by mere rules, we may yet lay down some general principles for the guidance of those who are willing to profit by them. The simple Christian maxim, indeed, which tells us to do by others as we would be done by ourselves, contains the very essence of all that can be said on the subject. But do we follow the maxim in our intercourse with the world ? No, truly. Forgetting that it is far more meritorious to be beloved than admired, we go into society to astonish the natives, to excite wonder, but rarely, indeed, with the least intention of evincing a particle of admiration for any one else, the stoicism of the *nil admirari* school being looked upon as the very perfection of high breeding. And from whom does the reader suppose this boasted tone of fashion has been derived ? From the high, accomplished, and cultivated of the earth ? No, faith ! from the very opposite class ; from the dull, the ignorant, and the savage. We who write have seen this species of fashionable stoicism displayed in the high-

est perfection by Arowak Indians, who deem it beneath their dignity to evince surprise or admiration on any occasion, as they wish it to be believed that they are perfectly familiar with all that is most excellent and exalted in the world. By the united testimony of all African travellers, every petty Negro despot excels in the same style of fashionable deportment, and retains as much apparent composure at the sight of a scarlet-bay's cloak and bottle of rum, that make his very heart throb again, as he would on beholding a bowl of palm wine, or ordinary piece of Negro-worked cloth. The merit of the *nil admirari* system is not, therefore, of a very high order or brilliant origin.

For my own part, I confess that I have no patience with my fashionable public on this point. A captain of the Royal Horse Grenadiers has certainly as much right to be fastidious as any one can have, and yet I never go into society, never move about the world with parties of pleasure, as parties are sometimes miscalled, without seeing a vast deal that is to be admired. Where is the ball-room in Britain, in which you will not find many, very many pretty, often charming, women, with evidence of everything that is kind, generous, affectionate,—with intelligence and feeling beaming from animated eyes and expressive features,—women, with the young of whom, whether plain or pretty, you almost fancy yourself in love at first sight, while you feel that with the old you could instantly harmonize in thoughts, sentiments, and opinion? How delightful, indeed, is the society and conversation of an old lady, who retains the kindly feeling of youth, the frank generosity of heart, open to the impressions of all that is great, good, and beautiful; who joins to the result of education a knowledge of society, and the quick and just perception for which the sex are distinguished; who can appreciate and join in the praise of merit, grieve for the faults and errors of the fallible, smile and laugh—and that right heartily, too—at the follies of the vain, the ignorant, and pretending! There is, in fact, no conversation equal to that of a cheerful old lady. Nor are gentlemen of talents, acquirements, and finished manners, ever wanting in English society; you know them at once by their countenances, by the truly British countenance, the noblest the world has yet to show. They may chance to be neither peers nor *millionaires*, though the peerage is rich in such men, but folly only can act the part of the haughty exquisite in their presence.

You cannot enter a gentleman's library, however ill arranged, that is not full of books which have been, and are to be, the admiration of ages. You cannot pass through the gallery where his fathers frown, in "rude and antique portraiture around," without being struck by the noble lineaments that so often break through the bad painting and atrocious costumes that disfigure our old family portraits. Nay, you cannot walk in the worst laid-out flower-garden, the most contracted lawn, or dingy shrubbery, without finding constant objects of admiration; for there is not a leaf that grows, a flower that blooms, there is not a sprig of heath that bends beneath the gales of the north, that is not absolutely beautiful, that does not bear the impress of a mighty master-hand, which leaves all attempts of worldly imitation at a distance, measured only by immensity. No—no, trust none of this *nil admirari* stoicism, for none

"The fool and dandy,

"Those sons of buttermilk and sugar-candy,"

can pass, if only through the world of fashion, and declare that all is barren. Do not suppose from this that I wish you to deal in constant exclamations, and seem in ecstasy with everything you see or hear. Very far from it; exclamations and ecstasies are foolish, but I must insist on all ladies and gentlemen meeting a willingness to please them, with a cheerful readiness to be pleased, and shall always declare the stateliness which affects to be above deriving pleasure from the sayings, doings, and showings of the company with which it associates, to be the height of bad manners.

The most certain mode of pleasing is, no doubt, to make others pleased with themselves; but as this principle can only be successfully acted upon in *tête-à-tête* conversation, or in any small parties, we must rather depend for success on general behavior, manner, and deportment; on our knowledge of life, character, and of the particular company in which we may happen to be thrown at the moment; for, though there can be no rising above the level of gentlemanlike society, the tone may, and often does, vary, according to times, parties, and circumstances. In society it is best, therefore, always to preserve a calm, tranquil, but, at the same time, cheerful deportment, evincing a constant readiness to be pleased and amused, and as free from coldness, stiffness, and hauteur, as from the eternal smile, smirk, and fidgety efforts to please, often observable in well-meaning persons unused to society, as well as among foreigners. Vapid stiffness and hauteur are offensive, insulting indeed, and contrary to good manners; while smirking and fidgety attention is embarrassing to those who are its objects. To please there must evidently be an easy amenity of deportment, completely at variance with the *Sliding Scale* rules, and as distant from abrupt forwardness as from cringing servility. A gentleman will always show that deference to age, rank, and station, which is their due; but, though I confess myself a great stickler for the attention due to rank, I do not see that a well-bred man will speak in a different manner and tone of voice when giving an ordinary answer, or making an ordinary remark, to a peer, from what he would if giving an order to a porter. As said, I confess myself a stickler for the deference due to rank, always supposing that it is properly supported by conduct, manners, and acquirements, which can alone give it grace, for rank without them is rather a disgrace.

There is one thing which, philosopher as I am, very much puzzles me; it is this:—How happens it that courtesy and politeness, commodities so cheap, that the mere wish to possess them already confers them, commodities which can never be detrimental, but are often highly beneficial to the owner, should, with all these advantages, be still so comparatively scarce in the world? I have often tried to solve the problem, but the only satisfactory conclusion I can arrive at is to suppose that rudeness results from some actual and afflicting disease of the head or heart. The consequence is, that I never see a man enter a railroad-car, mail-coach, or take his seat at a steamboat dinner-table, in the care-me-not style, that seems to say, "I have paid for my place, am determined to make the most of it, and value not the ease and comfort of my neighbors one single straw," without feeling a sort of compassion for his sufferings. I fancy such conduct can only result from a cramped heart,

in which disease has destroyed the fibres of all the best and noblest feelings, and reduced the patient to a mere mass of bloated selfishness ; or else that it is occasioned by some faulty conformation of the brain, that prevents the mind from being fairly seated on its throne of state, casts it all away, and deprives it of room for that elastic, free, and buoyant action, which clear and well-regulated intellects must necessarily enjoy. Who but a real sufferer would lounge, boots and all, on a club-sofa, totally regardless of the comforts of others, or lean, loutishly, and with outspread elbows, over the library-table, concealing, in the study of his newspaper, half the latest periodicals from general view ?

" And e'en his slightest actions mark the fool,"

says Persius, and I believe Pope also ; and it is in a thousand ungraceful trifles of this kind, in the want of that general amenity of manner which distinguishes all persons of good breeding, that folly and the selfishness of the diseased heart are so conspicuously displayed to the eye of the observer.

Though ladies are always more graceful than men, I must here warn them against the modern style of waltzing, which is the reverse of graceful, being little more than a mere romping twirl, intended only, as far as I can perceive, to make the parties giddy. The old waltz, sometimes called the Spanish waltz, was a very graceful dance ; but its character is changed, and there is nothing either graceful or pleasing in seeing gentlemen pulling and hauling their partners on,—seeing the pretty pairs spinning round and round, jostling against each other—to say nothing of an occasional tumble—till the few who can keep time and step feel their heads going, and till ladies are forced to lean, panting, and with flushed cheeks and heaving breasts, against the very walls of the room for support. Gallopades and polkas are worse still, for few, very few gentlemen can dance them, and with any but an actual opera-dancer this exhibition is ungraceful in the extreme. The gallop and polka step, in which gentlemen, with legs wide astride, push their fair partners along, is absolutely disgusting ; and I will hold no lady-mother guiltless who, after this public warning, shall allow her daughter to join such a brutal display. In an ordinary way, young ladies may always depend on obtaining easy forgiveness for a few trifling follies when committed in a cheerful and good-humored mood ; but let them beware of anything that is coarsely ungraceful. No pretty girl, no young lady, indeed, whether pretty or not, should ever, if she values true and gallant admiration, allow herself to be associated with the recollection of anything that is markedly ungraceful, however harmless in itself, and should never, therefore, dance modern waltzes, polkas, or gallopades.

Since I have fallen into the didactic vein, I may as well repeat here some injunctions formerly given in regard to conversation, and which cannot, indeed, be too strongly enforced. I must, therefore, beg my fashionable public not only to understand, as all will pretend to do, but constantly to bear in mind, that all conversation is strictly confidential. There is no such thing as justifying an objectionable speech, or remark, by saying that you heard it mentioned publicly at Lord A.'s table or Lady B.'s party. There is no such thing as *public* conversation, properly so called ; there are public speeches made in parliament, on the hust-

ings, at public meetings, and on other public occasions, when public reporters generally attend, and which you may repeat and comment on as much as you like ; but the conversation of society, whether held in *tête-à-tête* meetings or crowded ball-rooms, is, in principle, sacred and confidential, and can never be repeated without a breach of good faith and good feeling. How would a gentleman like to know that a remark made at his table had been repeated, to the detriment of private character, or injury of private feeling ? Or, what should we think of any one who, receiving a visitor in his library, would make mischief of the conversation that might there pass in private ? Now please to understand me. I purposely say that the conversation of society is confidential in principle, because it is not to authorize you or any one to repeat a single word capable of causing pain, still less of proving injurious to others ; but it does not, in practice, prevent any one from repeating good sayings, good anecdotes, anything that may be pleasing, instructive, and amusing, provided it is untinged by slander and free from the seeds of mischief. For my own part, I never hear anything said in praise of a pretty girl, without repeating it with all the additions and embellishments in my power, and you have full liberty to do the like.

I shall not repeat here what I formerly said in praise of conversation, though the subject reminds me of a trifling adventure which lately befell the distinguished member of a university, who maintained that he had principally acquired his knowledge by conversation, and always declared that there was no man from whom some information might not be gained. My own opinion would, rather, perhaps, be in favor of female conversation, as I am inclined to believe ladies the best instructors ; I can safely say, at least, " I learned the little that I know from them ; " this, however, has nothing to do with the adventure of the learned professor, to which we must return. Our friend finding himself one day *tête-à-tête* in a mail-coach with a sober, sedate, and respectable-looking man, determined at once to make the most of him, and to learn as much from his fellow-traveller as the latter might be able to teach.

They were no sooner fairly started, therefore, than the professor commenced with the usual introductory subject of the weather. Receiving only polite monosyllabic replies, he went over all the other topics most generally resorted to on such occasions,—the appearance of the country, the crops, prospect of the harvest ; but all with no better result, the sedate-looking man only assenting to whatever the man of learning advanced. Not to be driven from his favorite theory, the professor went at last more directly to work, saying, " Pray, sir, is there any subject on which you would be willing to converse ? "

" Try me on leather, and I am your man," was the reply of the *vis-à-vis*, a stout, honest currier, as chance would have it.

It is very unfortunate that there are so many ladies and gentlemen who take infinitely more pleasure in hearing their friends and neighbors run down, slandered, and abused,—only in a trifling way, of course, than in hearing them praised and admired. The consequence is, that society is infested with a class of persons who make the gathering, forging, and improving of slanders their actual business, their very *carte d'entrée* into company. It is true that no one now ventures

upon slanders or tales of scandal in large parties, or within hearing of many; for, in the mass, society are ashamed of the practice and dare not sanction it; but in private the vipers are listened to, though heartily despised even by their most willing auditors. Yet is the habit of thus imbibing poison by the ear highly injurious to the heart, and ultimately to the mind also, for good feelings are essentially the source whence our best and brightest ideas are derived; and oft-repeated slanders will not only obtain some belief in the end, but the habit of listening leads to a species of cynical misanthropy, which makes us look rather on the dark than on the bright side of human nature; makes us act a poor, timid, and distrustful part through life, depressing even the best elements of happiness mixed up in our composition. Nor must we suppose that the regular inventor and retailer of long tales of slander is the only offender. Far from it; there is the more cunning and equally base dealer in inuendoes, who throws out his hints before the envious and malignant, trusting that the poison may be passed on from slave to slave, till, gathering in its progress, it attains at last the full-grown strength of infamy worthy of the dishonorable source whence it arose. I am told that backbiters often find their way into the presence of great men, and it may be so, but I am very certain that high-minded men look upon them with the scorn they deserve. The subject should, perhaps, deserve a whole chapter; but, for the present, I must conclude; and, to cut the matter short, cannot do better than absolve the public, fashionable and unfashionable, from giving the slightest credit to tale-bearers and slander-mongers of whatever class or kind they may be; and this for the best of all possible reasons, that the false of heart will be the false of tongue whenever it suits their purpose.

PERMANENT INFLUENCE OF THE CRUSADES.— But not thus did the memory or influence of these most singular events pass away. They fell not to the ground. They were not lost as the rain-drop in the sea. They vanished not as the shooting star. On almost every interest of man they have indented their history. The gallantry of far later conflicts on the strand of Acre is forgotten in the feats of Cœur-de-Lion in this cause. Cyprus, Rhodes, Malta, are still most famed for the military orders which arose out of it, and which have left in those islands the trophies and insignia of their renown. Zante still sends forth its Cape Klarenza, which, remembered by the voyagers to Syria as their steering-point, has, ever since the time of Edward the Third, given a ducal title to our Royal Family. The story is told by the cross-hilted sword and the recumbent figures of our monumental effigies. The signs of our common hostellries still show the formidable heads of Saracen and Turk. Where many a woodland glade opens into its vistas, where many a noble hall yet stands, where many an ancient lineage gives name and title, are we reminded of the Templar, his cenobitic house, and judicial preceptory. The cross nailed on the humble tenement in some of our towns proclaims the exemption from scoggage which those imperious knights demanded for themselves and their attendants. The very corruption of some words proves how radicated were the institutions which this warfare raised and shaped.—*North British Review.*

POTATOES WITH THE BONES IN.—We are told that "there is reason in roasting eggs"—and there ought to be the same in roasting and boiling potatoes. But there will probably be few of my readers who can readily assign a *reason* why the all but universal custom among the poor of Ireland is to only half-boil their potatoes, leaving the centre so hard that it is called the bone of the potato. Considering that this root constitutes nearly the whole of the laboring man's food, it seems extraordinary that it should not be properly cooked, especially as the want of fuel is hardly ever felt in this land of bogs. It is my habit, whenever any unusual phenomenon presents itself to my observation, to endeavor to unravel the mystery myself before making inquiry of others. In the present case I stumbled on the true solution of the problem, and found it amply confirmed afterwards. There is scarcely a more indigestible substance taken into the human stomach than a half-boiled potatoe; and to a moderately dyspeptic Englishman such diet would be little less than poison. It is this very quality of indigestibility that recommends the *par-boiled* potato to the poor Irishmen. Rarely indeed have the laboring classes more than two meals of these in the twenty-four hours; and if they were well boiled, the pangs of hunger would be insufferable during a considerable portion of the day and night. Custom, fortunately, is a second nature; and custom has so reconciled the poor Irishman's stomach to this wretched food, that even the children complain if they find no "*bone in the potato.*" The simplicity of their diet, their exposure to the open air, their patient resignation to their fate, and many other causes, render them little susceptible to the miseries of dyspepsy; while the bones of the potatoes protract the period of digestion till sleep renders them unconscious of the gnawings of hunger. As a feather will often show the direction of the wind better than a well-poised weathercock, so this simple fact demonstrates more forcibly the poverty of the Irish peasantry than a philosophical dissertation on the subject.

I may here remark, that although the children of the cottiers look chubby, and the people healthy, on a potato diet, yet when the Irish laborers come over to this country, and are employed in hard work as navigators, &c., they are found unequal to the task till they are fed for some days on bacon, bread, and potatoes. They are like horses taken from grass, and incapable of hard labor till fed for a time on hay and corn.—*Dr. James Johnson's Tour in Ireland.*

HUNGARY.—Prince Maurice, who is in Hungary, had been hunting in the vicinity of his residence. A neighboring nobleman happened to meet one of the Prince's huntsmen on his ground, and immediately shot him. The Prince, being informed of the circumstance, hastened, accompanied by a servant, to the nobleman, and remonstrated with him. "A Hungarian nobleman," he replied, "is master of life and death, on his own estate, and you shall immediately have another proof of it." Saying this, the Hungarian shot the Prince's innocent servant. The Prince, excited by this barbarous act, drew out a loaded pistol and shot the nobleman, who died on the spot. The German Prince is still confined in a Hungarian fortress.—*Chronicle.*

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

HENRY WELBY, THE HERMIT OF CRIPPLEGATE.*

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

"Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavor,
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss forever."

MILTON.

On a glowing day, about two centuries and a half ago, a great bustle and merry-making roused the little village of Boscombe, in Wiltshire, from its usual pastoral quiet. This festivity was caused by the marriage of Mistress Anne Welby, only daughter and heiress of the lord of the manor, to Sir Christopher Hilliard, a gentleman of large possessions in Yorkshire. Never was a more auspicious wedding; nor one which, in all its circumstances, could be more flattering to the bride and bridegroom. Village inhabitants, old and young, lads and lasses, were abroad in all their country bravery, busy in paying homage, after their fashion, to the young couple; gentlemen living miles round assembled at Welby Hall to do honor to the occasion; the road through which our wedding-pageant passed to church was for the most part o'er-canopied by elm-boughs; and the church itself was a quaint, picturesque, and ancient edifice, of which the pavement was decorated in several places with brass effigies and armorial bearings of certain ancestors of the Welbys, inlaid on the stones. Last, though not least, the marriage was to be solemnized by the illustrious Richard Hooker, at that time rector of this parish, to which living he had been presented by Mistress Anne's father, Henry Welby, Esquire, of Vale Priory, in Lincolnshire, and of Boscombe, in Wiltshire.

It has been held by many that the form of marriage, as prescribed in our ritual, is much weakened by certain clippings and omissions, tolerated in the present day. We do not know whether in the sixteenth century such abbreviations were permitted, or not, in the celebration of this solemn contract; but be this as it may, it is quite certain that Richard Hooker was too staunch a ritualist to epitomize a sacred order of the church. He, who at this time was composing his great work on "Ecclesiastical Polity," would never dream of abridging ecclesiastical forms, nor would Mr. Welby have acquiesced in so irreverend an indecorum, even had the minister been inclined to perpetrate it. The ceremony was, therefore, performed in all its impressive details before a congregation which filled every part of the humble fane; and when the "blessing" on the newly-married pair had been pronounced, a choir of skilful singing-men chanted in learned counterpoint the "*Beati omnes.*" Then followed other observances which, being completed, the young couple devoutly received the communion. A pealing voluntary was now heard from the organ, and as the sounds died away, Mr. Hooker ascended the pulpit, and preached a marriage-sermon with much of the rich eloquence, apostolic fervor, fertility of allusion, and erudite illustration which distinguish his immortal "Ecclesiastical Polity."

* The ground-work of this story is derived from a note by Dr. Calder, in an edition of the "Tatler," published in 1789. This note, containing a brief account of "the noble and virtuous Henry Welby, Esquire," is inserted in Mr. Leigh Hunt's "Hundred Romances of Real Life"—a very admirable collection of true stories, sagely annotated. With few exceptions, the present writer is accountable for the narrative now before the reader.

Before the sermon had concluded, one of the lower windows nearest the pulpit was suddenly darkened by the figure of a man, who looked earnestly and sternly at the preacher. "Master Basil!" was whispered from one to another, when the eyes of the congregation were simultaneously turned on him. Disconcerted by so universal a scrutiny, he gradually drew back from his post, and disappeared. Though Mr. Hooker, in common with others, had seen the intruder, and knew that his glances were directed especially at him, he paused not in his discourse, nor abated one atom of his fervid emphasis.

When all was over at the church, the wedding-party returned in state to Welby Hall, where a sumptuous banquet was prepared. The bride and bridegroom, however, remained not long with their father's guests; and having received Mr. Welby's tearful benediction, departed for London, where they intended to remain a few days preparatory to the removal of Lady Hilliard to her husband's seat in Yorkshire, where, in a short time, she was welcomed as mistress by Sir Christopher's relations and tenants.

No joy, however, is unmixed with its contrary in this world of ours. Mistress Anne, it is true, was united to the man of her election, who deserved the treasure he had won; still, she grieved at leaving, in comparative loneliness, her father, whom she dearly loved, and at residing in so distant a county; and Mr. Welby, though cordially approving Hilliard for his son-in-law, felt the separation even in a greater degree than his daughter. It was a melancholy contradiction to his habits; his table would be desolate; the loss of Anne would make an irreparable void in his house. How should he endure the sight of her vacant chair—how beguile the time till he again should see her? In fact, a wedding, even when, as in the present case, congenial hearts are linked together, is not in reality, and ought not to be, a merry affair. Trick it out as you may in external gauds and triumphs, the exultation will generally be dashed with a lurking sadness. The sacrifice of parental home, of old associations, of the caresses which, from infancy, were daily renewed—these form, during many weeks, a canker in the very core of happiness.

But time mitigates every kind of suffering. The father and daughter, though separated, were not without the comfortable intercourse of frequent letters; and as Lady Hilliard had every reason to be happy in her new home, and in the devoted fondness of her husband, Mr. Welby became, in a manner, reconciled to the loss of his only child's society, and derived pleasure from considering how adequately she was settled in life, and how fortunate in a partner who would protect her both now and when her father should have descended to the grave.

One only source of disquietude remained to Welby, and this originated in his brother—a dissolute, violent, and unprincipled man, who, hoping to secure for his own emolument, certain church-preferments in the gift of his family, had taken orders, but more than once had been in danger of losing his gown in consequence of his quarrelsome disposition and intemperate habits. On the death of the last incumbent of Boscombe, Mr. Welby found it impossible, without incurring great scandal, to confer the living on his brother. To the learned, pious, and eloquent Hooker, it was accordingly offered, and by him it was accepted.

One day, when Mr. Welby was walking in his park, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter melancholy," (for he was a man of sensitive temperament, and much given to lonely musing,) he saw his brother striding with hurried paces towards him. Knowing, from painful experience, that he was thus sought, only to be entangled in an alteration, he turned towards the house, determining, if possible, to seclude himself, and to decline any interview with the unworthy churchman. The latter, however, soon overtook him.

"Henry," ejaculated he, "I do not wonder that you wish to avoid me; but I will not allow you to do so. I have suffered many grievances at your hands. I have much to say, and you *shall* hear me. Brother, you have done me great wrong."

"You have done yourself great wrong, Basil," returned Mr. Welby, quietly.

"Have you nothing else to say? Can you invent no newer rhetoric?" retorted Basil. "I have heard this whining fustian so often, that I sicken at its repetition. Sir, I directly charge you with cheating me of my birthright. This is a plain, straightforward accusation, and must be answered plainly. Under the cloak of a legal device, you have committed a real injury, and deprived me of that to which by the laws of nature and common sense, I am as fully entitled as yourself."

"Be explicit, Basil."

"I will. Presuming unworthily—treacherously, on the foolish right of eldership, you have proved yourself a dishonest steward of property, to which my claim is equal to your own. Am I not the son of my father?"

"Oh, Basil," sorrowfully ejaculated Welby; "fortunate for him is it that our father lived not to hear of your riotous courses, and to know of the disgrace you have brought on his name, and on your own calling."

"Disgrace!" echoed Basil, furiously. "Take more heed, elder brother, of your words, or, by this light, my hand shall thrust them down your throat!"

"I am no stranger to your violence," returned Welby; "but it shall not daunt me, nor turn me from the path of duty."

"The path of duty, sir, should tend towards your kindred," said Basil. "Have you not basely strayed from it in giving to Master Hooker that which was part of my father's privilege and property!"

"It is mine now by the same right through which it descended to our father," answered Welby. "I have never denied you money, Basil; never stood upon accounts, or reckonings, or overpayments. You almost held the strings of my purse, and I have tried to be content. But the cure of souls is a weightier matter; and the parish have a sacred right to demand from me a fitting and a pious minister."

"Well, sir?"

"Ask yourself, Basil, if my duty would have been discharged had I given to you the rectory of Boscombe. Would the congregation have relied on your spiritual teaching? Would your mediation have had any weight with men at variance? Would a trembling conscience have sought ghostly counsel from you? Would any one 'in the time of tribulation, and in the hour of death,' have sent for Master Basil Welby to point the way to Heaven? Oh, brother, ponder on your past life; think of your graceless bearing, your divers excesses, your tavern brawls, (unmeet in any one,

but fearfully so in a minister of God's church;) reflect, moreover, on the manner in which all men are forced to estimate you! Then supplicate for grace, and let me love you, dear Basil."

"These are mere words, Henry—idle words. What have they to do with your daring appropriation of my patrimonial right? How do they warrant you in bestowing on a low-born mongrel—a beggar who was fain to accept doles, paltry alms, pitiful groats from Bishop Jewel—a man to whom his lordship could not lend even a walking-staff without a strong and iterated injunction that he would not *forget* to return it;—how, I ask, do your puling phrases justify your overlooking me, your brother—a born gentleman, in favor of such an upstart cozenor?"

"Fie, Basil—fie! Verily, you know not the man of whom you speak. Master Hooker is no cozenor, but a holy priest whose life and actions are no doubt pleasing in the sight of his Creator. The world will reverence his memory for centuries to come. But you know, Basil, I have another living in my gift—that of _____ in Lincolnshire, of which the present incumbent is very old and infirm. Mend your life—draw down oblivion upon your past errors, and this living shall be yours in due time. How my heart will be comforted when I shall be able to bestow it on you!"

"I care not for the living you speak of, and I will not have it," returned Basil. "'Sdeath, sir, you shall not banish me to fenny Lincoln! I like not its marshy argues. No; Boscombe is the parish wherein I was born; it is the parish which holds my father's house, and the best of his lands; in it I was christened, and in its church my ancestors have assembled for generations. By being excluded from its pulpit I am indelibly disgraced! You have stamped upon my brow a burning shame, for the sake of a Devonshire clown—an arrant adventurist."

"All men know you are skilful in railing," rejoined Welby. "Had you ever heard or read any of Master Hooker's discourses, even *you* would speak with respect of a man who, if I err not widely, is destined to be a pillar of our English church. He is so learned a divine, so abounding in grace, so zealous and effectual in his high calling, so gifted with saintly faculty, that it is impossible he should long remain hidden in our sequestered rectory of Boscombe. Therefore, dear Basil, reform, and Boscombe shall yet be yours."

"I place no faith in your promises, Henry."

"How!" exclaimed Welby. "Have I ever deceived your expectations?"

"Yes, in alienating Boscombe from your own blood. But come, I'll test your sincerity. Will you solemnly swear, here, before we part, that as soon soever as Master Hooker shall vacate the living, you will induct me into it? Do this, and much as I have been wronged, there shall be peace between us."

"I will *not* do it, Basil, save upon conditions."

"Then," vociferated Basil, foaming with rage, "you are a villain—a base colluder with a hypocritical priest. May the burning lake of hell surge eternally over your heads! One of you shall soon be there," continued he, suddenly presenting a pistol at his brother's head, and pulling the trigger.

The weapon missed fire; but Welby heard the click and saw the flash. Rushing on his brother with a view to disarm him, a desperate struggle ensued, which terminated by Basil being thrown

to the ground with such violence as to be stunned ; when, taking the pistol from his grasp, Welby walked to his house, thoughtfully and with sorrow.

Having shut himself up in his library, and locked the door, he sat down to meditate on the strange event which had just occurred. That his life should have been attempted within sight of his own home, in mid-day, and by the hand of his brother, was almost too monstrous for belief. It was like "a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

"He could not have meant to destroy me," soliloquized Welby. "No, no ! rash and violent as he is, he never intended *that*. His design, no doubt, was to terrify me into compliance with his demand. The pistol merely flashed in the pan. Surely, surely it was not loaded. Still, the very pretence to do such a deed was outrageous and iniquitous. How can he look me in the face again ? I must nevertheless do what I can to reclaim him. No, no ; I will never believe that Basil intended to slay his brother."

The pistol was on the table before him. Welby looked at it. "There," said he to himself, "is an evidence capable of strengthening my belief that no worse harm than frightening me was meditated. I might examine it, and so prove Basil's innocence of murder, even in thought."

Welby took up the weapon, and held it awhile irresolutely ; then, with a shudder, laid it down again, exclaiming, "God help me ! I have not courage to dare the test. What if I should discover a damning proof of guilt ? Better be in ignorance than wither under so terrible a conviction !"

Groaning under the very surmise of such a possibility, Welby paced up and down his room, sorely troubled in spirit. At length, becoming more calm, he ejaculated, "Poor misguided Basil ! I do thee grievous injustice in suffering thee to labor even for one instant under such a fearful suspicion when the means to certify thy guilt or innocence are in my power. It is my duty to examine this pistol, and I will do it."

With a hurried and trembling hand, he clutched the weapon, drew the contents from its barrel, and finding two bullets, sank into his chair and swooned away.

It was some time before he recovered his consciousness. But what an utter, what a dreadful, change had been wrought during that interval. A total revolution had taken place in his mind. By this one blow, the world and all in it was suddenly darkened to poor Welby—a wide blank was before him. Though not destroyed, his reasoning powers were stunned ; and he desperately resolved to avoid forever any intercourse with mankind. "He was shocked," says Mr. Leigh Hunt, "by the strangeness as well as inhumanity of his brother's attempt ; it gave him a horror of the very faces of his fellow-creatures ; perhaps, also, something of a personal fear of them, and very likely a hypochondriacal dread even of himself, and of the blood of which his veins partook."

Without apprizing any one of his intention—without seeing the good and great Hooker, whom, under any less overwhelming calamity than the present, he would doubtless have consulted—with-out even leaving a letter for his well-beloved daughter—he ordered a horse to be saddled and brought to him, and having turned his back forever on his ancestral mansion, and on the haunts of his youth and manhood, arrived, after two days'

journeying, in London. This was in the year 1592. He now authorized an agent to dispose of all his property in Wilshire and Lincolnshire, and then, according to the old pamphlet, published in 1637, "took a fair house in the lower end of Grub street, near Cripplegate, and contracting a numerous retinue into a small family, having the house prepared for his purpose, he selected three chambers for himself, the one for his diet, the second for his lodging, and the third for his study. As they were one within another, while his diet was set on table by an old maid-servant, he retired into his lodging-room ; and when his bed was making, into his study, still doing so till all was clear."

That a man should leave the country, and repair to London for solitude, may, at first sight, appear unreasonable ; but Welby desired to destroy all former associations of his life. He thought, moreover, that in such an intricate wilderness of houses his brother would be unable to trace him ; and that while he could render his seclusion as inviolable as he chose, the neighborhood of other men would make it safe.

It could not be otherwise than that so strange and obstinate a determination should be much talked about, and that it should soon travel to his daughter's ears, who immediately, on learning what had happened, left her house in Yorkshire, and, accompanied by her husband, repaired to London, sought out her father's residence, and desired the old maid-servant to tell her master that his daughter was come to see him. But, alas ! Welby had taken an oath that he would never again behold a human being, save the serving-woman he had hired to tend him ; and after many ineffectual attempts, the poor lady was constrained to return without the blessing of an interview with her woe-stricken father. No circumstance, of what kind soever, had strength enough to shake, or even to modify, the strange resolve he had formed. From middle age, when he first plunged into his solemn seclusion, till he died, at a very advanced time of life, (a space of forty-four years,) he was never seen by any of his fellow-creatures ; though divers attempts were made during that period by his son-in-law, his daughter, and his grandchildren.

Though in the world Welby was not of the world. In one small, narrow room, which, as it looked towards an open space formed by Moor-fields, and the pasture-land of Finsbury, was hushed and silent, he spent forty-four summers and winters, "debarring himself from the fresh and comfortable air," and staining his windows, to veil from his eyes the cheerful scene without. Yet was the day not tedious, nor the night unvisited by sweet and lofty thoughts. The walls of his room were clothed with books ; and in his intercourse with those silent chroniclers of men's minds, he found indemnity for his self-imposed exclusion from their living companionship. He gave directions that every new book, immediately on its publication, should be brought to him ; but such as had a controversial turn, he laid aside and never read ; even Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" he did not look into, probably fearing it might be polemical. The books which he rejected were found from time to time by his servant on the table in his dining-room with a written instruction to send them away. It must have pained his gentle spirit to discard the great work of Richard Hooker, his sometime pastor and dear friend ; but he yearned for peace of

mind, and consolation, and hermit-like tranquillity, dreading debate even as an adder's sting. In the books which most engaged his mind, he was in the habit of making marginal observations, as appeared on inspecting his library after his death, when it must have been delightful to ascertain the vast amount of pleasure he had derived from the imagination, nature, affluent thoughts, knowledge of the human heart, and profound, but bland, philosophy in the plays of Shakspeare, which he eagerly read, as they successively appeared in quarto. His servant frequently found on the dining-room table a slip of paper, with these words : "Inquire whether anything new be extant of Master Shakspeare? If there be, send to the stationer for it with all speed." Some of these plays had more or less affinity to Welby's own situation, as referring either to outrages of brother upon brother, or to more general family feuds, or to the ingratitude of men, or to their vile selfishness which hesitates not at the perpetration of any wrong, however mean or treacherous, so that its own ends may be compassed. It might seem that works thus cognate with Welby's circumstances would have been shunned by him as opening anew his wounds ; and so they would, had not our poet's healing wisdom—the demonstration of "a soul of goodness in things evil"—been everywhere apparent in them. In the above category, are "As You Like It," wherein are two Cains, (Cains at least in intention,) *Frederick and Oliver*, and two gentle *Welbys*, the *Senior Duke*, and *Orlando*; "The Tempest," with *Prospero* driven in "a rotten carcass of a boat" to the mercy of the winds and waves by his brother *Antonio*, and though thrown upon a desert island, finding his comfort in priceless books; "Hamlet," wherein the ghost of the royal Dane relates in words sounding of the sepulchre, that he was murdered by his brother; "Lear," mad with the monstrous cruelty of his children, (besides the terrible underplot of *Edmund*, foully practising against his brother *Edgar's* life;) and "Timon," hunted, by the ingratitude of his fellows, from the haunts of men, and howling his resentment to the wild woods. Welby must have been especially interested in the "As You Like It," for the top, bottom, and sides of nearly every page of the serious portions of that drama, whose irresistible strength is in its tenderness, were covered with expressions of loving admiration. A note on the six lines (Act 2, scene 1.,) beginning—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity!"

was very touching. "Were it not," wrote he, "for my forepassed oath, methinks I should much rejoice to look into the face of that man who can write thus, and who has done so great service to poor human nature in other his all-solacing conceits. But alas, alas, I may not!" "The Tempest," too, seemed to have absorbed the recluse's attention deeply; but "Timon of Athens" had evidently not much attracted him; perhaps its wrangling scenes, and general tone of acerbity had repelled his meek spirit. "Lear" had been carefully perused, as was obvious from the reader's many written observations. It would seem, however, from a note at the end, that his pleasure in it was not unqualified. The note ran thus: "Lear doth not win my sympathy so much as the banished duke in 'As You Like It.' Lear's agony dateth from his own foregone wilfulness. According to mine own conceit, it is borne with too much

impatience, and giveth birth to too many blazing gusts of passion and proud defiance. He looketh to repair his wrongs by wrath and impotent resentment; and the fury of his imprecations shocks me. Peradventure, Master Shakspeare is right for all this." Welby's misgivings of his own criticism were evidenced (so it was said at the time) by marks of his tears on the pages of this great tragedy.

His servant, Elizabeth, saw her master but seldom (and then only in cases of extraordinary necessity) during his seclusion of four-and-forty years. She stated that, except for the mildness of his eyes, his appearance was wild and startling. The white tresses of his head fell down his shoulders, and partly over his face, shadowing his thin, pale, and prophet-like visage; and his breast was covered by his beard. He moved under a veil of hair. It is probably from this description, that Shakerley Marmion, in alluding to Welby, says—

" Yet saw we one of late, that when he stood,
He look'd as he were born before the flood."

"His habit was plain and without ornament; of a sad-colored cloth, only to defend him from the cold." In diet, he was remarkably temperate, subsisting chiefly on oatmeal gruel; and now and then, in summer, he would indulge in a salad of cool herbs. He never tasted wine, or strong water, but contented himself with weak beer. "Nevertheless," says the old pamphlet, "he kept a bountiful table for his servants, and sufficient entertainment for any stranger or tenant who had occasion of business at his house. In Christmas-holidays, at Easter, and other festivals, he had great cheer provided, with all dishes in season, served into his own chamber, with store of wine, which his maid brought in; then, after thanks to God for his good benefits, he would pin a clean napkin before him, and putting on a pair of white Holland sleeves, cutting up dish after dish in order, he would send one to one poor neighbor, the next to another, whether it were brawn, beef, capon, goose, &c., till he had left the table quite empty; when giving thanks again, he laid by his linen, and caused the cloth to be taken away; and this would he do, dinner and supper, upon those days, *without tasting one morsel of anything whatsoever.*" How beautiful—how affecting—is this! Benignity the most liberal, and self-privation the most severe, acting together—fulfilling their separate purposes hand-in-hand! Then the formal preparation for the no-meal, and the grateful thanks to God before and after meat—for others! Kind, good, and pious Welby! Long suffering should not have been the destiny of thy meek heart.

His pecuniary charities were numerous and judicious. He would occasionally inquire, "what neighbors were industrious in their callings? and who had great charge of children? and withal, if their labor and industry could not sufficiently supply their families? to such, he would liberally send, and relieve them according to their necessities."

But no benefits of this kind can be conferred without subjecting the giver to importunities from persons who may not be deserving; and Welby knew that to this penalty his good deeds must submit, though he did not, at first, reckon that applications would be made by sturdy mendicants to see him personally. Whatever might have been given to many of them, had a different mode of solicitation been adopted, was certain to be withheld when

sought in this way. In the last year of Welby's life—namely, 1636—his house was much pestered by the repeated visits of an old woman, who, though admittance was constantly denied to her, came again and again with a plea that she knew Master Welby would see her if he could anticipate what she came about. It was to no purpose that Elizabeth told the woman her master would not grant audience to any human being under any circumstances whatever; in vain: one day's repulse was sure to be followed by renewed application. At length, she brought a man with her—a wretched-looking, squalid, and aged man, who, saying little, pushed his way into the room, next Welby's study. Having arrived there, followed by Elizabeth, who loudly protested against the outrage, he said in a faint voice to the latter—

"Tell your master that an old man, broken down by fate—one who has not long to live, is here to crave—humbly to crave a brief interview. I am ruined, grievously worn by sickness, sin-laden, bruised by the blows of a revenging conscience, but penitent. Tell him this. *Thou, O God!*" continued he, lifting his dim eyes heavenward, "wilt not despise a broken and a contrite heart. Vouchsafe, I beseech Thee, some portion of thy pardoning spirit to my brother. He is here, I know. I have trodden many a weary pilgrimage to find him. My brother—O my brother!"

The unusual bustle so near at hand, drew Welby from his books. He arose, took his station at the interposing door, and listened. The word "brother" smote on his ear; and there was silence for a time. What passed in the mind of the recluse during that trying interval—what struggles with the remembrance of his oath—what heart-throes at thinking he was so close to the author of all his long agony—to the man from whom he had hidden himself in horror nearly half a century—the brother who had blighted his life, and cast him into a living grave, cannot now be known. Elizabeth was sorely perplexed, not knowing how to act in so unlooked-for an extremity.

In a little while, however, the study was slowly opened, and, for the first time during four and forty years, Welby stood in view before two of his fellow-creatures. Gaunt, white, shivering, and amazed, he seemed like Lazarus coming forth from his tomb. His lips moved as if in the act of speaking; but sound there was none, though his beard shook with the convulsive movement of his chin. And so he remained, as one in a trance, over against his strange visiter, who, after gazing at the apparition before him, looked with an inquiring and bewildered expression at Elizabeth, as if saying, "Surely *this* cannot be he?" But the stranger spake not at the moment. Neither he nor Welby knew each other; but stood mutely opposed like silent shapes in a dream.

At length, Welby's tongue found utterance. "Some one," he gasped, "uttered the name of brother. Didst thou?" he added, addressing the intruder. "What art thou?—Support me with thy arm, Elizabeth. I cannot feel my feet on the floor, and I may fall.—Now speak, friend—what meant that word, 'brother'?"

The voice was instantly recognized, though Welby himself was so piteously transformed, stooping, moreover, under the weight of eighty-four years.

"I am Basil—Basil Welby," the intruder ejaculated. "O Henry, wilt thou not forgive me? I faint—I die! Forgiveness, O forgiveness!"

The shock was too great for our melancholy recluse. The torturing image which had dwelt in his thoughts for four and forty years, was once more invested with flesh and blood. But how different did his miserable brother now look! The meeting was too much for Welby, especially at his great age, and he sank on the floor.

Elizabeth stooped over him, threw the long grey hairs aside from his face, and bathed his temples with cold water. Alas, her care was of no avail! Welby's hour had come.

"Lift me up a little," he murmured, "that I may behold him once again. Look at me, Basil. Thou seest before thee little else than the shade of Henry Welby. Lo, I am dying! Stoop thy head, brother, to my hand. It shall not lie heavily on thee. There!—all has passed away. The dismal thing is gone. May Heaven bless thee! Examine my papers. O Basil, Basil!"

These few words were followed by a long-drawn sigh, when Welby's head sank on his breast; he was too weak to fight with death; and after one or two faint struggles the stricken recluse was at peace forever.

By a will found after his decease, his property was bequeathed to the son of his brother, provided any such person should be in existence; otherwise, it was to descend to the children of Lady Hilliard. Basil, it appeared, had married late in life; his only offspring, Henry, had long shared his father's poverty, though not without laudable efforts to relieve it. Basil himself did not live long after his brother; and his son, well husbanding what he had inherited from his uncle, became in time wealthy enough to purchase the ancestral acres of Boscumbe.

OLD AND NEW STYLE. The chief and most successful measure of the session was the reformation of the calendar. The error of the old style, now grown to eleven days, had long since been corrected by most civilized nations, and acknowledged by all. Only England, with Russia and Sweden, clung to the exploded system, for no counter reason, apparently, than because it was a Pope who established the new. "But it was not, in my opinion," writes Chesterfield, "very honorable for England to remain in a gross and avowed error, especially in such company." Accordingly, having first paved the way by some articles in periodical works, he proceeded, in concert with the Earl of Macclesfield, Dr. Bradley, and other eminent men of science, to frame the heads of a bill. He provided that the legal year should commence in future on the 1st January, and not, as heretofore, on the 25th March; and that, to correct the old calendar, eleven nominal days should be suppressed in September, 1752, so that the day following the 2d of that month should be styled the 14th. The difficulties that might result from the change, as affecting rents, leases, and bills of exchange, were likewise carefully considered and effectually prevented. With these provisions and safeguards, the bill was moved by Lord Chesterfield in a very able, and seconded by Lord Macclesfield in a very learned speech; and it was successfully carried through both Houses. Other particulars will be found in the character of Chesterfield which I have elsewhere endeavored to portray, evincing both his exertions on this measure and its effects upon the public mind.

From Tait's Magazine.

MAJOR HARRIS'S HIGHLANDS OF AETHIOPIA.*

THIS is the most interesting book of Travels in any part of Africa which has appeared since the account of Clapperton's Expedition ; and of travels in Abyssinia, since the work of Bruce. We are not forgetting Mr. Salt, the narrative of Pearce, and other records of travels in Abyssinia, when, at least so far as the kingdom of Shoa is concerned, we advisedly state this opinion.

The Highlands of Aethiopia is a genuine book of Travels, in the old and pure sense of the word ; for it describes regions with which Europeans had little or no previous acquaintance ; and manners, of which we had no accurate knowledge, though existing in a country which, since the fourth century, has been nominally Christian.

The original empire of Abyssinia has long been broken into separate states and provinces ; continually changing their rulers, dynasties, and boundaries, because forever at war among themselves. Its political condition has been aptly compared to that of England during the Heptarchy. Besides intestine wars, many provinces have been overrun by invaders ; among whom are the fierce and warlike Galla, a race which is supposed to have pushed forward from the central parts of Africa. The Abyssinians, though there is now a considerable mixture of races, belong to the Aethiopic variety of the human family. They claim to be the descendants of Cush, one of the twelve children of Ham. But the early Chronicles of the Kings of Abyssinia are probably as fabulous as those of most other nations. Abyssinia early received a corrupt form of Christianity, and is still nominally Christian, though a strange mixture of Pagan and Jewish superstition mingles with its professed Christianity, of which the distinguishing principle seems a rancorous hatred of the Moslems. Throughout the whole country there are, however, more Mahomedans and Jews than Christians, though Christianity is the Established religion of Shoa, the kingdom to which Major Harris was sent, and a standing proof of the utter worthlessness of a merely ritual and ceremonial religion, whatever be its name.

Among the modern independent States of Abyssinia, Shoa, including Efat, is the most important, from natural wealth, comparative civilization, "fixity of tenure" in its present dynasty, and in part from its geographical position. The new route adopted to our Eastern Empire has made all the provinces bordering upon, or easily accessible from the Red Sea, of great interest to the British government ; and the most powerful of the Abys-

sinian rulers, his most Christian Majesty of Shoa, Sàhela Selàssie, having expressed himself in friendly terms towards the English, the East India government, during the late administration of Lord Auckland, resolved to send an Embassy to his court. Sàhela Selàssie could, however, have known very little of the "red men ;" and that little through the suspicious medium of slave merchants, and other knavish pretenders and traders.

Captain Harris was chosen to conduct the mission, from motives most honorable to himself ; namely the enterprise and decision, the discretion and prudence, which he had displayed on his previous exploratory Travels in Africa. The embassy was, in every respect, liberally appointed, and so as best to provide for its own safety and the advancement of its objects. These were of various kinds ; but chiefly to establish friendly and commercial relations with Sàhela Selàssie, and to attempt the extinction of the slave trade in his dominions. The embassy, which consisted, besides the military escort, of several medical officers and men of science, was conveyed from Bombay to Cape Aden in a government steamer. At "the Gibraltar of the East," of which Major Harris gives a lively description, ordnance and volunteer artillery-men joined the embassy ; which again, embarking on the Red Sea, made for Tajûra, the capital of a small maritime state, which was to be passed through on the route to Sàhela Selàssie's dominions. Up to this point all had been smooth sailing ; but now difficulties and obstacles of many kinds presented themselves, arising from the despicable character of the wretched and squalid creature the Sultan of this province, and the rapacity, insolence, and bad faith of the petty chiefs, and, indeed, of every one with whom the English came in contact. The obstacles were, however, finally surmounted by the firmness of Major Harris, who gives the whole tribe, the entire Danâkil nation and its chiefs, a bad character in every respect. Personally, he had abundant reason for this sweeping condemnation.

The journey to the capital of the King of Shoa was attended by a full share of those hardships and perils which attend every expedition into the interior of almost any part of the African Continent. Among the miseries of the party, was the excessive heat ; the want of even bad water ; a mountainous region, consisting of alternate rocks, chasms, and gullies, and no roads ; and exposure, at all times, to the attacks of the wild mountain Bedouins, who lurked in the passes and ravines, or hovered on the cliffs, ready to pounce upon their prey, or attack the camp during the night. One night attack cost the lives of a sergeant, a corporal, and a Portuguese attendant. It is not so much plunder as the thirst of glory, which is the animating motive of these wild highland robbers. The first murder which they commit entitles them to wear a white ostrich plume, and every succeeding one is marked by an additional copper

* The Highlands of Aethiopia. By Major W. Cornwallis Harris, of the Hon. E. I. Company's Engineers; Author of "Wild Sports in Southern Africa," &c., &c. Three volumes octavo, with numerous embellishments. London : Longmans.

bracelet on the arm. These trophies hold the place of the scalps worn by a Red Indian Brave.

A Company's war schooner, the "Constance," accompanied the Expedition to afford it support and protection as long as possible. But this was not long; and the farther route was attended by dangers of many kinds. As they clomb over cliffs, or threaded ravines, every point of the route had its bloody legend, duly recited by the camel-drivers and guides. A chief, whom Major Harris nick-names the *Ogre*, was the hero of many a horrible tale. The traveller does not, in any instance, tempt his readers to become admirers of barbarous or savage life; though we can imagine some enthusiasts enchanted by the daring and prowess of "the Ogre" and "the Devil." This region affords, however, great scope for bold and picturesque description; and, although Major Harris, in his introduction, apologizes for the imperfections of a work hurriedly written in the heart of Abyssinia, and amidst continual interruptions, some readers may fancy his style only too ornate for a narrative which possesses too much intrinsic interest to require adventitious decoration. One adventure on the journey we must give, though the Residence at the Court of Sáhela Sélassié, and the personal narrative, are more than we can overtake even in a cursory way:—

Skirting the base of a barren range, covered with heaps of lava blocks, and its foot ornamented with many artificial piles, marking deeds of blood, the lofty conical peak of Jebel Seeáro rose presently to sight, and not long afterwards the far-famed [salt] Lake Assál, surrounded by dancing mirage, was seen sparkling at its base.

The first glimpse of the strange phenomenon, although curious, was far from pleasing. An elliptical basin, seven miles in its transverse axis, half filled with smooth water of the deepest cærulean blue, and half with a solid sheet of glittering snow-white salt, the offspring of evaporation—girded on three sides by huge hot-looking mountains, which dip their bases into the very bowl, and on the fourth by crude half-formed rocks of lava, broken and divided by the most unintelligible chasms,—it presented the appearance of a spoiled, or at least, of a very unfinished piece of work. Bereft alike of vegetation and of animal life, the appearance of the wilderness of land and stagnant water, over which a gloomy silence prevailed, and which seemed a temple for ages consecrated to drought, desolation, and sterility, is calculated to depress the spirit of every beholder. No sound broke on the ear; not a ripple played upon the water; the molten surface of the lake, like burnished steel, lay unruffled by a breeze; the fierce sky was without a cloud, and the angry sun, like a ball of metal at a white heat, rode triumphant in a full blaze of noon-tide fulgence, which in sickening glare was darted back on the straining vision of the fainting wayfarer, by the hot sulphury mountains that encircled the still, hollow basin. A white foam on the shelving shore of the dense water, did contrive for a brief moment to deceive the eye with an appearance of motion and fluidity; but the spot, on more attentive observation, ever remained unchanged—a crystallized efflorescence.

As the tedious road wound on over basalt, basal-

tic lava, and amygdaloid, the sun, waxing momentarily more intensely powerful, was reflected with destructive and stifling fervor from slates of snow-white sea-limestone borne on their tops. * * *

Dafari, a wild broken chasm at some distance from the road, usually contains abundance of rain water in its rocky pool: but having already been long drained to the dregs, it offered no temptation to halt. Another most severe and trying declivity had therefore to be overcome, ere the long and sultry march was at an end. It descended by craggy precipices many hundred feet below the level of the sea, to the small, close sandy plain of Mooya, on the borders of the lake—a positive *Jehannam*, where the gallant captain of the "Constance" had already been some hours ensconced under the leafless branches of one poor scrubby thorn, which afforded the only screen against the stifling blast of the sirocco, and the merciless rays of the resplendent orb overhead.

Adyli, a deep mysterious cavern at the further extremity of the plain, is believed by the credulous to be the shaft leading to a subterranean gallery which extends to the head of Goobut el Kharab. Deeni, most expert and systematic of liars, even went so far as to assert that he had seen through it the waters of the bay, although he admitted it to be the abode of "gins and efreets," whose voices are heard throughout the night, and who carry off the unwary traveller to devour him without remorse. * * *

Foul-mouthed vampires and ghouls were alone wanted to complete the horrors of this accursed spot, which, from its desolate position, might have been believed the last stage in the habitable world. A close mephitic stench, impeding respiration, arose from the saline exhalations of the stagnant lake. A frightful glare from the white salt and limestone hillocks threatened destruction to the vision; and a sickening heaviness in the loaded atmosphere, was enhanced rather than alleviated by the fiery breath of the parching north-westerly wind, which blew without an intermission during the entire day. The air was inflamed, the sky sparkled, and columns of burning sand, which at quick intervals towered high into the dazzling atmosphere, became so illumined as to appear like tall pillars of fire. Crowds of horses, mules, and fetid camels, tormented to madness by the dire persecutions of the poisonous gad-fly, flocked recklessly, with an instinctive dread of the climate, to share the only bush; and obstinately disputing with their heels the slender shelter it afforded, compelled several of the party to seek refuge in noisome caves formed along the foot of the range by falling masses of volcanic rock, which had become heated to a temperature seven times in excess of a potter's kiln, and fairly baked up the marrow in the bones. Verily! it was "an evil place," that lake of salt: it was "no place of seed, nor of figs, nor yet of vines; no, nor even of pomegranates; neither was there any water to drink."

In this unventilated and diabolical hollow, dreadful indeed were the sufferings in store both for man and beast. Not a drop of fresh water existed within many miles; and, notwithstanding that every human precaution had been taken to secure a supply, by means of skins carried on camels, the very great extent of most impracticable country to be traversed, (which had unavoidably led to the detention of nearly all,) added to the difficulty of restraining a multitude maddened by the tortures of burning thirst, rendered the provision quite in-

sufficient ; and during the whole of this appalling day, with the mercury in the thermometer standing at 126° under the shade of cloaks and umbrellas—in a suffocating Pandemonium, depressed five hundred and seventy feet below the ocean, where no zephyr fanned the fevered skin, and where the glare arising from the sea of white salt was most painful to the eyes ; where the furnace-like vapor exhaled, almost choking respiration, created an indomitable thirst, and not the smallest shade or shelter existed, save such as was afforded, in cruel mockery, by the stunted boughs of the solitary leafless acacia, or worse still, by black blocks of heated lava—it was only practicable, during twelve tedious hours, to supply to each of the party two quarts of the most mephitic brick-dust-colored fluid, which the direst necessity could alone have forced down the parched throat ; and which, after all, far from alleviating thirst, served materially to augment its insupportable horrors.

It is true that since leaving the shores of India, the party had gradually been in training towards a disregard of dirty water—a circumstance of rather fortunate occurrence.

* * * *

Slowly flapped the leaden wings of Time on that dismal day. Each weary hour brought a grievous accession, but no alleviation, to the fearful torments endured.

Many marvellous reports preceded the embassy, particularly of the wonderful powers of the ordnance, which had been painfully dragged thus far. The mere report of the guns, it was told, was sufficient to shiver rocks, dismantle mountain fortresses, and set the earth on fire ! Sáhela Selássie, anxious for the safety of his subjects, refused to permit the advance of the guns, until he had, in person, inspected the battery. If the king of Shoa was ignorant and superstitious—and it was impossible that he should have been otherwise—he was neither bigoted nor destitute of a good natural understanding. Nor was he naturally suspicious. He was, in fact, the creature of surrounding circumstances ; and less capricious and cruel than most other semi-barbarous potentates, depraved by absolute power.

The presentation to the king was picturesque and imposing : the etiquette, making allowance for the latitude, not materially different from that of other Christian courts. At all events, the numerous presents were most graciously received ; and his Majesty expressed unbounded delight, and more gratitude than is usually found among those who fancy the world made for them. The embassy had now cast its slough, and appeared in all the pomp of scarlet and gold, and waving ostrich plumes.

The king was in full court costume, and made a good appearance. The reception was cordial ; the presents wonderful ; and the king's confessor, a dwarfish spiritual father, declared that this arrival was the fulfilling of old prophecies, which foretold that strangers should arrive in Aethiopia from Egypt, bringing goodly gifts, and that then great miracles would be wrought in the land !

The residence assigned to the embassy, and the royal rations provided, were not of the most com-

modious or delicate kind ; but no disrespect was meant, and great kindness was professed ; while the king rejoiced over the many gifts presented to him, like a child enriched and distracted by too many new toys.

If there are still any skeptics as to the literal truth of some of Bruce's most marvellous tales of Abyssinia, their incredulity must be conquered by the spectacle which was witnessed by the embassy ere it had been many days at the Court of Shoa. The passage which settles this question deserves to be fully extracted :

Six hundred peasants, who had been pressed on the service of the state from the Mohammedan villages of Argóbbá, after transporting the king's baggage from Alio Amba to Machal-wans, had bivouacked without food or shelter upon the bare saturated ground, and were strewed over the green sward like the slain on a battle-field. As the day dawned, their loud cries of "*Abiet, Abiet,*" "Master, master," arose to the palace gates from every quarter of the valley ; but they lifted up their sad voices in vain ; and reiterated entreaties for dismissal passing unheeded, a number of oxen, sufficient to allay the cravings of hunger, were with great difficulty purchased by the embassy, delivered over for slaughter, and slain and eaten raw upon the spot.

The skeptic in Europe who still withholds his credence from Bruce's account of an Abyssinian brind feast, would have been edified by the sight now presented on the royal meadow. Crowds swarmed around each sturdy victim to the knife, and impetuously rushing in with a simultaneous yell, seized horns, and legs, and tail. A violent struggle to escape followed the assault. Each vigorous bound shook off and scattered a portion of the assailants, but the stronger and more athletic retained still their grasp, and resolutely grappling and wrestling with the prize, finally prevailed. With a loud groan of despair the bull was thrown kicking to the earth. Twenty crooked knives flashed at once from the scabbard—a tide of crimson gore proclaimed the work of death, and the hungry butchers remained seated on the quivering carcass, until the last bubbling jet had welled from the widely-severed and yawning throat.

Rapidly from that moment advanced the work of demolition. The hide was opened in fifty places, and collop after collop of warm flesh and muscle—sliced and scooped from the bone—was borne off in triumph. Groups of feasting savages might now be seen seated on the wet grass in every direction, greedily munching and bolting the raw repast, and pounds were with all held of light account. Entrails and offal did not escape. In a quarter of an hour nought remained of the carcass save hoofs and horns, and the disappointed vultures of the air assembling round the scene of slaughter with the village curs, found little indeed to satisfy their hunger.

Similar scenes were frequently afterwards witnessed during the eighteen months that the embassy sojourned in Shoa. Machal-wans (the Windsor of Shoa) is about six miles distant from Ankóber, the metropolis. The church and monastery of Tekla Haímanot, the patron saint of Abyssinia, stands on a romantic spot between the towns. On emerging from the forest in which

this building stands, the capital was first beheld, and—

Spreading far and wide over a verdant mountain, shaped like Afric's appropriate emblem, the fabled sphynx, presented a most singular, if not imposing appearance. Clusters of thatched houses of all sizes and shapes, resembling barns and hay-stacks, with small green enclosures and splinter palings, rising one above the other in very irregular tiers, adapt themselves to all the inequalities of the rugged surface: some being perched high on the abrupt verge of a cliff, and others so involved in the bosom of a deep fissure as scarcely to reveal the red earthen pot on the apex. Connected with each other by narrow lanes and hedge-rows, these rude habitations, the residence of from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants, cover the entire mountain-side to the extreme pinnacle—a lofty spire-like cone, detaching itself by a narrow isthmus to form the sphynx's head. Hereon stands the palace of the Negos, a most ungainly-looking edifice, with staring gable ends and numerous rows of clay chimney-pots, well fortified by spiral lines of wooden palisades, extending from the base to the summit, and interspersed with barred stockades, between which are profusely scattered the abodes of household slaves, with breweries, kitchens, cellars, storehouses, magazines, and granaries.

Over those portions unengrossed by cultivation or by architecture, shrubs and bushes, and great beds of nettles, assumed the most luxuriant and lively appearance. * * * * Loud cheers from the whole assembled population, female as well as male, greeted the arrival of the king's guests, the thunder of whose guns in the adjacent valley had given birth to a feeling of respect in the breast of all.

The king had previously enjoyed the display of ordnance, and stood it out with great intrepidity. The Moslem servants, who had accompanied the expedition from India, were so disgusted with this Christian capital, that they now took their departure, resolved to brave every danger rather than remain in so hateful a place. The European Christian embassy were not more in the favor of the priests than were the Moslems. The Bishop of Shoa was, from the first, their avowed and bitter enemy.

To him was traced a report that the embassy were to be summarily expelled the country, in consequence of the non-observance of the fasts prescribed by the Aethiopic creed, and because a Great Lady, whose spies they were, was on her way from the sea-coast, with a large military force, to overturn the true religion, put the king to death, and assume possession of all Abyssinia.

On the festival of the Holy Virgin, the cemetery was thrown open, wherein rest the remains of Asfa Woosen, grandsire to Sáhela Selassie. It is a building adjoining the church of St. Mary; and a message was sent, soliciting the Lord Bishop's permission to visit the mausoleum. An insolent reply was returned, that since the English were in the habit of drinking coffee and smoking tobacco, both of which Mohammedan abominations are interdicted in Shoa upon religious grounds, they could not be admitted within the precincts of the

hallowed edifice, as it would be polluted by the foot of a Gyptzi.

Eating food prepared by the Mahomedans, was a proof that the English could not be Christians. Christianity in Abyssinia, if it be not rather a strange jumble of Pagan, Jewish, and even Moslem superstitions, is so deeply alloyed by them, as hardly to be recognizable as the religion of Christendom.

Shoa may, however, vie with any Roman Catholic state in its ceremonial observances, and the number of its holydays.

The embassy, notwithstanding the prohibition of the Lord Bishop, ventured to attend worship in the cathedral of St. Michael, which is the church that the king attends:—

After wading through the miry kennels that form the avenues of access, the slipper was unlaced in accordance with Jewish prejudice, and the foot of the heretic European stepped upon the floor of muddy rushes. The scowling eye of the bigoted and ignorant priest sparkled with a gleam of unrepressed satisfaction at the sight of a rich altar cloth, glowing with silk and gold, which had been unfolded to his gaze; and a smile of delight played around the corners of his mouth, as the hard dollars rang in his avaricious palm.

A strange, though degrading and humiliating sight, rewarded admittance thus gained to the circular interior of the sacred building. Coarse walls, only partially white-washed, rose in sombre earth but a few feet overhead, and the suspended ostrich-egg—emblem of heathenish idolatry—almost touched the head of the visitors as they were ushered in succession to the seat of honor among the erudite. In a broad verandah, strewed throughout with dirty wet rushes, were crowded the blind, the halt, and the lame—an unwashed herd of sacred drones, muffled in the skin of the *agazin*; and this group of turbaned monks and hireling beggars formed the only congregation present.

The high priest, having proclaimed the munificence of the strangers, pronounced his solemn benediction. Then arose a burst of praise the most agonizing and unearthly that ever resounded from dome dedicated to Christian worship. No deep mellow chant from the chorister—no soul-inspiring roll of the organ, pealing with the cadence of the anthem, lifted the heart towards heaven. The Abyssinian cathedral rang alone to the excruciating jar of most unmitigated discord; and amid howling and screaming, each sightless orb was rolled in the socket, and every mutilated limb convulsed with disgusting vehemence. A certain revenue is attached to the performance of the duty; and for one poor measure of black barley bread, the hired lungs were taxed to the extremity; but not the slightest attempt could be detected at music or modulation; and the dissonant chink of the timbrel was ably seconded by the cracked voice of the mercenary vocalist, as his notes issued at discretion.

No liturgy followed the cessation of these hideous screams. * * * * In the holy of holies, which may be penetrated by none save the high priest, is deposited the sacred *tabot*, or ark of the faith, consecrated at Gondar by the delegate of the Coptic patriarch; and around the veil that

fell before this mysterious emblem, there hung in triumph four sporting pictures from the pencil of Alken, which had been presented to His Majesty. They represented the great Leicestershire steeple-chase ; and Dick Christian, with his head in a ditch, occupied by far the most prominent niche in the boasted cathedral of St. Michael !

The decorations of the cathedral were as characteristic. The attendants of every barbarous court in the world are, by the testimony of all travellers, greedy and importunate beggars ; but the courtiers, ladies, and servants of his Christian Majesty of Shoa beat them all. Everything was needed by everybody ; and the munificent embassy was expected to supply all wants and gratify all wishes. For aught received, they were as grateful as the most eloquent of Irish beggars. " May the Lord reward thee !" " God will reward you, for I cannot," said the king. His Majesty was, however, exceedingly jealous of any obtaining presents save himself ; and it was the law that none could be accepted until first submitted to him and declined. The embassy was speedily put into constant requisition for mending and repairing guns, musical-boxes and umbrellas, they had presented, and for making and embroidering garments. But the medical skill, by which Sáhela Selássie was at different times restored to health, next to the roar of the cannon, raised the embassy highest in the estimation of his Christian Majesty, and finally gained his confidence and respect. He distrusted every one about him—living in the constant apprehension of being assassinated or poisoned ; and not without reason : but it is a proof of his understanding, that he came to place reliance on " his children," the English, who had come so far, and so well laden, to visit him ; and priest-ridden and superstitious as he was, his desire to protect them seems to have had higher motives than mere selfishness. Indeed, his Majesty appears to have had a better cultivated mind, and more intelligent curiosity than any other man in his dominions ; and he was brave, without being bloodthirsty. Among other objects which excited his wonder, was the air-gun. Having imminently endangered the life of one of the lieges, when making trial of an air-cane, he remarked :—

" My son, I am old, and have but few years more to live. I have seen many strange things from your country, but none that surpass this engine, which without the aid of gunpowder can destroy men. Sorrow were it that I should have died and gone down to the grave before beholding and understanding so wonderful an invention. It is truly the work of a wise people, who employ strong medicines !"

His Majesty, if old in constitution, was little more than forty years of age.

From many descriptions of the Homeric court of Ankóber, we extract this brief sketch :—

His majesty had more than once intimated his intention of holding consultation relative to his projected expedition on the termination of winter, and

early one morning, an express courier arrived to desire the immediate attendance of his British guests. Blacksmiths and workers in silver were as usual plying their craft in the verandah, under the royal eye—artists were daubing red and yellow paint over the pages of the Psalter, or illuminating the lives of the saints with white angels and sable devils—saddles and warlike furniture were in course of repair—spears were being burnished—gun-locks cleaned—and silver gauntlets manufactured ; but the artificers were all summarily dismissed, and the king, rising from his seat in the portico, beckoned his visitors to follow into the audience hall.

" Gaita, master," he cautiously began, " there is yet another subject upon which I am desirous of taking counsel, and wherein I need your assistance. It is my intention shortly to undertake an expedition to the great lake in Gurágúé. In it be many islands which contain the treasure of my ancestors. There are jars filled with bracelets of solid gold. There are forty drums made of elephant's ears, and many holy arks pertaining unto ancient churches, besides seven hundred choice Aethiopic volumes, some of which have unfortunately been defaced by the animals called *ashkoko*. Elephants abound on the borders. In the trees are found black leopards of a most ferocious nature, multiplying always among the branches, and never descending upon the earth ; and the waters of the lake, which are smooth as glass, and without bottom, teem with monstrous *gomari*, and with fish of brilliant colors, red, yellow, green, and blue, such as have never before been seen.

" Moreover, there are specifics against small-pox and other dreadful diseases. No resistance is to be anticipated ; for the inhabitants, who are chiefly Christian monks, have often invited me. I must no longer delay to recover the lost wealth of my forefathers, and it is fitting that you, with the British officers who have come hither from a far country, should accompany me, and construct boats. Hereof my people are ignorant, and your name as well as mine, will therefore become great, and will live in the annals of this kingdom.

" From the summit of a lofty hill near Aimélélé, I have beheld through a telescope the lake and its tall trees, but the elephants came in numbers. I feared that my people would be destroyed. I ran, and they all ran with me. Now, what say you ? What is your advice in this matter ? Are you able to build boats ?"

Though pleased with the models of the skin punts, gun-rafts, &c., &c., submitted to him for inspection, his Majesty's courage failed before the near approach of the encounter of elephants and buffaloes ; and the expedition was deferred.

Besides the priests, the embassy had insidious enemies in the traders, who had hitherto, at a dear rate, supplied the king with fire-arms, articles of glass, and clothes ; and whose wares and wonders were now far surpassed by those presented as free gifts. These men during the winter—

Did not fail to repeat and to improve the absurdities circulated by the mischievous Danákil regarding the foreign intruders. The Gyptzis were pronounced eaters of serpents, mice, and other reptiles, and had come with the design of possessing themselves of the country by the aid of magic and medicine.

Great umbrage was taken at the practice of toasting the wretched half-baked dough received, under the denomination of bread, from the royal stores ; and a soldier who carried a metallic pitcher to the stream, was roundly taxed with having used charms to poison the water, which was consequently condemned, as unfit for use, until purified by the blessing of the priest. Predictions of the impending fate of Abyssinia were derived from the fact of the foreigners employing instruments which read the stars ; and the despot was repeatedly and earnestly warned to be upon his guard. But His Majesty cut short these insinuations by threatening to extract the tongues of three or four of the malignants, and paid no attention whatever to the threat of excommunication extended to him by the fanatic clergy of Aramba, who had declared the ban of the church to be the just punishment due for the admission into the empire " of red heretics, who ought carefully to be shunned, since they practised witchcraft, and by burning the king's bread threatened to bring a famine upon the land."

Taking their cue from the feelings of the people, the Shoan sorcerers gave out that Sáhela Selássie was to be the last of the Aethiopian dynasty, descended from the house of Solomon, who should sit upon the throne of his forefathers, and that a foreign king would come by way of Alio Amba to usurp the dominion. It is amusing to trace the progress of these crafty insinuations among an ignorant and weak-minded people.

The *burning* of beef by "the king's strong strangers," excited universal astonishment ; and an old lady had even learnt that they *burnt* the king's bread also, an unheard-of enormity.

Among other expeditions, the embassy attended the king to Angóllala, which is on the Galla frontier, and the capital of the western portion of Shoa. This town was founded by Sáhela Selássie, and now forms his favorite residence. The following picture of a semi-barbarous court and its accessories, is complete, if we accept the harem.

Upwards of three thousand horsemen composed the *cortège*, which was swelled every quarter of a mile by large detachments of cavalry. Led by their respective chiefs, each band dismounted at a considerable distance on the flank, and advancing on foot with shoulders bared, fell prostrate with one accord before the state umbrellas. The Ne-goo [the king] bestrode a richly caparisoned mule, with swallow-tailed housings of crimson and green and massive silver collars ; and he was closely followed by the corps of shield-bearers under the direction of the Master of the Horse, who, by vigorous sallies, and the judicious exercise of a long stick, kept the crowd from encroaching upon the royal person, during the eight-mile ride over the level plain.

From four to five hundred circular huts, consisting of loose stone walls very rudely thatched, cover the slopes of a group of tabular hills that enclose an extensive quadrangle. On the summit of the largest eminence, near the church of Kidána Meherát, stands the palace, defended by six rows of stout high palisades. * * * *

The rugged ascent up the steep hill-side was thronged with spectators, male and female, assembled to greet the arrival of their sovereign, and to stare at the foreigners. Paupers and mendicants

crowded the first enclosure ; and the approach from the second gate through four court-yards, to the king's quarters, was lined with match-lock men and fusileers, who, as the embassy passed between the ranks, made a laughable attempt to present arms in imitation of the artillery escort at the review. Kitchens, magazines, and breweries were scattered in all directions ; and, with the long banqueting-hall, the chamber of audience, the apartments of the women, and the solitary cells, formed a curious, but far from imposing group of buildings.

The despot, in high good humor, conducted his guests over the unswept premises, and up a rude ladder to the attic story, which commands a pleasant prospect over wide grassy meadows, intersected by serpentine streamlets, and covered with the royal herds. Upon a floor strewed with newly-cut grass, blazed the wood fire in the iron stove, with the never-failing cats luxuriating under its influence. A dirty couch graced the alcove, and a few guns and fowling-pieces the rudely white-washed walls ; but otherwise the dreary chamber was unfurnished. "I have brought you here," quoth His Majesty, "that you may understand what I want. These rooms require to be ornamented ; and I wish your artist to cover them with elephants and soldiers, and with representations of all the buildings and strange things in your country, which my eyes have not seen. At present, my children may go." * * * *

In the filthy purlieus of the palace, and close to the outer gate, stands a mound of ashes and rubbish, mingled with the noisome lees that stream over the road from the adjacent royal breweries. Packs of half-wild dogs, the pest of Angóllala, luxuriate hereon during the day, and at night set forth on their reckless foray, dispelling sleep when the moon rises, by their funeral dirge, and destroying tents in their pilfering invasions. Long before the dawn, the shrill crowing of a thousand cocks first starts the slumberer from his uneasy repose. The wild whoop of the oppressed Galla who demands redress, then mingles with the "Abiet! Abiet!" reiterated by the more civilized Amhára from every hill-top. * * * *

Bands of mendicant monks next silently take post on the crest of a crumbling wall within spear's-length of the slumberer's pillow, and by a shrill recitative, followed by a chiming chorus of independent voices, dispel the morning dream, whilst they scream with a pertinacity that bribery can alone quell. * * * *

To the cry of "Abiet?" which now resounded so unceasingly in the still air of the morning, the Abyssinians attach the opinion that, on the last day, Satan, presenting himself before the gates of heaven, will continue thus to vociferate until he gains admission. On presenting himself before the judgment-seat, it will be asked "what he would have?"—"The souls which have been wrested from me by the angels," is to be the reply ; but on his acknowledging inability to specify the names of those who have robbed him, the Father of Evil will be commanded to begone, and never to show his face again.

The king, who is absolute, administers justice in person to the suppliants, who appear before him bare to the waist, and prostrate in the dust, to appeal against the decision of some tyrannical chief, or governor of a province. The appeals which assail the king's ear, in every direction, and where-

ever he appears, are never made in vain ; and his judgments, if not so well considered as those of the late Lord Eldon, are generally correct as well as prompt. As both the Jewish and Christian Sabbaths are observed in Shoa, the king rests from his labors as a judge on these days, and then he hunts. It must be confessed that his Majesty's knowledge of natural history, and his prowess against wild animals are not distinguished. A creature, which turned out to be a badger, or a "devil's sheep," was described as an awful monster : and one day, in riding past a narrow sheet of water where an otter had been seen, he gravely told—

" It has hands, and nails, and fingers like a man, and a head like a black dog, and a skin like velvet ; and it builds its house at the bottom of the river, and plucks grass, and washes it in the water ; and all my people thought it was the devil, and would kill them with strong medicine. Now is this animal found in your country, and how do they call its name ? "

For the sake of seeing the country in safety, the embassy had accompanied the Negoos, the native title of the kings of Shoa, on one of those forays for revenge and plunder of cattle which he often undertakes. The refusal of the English to share in the wholesale massacre, attending this savage expedition, drew upon them the suspicion of cowardice ; and to restore the tarnished lustre of their strong name, they made a proposition, the boldness of which astounded the whole country.

The destruction of an adult elephant, which is reckoned equivalent to that of forty Galla, is an achievement that had not been accomplished within the memory of the present age, although mentioned in traditions connected with the exploits of the most renowned Aethiopic warriors. Permission was accordingly solicited to visit the distant wilderness of Giddem, on the northern frontier of Efät, in the dense forests of which the giant of the mammalia was reported to reside—a pretext which further afforded plausible grounds for exploring a portion of the country reputed to be amongst the most fertile and productive in Abyssinia.

The king opened his eyes wider than usual at this unprecedented application. " My children," he returned deliberately, " how can this be ! Elephants are not to be slain with rifle balls. They will demolish you ; and what answer am I then to give ? The gun is the medicine for the Galla in the tree, but it has no effect upon the zihoon."

Though his Majesty's permission was finally obtained, many obstacles remained to be overcome ; but beads and dollars opened a way. It was now about the close of November.

Every choicer meadow was covered with the sleek beeves swept off from Finfinni, and its sloping sides were yellow with the royal crops now under the sickle, whilst in the numerous threshing floors muzzled oxen were already treading out the grain.

The route led across Molátit and the Toro Mesk through dales and over hills abutting upon the face

of the bluff frontier boundary of Shoa, in which are the sources of many of the more distant tributaries to the blue Nile. * * * *

Under flimsy cotton awnings, the night proved intensely cold ; and at an early hour the ensuing morning, as the journey was resumed over a swelling country thickly dotted with Christian hamlets, the more sheltered pools by the road-side were covered with a thin coating of ice, the first witnessed since arrival in Abyssinia. At the village of Amarágúé, hospitable entertainment had been prepared by Ayto Egázoo, which name being interpreted, signifieth, " May they buy." This notable warrior had, prior to the late foray, introduced himself, somewhat apropos of his title, by an ingenious but abortive attempt to sell an unsound horse. Dismounting on the right side from the identical straw-colored steed, he now placed himself, with shoulders bare, in the middle of the road, and by the life of the king adjured the party to enter his abode, in order to partake of a sheep that had been expressly slaughtered.

Wulleta Selássie, his comely partner, daughter to Shishigo, the governor of Shoa-medá, had kindled in the dark hall the fiercest of fires, and immediately on the termination of complimentary inquiries, an ox-hide being spread, the heavy door was barred to exclude the evil eye. Raw collops having been steadily rejected, bones, singed in a somewhat cannibal-like fashion, were rapidly circulated by the attentive host. " Take the eye," he repeated, coaxingly, to each in turn, presenting at the same time betwixt his finger and thumb the extracted orb of the deceased mutton ; " do, the eye is the daintiest part. No—well you *must* eat this marrow," crushing the uncooked shank with a grinding-stone handed by a slave girl, and extending the splintered fragments to be sucked. Overflowing bumpers of sour beer having been filled in a gloomy corner at a huge earthen jar, each horn was tasted by the cup-bearer from the hollow of his palm, in demonstration of the absence of poison. The surplus repast, fluid as well as solid, quickly disappeared under the united efforts of the retinue ; and a bead necklace having meanwhile been hung about the neck of the lady's hopeful son and heir, the tortured guests finally effected their escape from the oven-like apartment with the aid of divers promises made to both master and mistress, and sundry pieces of silver disbursed to silence a host of importunate menials.

Their further progress brought them to the monastery of St. George.

Nothing could exceed the beauty of the position selected by the cowled fraternity of St. George ; large bands of whom, lounging away their hours of idleness beneath the dark funereal junipers in which the retreat is deeply embosomed, were for once aroused from listless apathy by the passing cavalcade of white strangers. The land swarms with friars, monks, and anchorites, who are habited in yellow dresses, as the badge of poverty, or in the prepared skin of the antelope. Usually licentious in their manners, they roam through the country a perfect pest and plague to society. Men become monks at any period of life. * * The poor subsist upon the bounty of the king and of the community ; and many never enter the cells of the monastery at all, but with their wives reside at ease in their own homes, having assumed the counterfeit piety of the order solely for the sake of defrauding their creditors ; since, however deeply

involved, the "putting on angel's clothing" clears off all former scores with the ease and rapidity of the most indulgent court of insolvency.

The skin of the Agazin is usually adopted as the garb of humiliation; and this emblem, together with the unwashed person, is intended to commemorate the legend of their great founder Eustathius, who boasted of having performed no ablation during a long term of existence, and who miraculously crossed the river Jordan, floating securely upon his greasy cloak. * * * * *

Throughout Shoa, lakes are believed to form the great rendezvous of evil spirits; and in one called Nugáreetfer, at the foot of the hills, the drum of the water kelpy is frequently heard, to the no small terror of the superstitious auditors. * * *

Dame Twotit, one of the king's choristers, who accompanied the army to Garra Gorphoo, and was now making a professional tour of the provinces, joined the party *en route*, carrying a small wicker parasol; and as she ambled along upon her mule, with the butter pouring in streams over her shoulders through the influence of the solar rays, the good lady was pleased to chant extemporaneous couplets in honor of the war about to be waged against the beasts of the forest. "The Gyptzis will slay the elephant, whereof all the warriors of Amhára are afraid"—whilst it formed the burden of the song, conveyed an opinion diametrically opposed to that entertained by the public; and the followers, inspired by the words of a woman, took up the sentiment, and made the valleys reécho to their martial chorus, which attracted to the roadside inhabitants of every hamlet in the vicinity.

Mahfood, a village hemmed in by high kolqual hedges, formed the termination of the march. Its natural fortifications having uniformly proved insurmountable, this district has never been conquered either by the Galla or Mohammedans. The residence of the governor, who has been honored with the hand of Woizoro Birkenich, daughter of the queen, by her former marriage, stands on the apex of the loftiest of the many isolated hills; and in accordance with the precaution invariably taken to prevent surprise on these disturbed frontiers, it is surrounded by a formidable fence. The camp was formed at the foot; and the thermometer having stood in the morning at 32° on the summit of Dokáket, the difference in temperature was considerably felt during the afternoon, when the mercury mounted to 90° under the flimsy palls which formed the only screen.

Standing specially recommended to Ayto Gáde-loo, whose acquaintance had been formed during the late foray, a visit of ceremony was paid in the cool of the evening, when the party were received and entertained according to the perfection of Abyssinian etiquette. The whole of the dirty domestics and household slaves were mustered on the occasion to witness the presentation of gifts brought for the "Emabiet," who, like the rest of the princesses royal, displayed unequivocal signs of being sole and undisputed mistress of the establishment. Fat, fair, and forty, she was seated in a gloomy recess upon an "alga," and partially screened from view by the intervention of a lusty handmaiden. The good man, who occupied a corner of the throne, presented in his owlish features the very personification of a well-trained, henpecked husband, for years accustomed to the iron rule of the shrew—and so complete was her ladyship's monopoly, that he could be said to boast of little beyond the empty title of governor of Mahfood.

The lady put a few preliminary questions touching the number of wives possessed by each of the party, and appeared highly to approve of the matrimonial code that limited the number to one. * * The host, who was either unable or unwilling to answer any interrogatories respecting his own country, edified himself when he did speak, by subjecting his fancied Egyptian guests to a lucid catechism; and like the Arab Bedouin who formed his estimate of the poverty of Europe by the fact of its producing neither dates nor camels, Ayto Gáde-loo conceived a passing indifferent idea of Great Britain from the discovery that it boasted no mules.

"Have you mashela and daboo and tullah [Anglèè, 'maize, bread, and beer'] in your country?" he inquired, whilst his fair partner feasted her eyes upon the 'pleasing things' presented, in none of which it was evident the lord of the creation was destined to participate—"Oh, you have all these; well, and have you oxen and sheep, and horses, and mules?" "How, no mules?" he shouted in derision, while the slaves tittered and hid their black faces, and their mistress laughed outright—"Why, what a miserable country yours must be!"

The reception of the embassy, from the next governor, on their route, was more satisfactory.

"May the guests of the Negoos come quickly!—all is prepared for their reception," was the message received early the ensuing morning from the old governor, to whom the party stood specially consigned by the king, and who was, moreover, an acquaintance made in the late expedition, where he had appeared in the capacity of "wobo," or general commanding the rear guard. A winding ascent up the almost perpendicular mountain side, and a gradual rise round the shoulder of the range, in two hours revealed his residence, occupying the summit of a steep hill, and well fortified with palisades and wicker-work. A deep grove of tall trees on the opposite eminence concealed the monastery of Kasaiyát, famous as the depository of the chronicles of Saint Eustathius; and beyond, a wild tract of forest land, intersected by serpentine rivers, stretched away to the blue hills of Efrata and Worra Káloo.

Approaching the residence of Ayto Tsanna, a salute was fired in his honor by the escort; and being forthwith ushered into his presence, the kind-hearted and hospitable veteran was found seated in the inner porch of his spacious house, where skins had been spread for the accommodation of the visitors. Nothing could surpass the munificence of the reception—bread, honey, butter, hydromel, beer, poultry, and eggs, being lavished in princely abundance, whilst oxen and sheep without number were slaughtered for the use of the followers; and corn and grass supplied to the numerous train of horses and mules. A spacious domicile was provided, in which, after a fire had been lighted to dislodge evil spirits, the repast was spread; and during the greater portion of the afternoon, the liberal and intelligent host continued to witness the drill of the artillery escort, performed at his special request, and to converse with evident satisfaction on the manufactures of Europe, specimens of some of which had been most unwillingly accepted.

Messengers were in the mean time despatched to five subordinate governors, with orders to assemble their quotas on the morrow for the purpose of hunting. * * * * * The son of the host, a tall,

handsome youth, wearing gay necklaces of beads and a streaming white feather in token of achievements performed during the recent foray, had been specially charged with the entertainment of the followers; and the strength of the potent old hydromel, no less than the liberality with which it had been dispensed, were but too evident upon the majority ere the night fell. Loquacity increased with each additional *gumbo* that was drained, and loud and boisterous were the praises from every mouth of the good cheer of the chieftain's hall.

Amongst the visitors who flocked to behold the white strangers, was a cowled monk from the adjacent monastery, who proved deeply versed in traditional lore. It was diverting to listen to the arguments adduced by the holy father against the projected hostilities.

British honor had been at stake, before that grand achievement was performed, which filled the mind of every beholder with wonder and astonishment; and the fame of the exploit was spread by express couriers throughout the empire, though many remained incredulous to the astonishing fact. The people of Abyssinia are too rich in cattle and sheep to know much of the chase. Apes and baboons, which are called the "king's game," and birds, are their common prey in their hunting matches. But the dead elephant was now on the ground; and those of the appalled infantry, who had taken shelter in high trees, found courage to descend; while the horsemen rode up, all—

Extolling the prowess of the king's European visitors in the encounter with so formidable a monster, whose colossal strength could have carried him trampling through a whole array of their own host, dealing death and destruction wheresoever his will impelled him. Whilst dancing and howling around the carcass, amid the crimson torrent which deluged the ground, they affirmed the deed to be the work of genii and of supernatural beings, and complimented the doers as the "bravest of the brave," under the titles of "Figa" and "Gobez;" declaring that "the mould whereof the Gypzis were fashioned must be of a rare quality, and that if all the subjects of Shoa were but composed of the same material, the dominions of Sáhela Selássie would know no limit."

Troops of women and girls raised a song of welcome and praise to the returning victors over the elephant. Bullocks were slaughtered for a feast, and wild dancing and martial music, continued throughout the long night, celebrated the wondrous achievement. The prophetic monk alone was displeased. He "liked it not;" something sinister must be impending. The people and the king did not participate in these feelings, and when the victors returned to court,—

"Your joy is my joy," exclaimed his Majesty, so soon as the usual salutations had been concluded; "and I am delighted when my children are happy. I feared that the elephants would destroy you; but you have achieved a triumph which none other have accomplished during the reign of Sáhela Selássie."

Whilst the king listened with great interest and seeming astonishment to the detail of proceedings,

and to the assurance that the monarch of the forest might always be vanquished by a single bullet, if properly directed, the ivory was laid at the royal footstool. A long confession of the personal dread entertained of the elephant by his Majesty was followed by an anecdote formerly touched upon at Machal-wans, of his own discomfiture, and that of his entire host, by a herd encountered during a foray against the Metcha Galla, when, being firmly convinced that the army would be destroyed, he had deemed it prudent to retreat with all expedition. "I ran," he repeated several times with emphasis—"I ran, and every one of my followers did the same. You evidently understand the mode of dealing with these monsters; but if ten thousand of my people ventured to oppose a troop, the elephants would consume them all."

The rewards and immunities, to which the destroyers of wild beasts are entitled, were now heaped on the "strong strangers," and they were invested with the appropriate insignia: a silver gauntlet, worn on the right arm, surmounted by a silver bracelet; and the spoils of a male lion, on the right shoulder.

His Majesty then, with his own hand, presented newly-plucked sprigs of wild asparagus, to be worn in the hair during forty days, and be at the expiration of that period replaced by the *hérmoo* feather. And as the guests thus honored took their way down through the court-yards of the palace, a band of warriors again preceded, discharging their muskets at intervals, whilst they chanted the Amhára war chorus, and danced the death-triumph. * * * * * A new invoice of beads, cutlery, trinkets, *ghemdja*, and other "pleasing things," had been received from the coast; and visits were therefore unusually ripe on the part of all who loved to be decorated. Abba Mooállee, surnamed "the Great Beggar in the West," with his adopted brother, appeared to hold the lease of the tent in perpetuity; and in return for amber necklaces and gay chintz vestments, hourly volunteered some promise, simply, it would seem, that they might afterwards enjoy the pleasure of forfeiting a gratuitous oath. If solemn asseverations by highly respectable saints and martyrs were to be received with credit, messengers were almost daily despatched, and on fleet horses too, for the purpose of bringing from the Galla dependencies on the Nile, amongst other treasures, the spoils of the *gássela*, a black leopard, elsewhere not procurable, and "worn only by the governors of provinces." But by some unaccountable fatality, not one of these fleet couriers ever found his way back to the English camp at Angóllala; and the cry meanwhile continued, without intermission, "Show me pleasing things; give me delighting things; adorn me from head to foot."

Pages and abigails were hourly in attendance, on the part of their royal master or mistress, with some rubbish from the palace, which was carefully removed from its red and yellow basket of Gurágué grass, divested of all its numerous wrappers, and confidentially exhibited with an inquiry, *sotto voce*, "whether more of the same description was not to be obtained?" The outcry raised for detonating caps was wearisome and incessant; for although it was notorious that the royal magazines boasted a hoard sufficient to answer the utmost demand of at least three generations, the king was

very apprehensive of bankruptcy, in event of a quarrel with the Adaiel, "because his own people knew not the road beyond the world of waters." Thus it happened that Kidána Wold, the long gunman, who had charge of the royal armory, received private instructions to look in at the Residency at least twice a-week, with a *mamalacha* for fifty or a hundred *tezabs*, and regularly once a month to aver that he had been so unfortunate as to drop from his girdle another box of his Majesty's patent anti-corrosives—a loss which, unless timely repaired, must inevitably result in the forfeiture of liberty. "The *Gaita* has discovered my carelessness," he would add, with tears in his eyes, "and, by Mary! if you don't help me immediately, I shall be sent to Góncho." * * * * Architecture now occupied a full share of the royal brain. The hand corn-mills presented by the British Government had been erected within the palace walls, and slaves were turning the wheels with unceasing diligence. "Demetrius the Armenian, made a machine to grind corn," exclaimed his Majesty in a transport of delight, as the flour streamed upon the floor; "and although it cost my people a year of hard labor to construct, it was useless when finished, because the priests declared it to be the Devil's work, and cursed the bread. But may Sáhela Selássie die! these engines are the invention of clever heads. Now I will build a bridge over the Béreza, and you shall give me your advice."

Early the ensuing morning the chief smith was accordingly in attendance with hammer and tongs; and "when the sun said hot," the pious monarch, having first paid his orisons in the church of the Trinity, proceeded with all suitable cunning, to plan the projected edifice beneath a fortunate horoscope.

It was foretold, by the English, that the bridge, on which the king so greatly prided himself, would not stand.

But predictions of the impending catastrophe were received with an incredulous shake of the head; and the advice that orders should be issued to the governors on the Nile to keep a vigilant look-out for the upper timbers on their voyage down to Egypt, was followed by a good-humored laugh and a playful tap on the shoulder of the audacious foreigner, who, to the horror and amazement of the obsequious courtiers, had thus ventured to speak his mind to the despot. In vain was it proposed to construct a bridge upon arches which might defy the impetuosity of the torrent. "All my subjects are asses," retorted his Majesty: "they are idle and lazy, and devoid of understanding. There is not one that will consent to labor, no, not one; and if through your means they should be compelled to perform the task, they would weep, and invoke curses on the name of the Gyptzis. Your corn mills are approved, because they save the women trouble; but by the shades of my ancestors!—a bridge—." Here all sense of the decorum due to the sceptre was forgotten for the moment, and the monarch whistled aloud. And the king was right.

While the king was in this excellent disposition, a commercial treaty, which had often been spoken of, was happily concluded. The advantages of manufactures and commerce had often been explained to his Majesty, who shook his head when

first told that five hundred pair of hands, efficiently employed at the loom, might bring more wealth into his country than ten thousand warriors engaged in forays. But at length he appeared to apprehend what was meant; and he had seen so many wonderful things, that he was now prepared to believe those that were unseen. At all events his—

Conviction resulted in the expression of his desire that certain articles agreed upon might be drawn up on parchment, and presented for signature, which had accordingly been done; and the day fixed for the return of the embassy to Ankóber was appointed for the public ratification of the document by the annexure thereto of the royal hand and seal.

Nobles and captains thronged the court-yard of the palace at Angóllala, and the king reclined on the throne in the attic chamber. A highly illuminated sheet, surmounted on the one side by the Holy Trinity—the device invariably employed as the arms of Shoa—and on the other by the Royal Achievement of England, was formally presented, and the sixteen articles of the convention in Amharic and English, read, commented upon, and fully approved.

The articles, whether they shall be observed or not, certainly contain many judicious and mutually beneficial provisions. The convention was thus solemnly ratified.

Tekla Mariam, the royal notary, kneeling, held the upper part of the unrolled scroll upon the state cushion, and the king, taking the proffered pen, inscribed after the words "Done and concluded at Angóllala, the Galla capital of Shoa, in token whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal—Sáhela Selássie, who is the Negroos of Shoa, Efát, and the Galla." The imperial signet, a cross encircled by the word "Jesus," was then attached by the scribe in presence of the chief of the church, the Dech Agafari, the governor of Morát, and three other functionaries who were summoned into the alcove for the purpose.

"You have loaded me with costly presents," exclaimed the monarch as he returned the deed: "the raiment that I wear, the throne whereon I sit, the various curiosities in my storehouses, and the muskets which hang around the great hall, are all from your country. What have I to give in return for such wealth? My kingdom is as nothing."

Before the departure of the embassy, through the influence which the strangers had acquired, a signal triumph over ancient customs was obtained. Much of this influence is to be attributed to the humanity, skill, and success, of the medical officers. The fame of some marvellous surgical operations had spread abroad, and applications for medical and surgical aid came in from all quarters. But—

The patient, in lieu of tendering a fee, invariably insisted, when cured, upon the receipt of some reward. * * * * * An exceedingly ill-favored fellow, striding into the tent, exhibited a node upon the forehead, which he desired might be instantly removed. "The knife, the knife,"

he exclaimed ; " off with it ; my face is spoiled, and has become like that of a cow." A ruffian, who in a domestic brawl had contrived to break the arm of his wife, entreated that it might be " mended ;" and a wretched youth, whose leg had been fractured twelve months previously, was brought in a state of appalling emaciation, with the splinters protruding horribly. Amputation was proposed as the only resource, but the master of the horse was loud in his opposition. " Take my advice," he remonstrated, " and leave this business alone. If the boy dies, all will declare that the ' proprietor of the medicines' killed him ; and furthermore, should he survive, it will be said the Almighty cured him."

This master of the horse, though uninvited, often gave the embassy the pleasure of his company at dinner, where he admired and devoured everything, particularly relishing the Cogniac. He swore " By Mary,"—the favorite adjuration of the Abyssinians, as of the Scotch Hebrideans,—that the king, himself, would be happy to come to dine with them as often as he was asked, if he knew how many good things they had. Amulets and enchantments are, as in all barbarous countries, resorted to for the cure of those diseases, which, as they cannot be understood, are ascribed to the influence of demons, or of the Evil Eye. So many were cured, that his Christian Majesty became alarmed that there might not be enough of medicine left for himself, though, by various contrivances, he had already amassed an immense stock of pills.

" You will take care *not* to give the whole of the remedies to my people, or there will be none left for myself, should I fall sick," was an almost daily message from the selfish despot. But prescriptions designed for his own use were invariably tried first upon a subject ; and the much-dreaded goulard-wash having been once more prepared, directions were given to apply it constantly to a boy who had been found laboring under ophthalmia, in order to ascertain whether he died or survived.

The most particular inquiries were instituted relative to the mode of counteracting the influence of the evil eye, and much disappointment expressed at the unavoidable intimation that the dispensary of the foreigners contained neither " the horn of a serpent," which is believed to afford an invaluable antidote against witchcraft, no preservative against wounds in the battle-field, nor any nostrum for " those who go mad from looking at a black dog." " We princes also fear the small-pox," said his Majesty, " and therefore never tarry long in the same place. Nagási, my illustrious ancestor, suffered martyrdom from this scourge. Have you no medicine to drive it from myself?"

Vaccine lymph there was in abundance, but neither Christian, Moslem, nor Pagan had yet consented to make trial of its virtues. Glasses hermetically sealed, betwixt which the perishable fluid had been deposited, were exhibited, and its use expounded. " No, no!" quoth the king, as he delivered the acquisition to his master of the horse, with a strict injunction to have it carefully stitched in leather—" this is *talakh medanit*, very potent medicine indeed ; and henceforth I must

wear it as a talisman against the evil that beset my forefathers."

" You must now give me the medicine which draws the vicious waters from the leg," resumed his Majesty, " and which is better than the earth from Mount Lebanon ;—the medicine which disarms venomous snakes, and that which turns the gray hairs black ;—the medicine to destroy the worm in the ear of the queen, which is ever burrowing deeper ; and, above all, the medicine of the seven colors, which so sharpens the intellects, as to enable him who swallows enough of it, to acquire every sort of knowledge without the slightest trouble. Furthermore, you will be careful to give my people *none of this*."

The schoolmaster is ever the terror of despots.

The king had lost his left eye ; but one of his flattering courtiers averred, that Sáhela Selássie saw better with his blind eye, than other people did with their most perfect eyes. The king was now not more than forty years of age, but a dissolute life had made him prematurely old. At the age of twelve he had left a monastery to ascend the throne. The expression of his face, despite the loss of his eye, was open, pleasing, and manly. Upon state occasions, he was splendidly and even richly attired : his bushy hair arranged in elaborate curls, in the fashion of the full periwigs of the reign of George the First. On ordinary occasions his dress was plain. His kingly office is no sinecure. We know of no monarch, with perhaps the exception of the Emperor Nicholas, who is so actively and incessantly occupied : and he does not possess the iron frame of the colossal Czar. Here is a description of his day :—

After the religious performance of his matin devotions, the king inspects his stables and workshops, bestows charity upon the assembled poor, despatches couriers, and accords private audiences of importance. Then, reclining in state upon the throne, he listens for hours to all appeals brought against the decisions of his judges, and adjusts in public the tangled disputes and controversies of his subjects. Here access is easy. Sáhela Selássie listens to all, foreigners or natives, men and women, rich and poor. Every one possesses the right to appear before him, and boldly to explain the nature of his case ; and although the established usage of the land compels the subject to prostrate himself, and to pay rather adoration than respect, yet may he urge his complaint without the least hesitation or timidity. Judgment is always prompt, and generally correct ; nor will the observer be less struck with the calmness and placidity that mark the royal demeanor in the midst of the most boisterous discussions.

But we have told this already, and shall proceed to the other avocations and pleasures which fill up his Majesty's day.

At three o'clock the king proceeds to dine alone ; and no sooner is the royal appetite appeased than the doors are thrown open, and the long table in the great banqueting-hall is crowded with the most distinguished warriors and guests. Harpers and fiddlers perform during the entire entertainment, and singers lift up their voices in praise

of the munificence and liberality of their sovereign, who, during all this scene of confusion and turmoil, still continues to peruse letters or to issue instructions, until the board has been thrice replenished and as often cleared, and until all of a certain rank have freely partaken of his hospitality. At five he retires with a few of those who enjoy the largest share of intimacy, to the private apartments. Prayers and potent liquors fill up the evening hours; and the company depart, leaving the favorite page, who is made the bearer of the royal commands.

Midnight calls his Majesty from his couch to the perusal of psalms and sacred writings. A band of sturdy priests in the antechamber continue, during the livelong night, to chant a noisy chorus of hymns to preserve his slumbers from the influence of evil spirits or apparitions, and daylight brings a repetition of the busy scene, which is only diversified by exercise on horseback, when business and the fickle sky will permit. * * *

Dreading the fate of his father, the monarch never stirs from his threshold unprovided with a pistol concealed under his girdle along with his favorite amulet, in which he reposes implicit faith and reliance. His couch is nightly surrounded by tried and trusty warriors, endeared to his person by munificence displayed to no other class of his subjects, whilst the gates of the palace are barred after the going down of the sun, and stoutly guarded during the continuance of the nocturnal hours.

The principal officers of the royal household, and those most confided in by the suspicious monarch, are the eunuchs. * * * * * As well from religious as from worldly motives, Sáhela Selássie entertains a vast number of pensioners, who receive *dirgo*, or daily rations, in various proportions—some being limited to dry bread, whilst others extend to mead, the greatest luxury which the country can afford. * * * * * Making munificent donations to churches and monasteries, the king stands in high odor with the fanatic clergy, and thus enjoys the advantage of their influence over the priest-ridden population, whom he rules principally through the church; and, never undertaking any project without consulting some of its members, is in turn much swayed by their exhortations, prophecies, dreams, and visions. Strongly attached to the Christianity of Aethiopia, which abounds in Jewish prejudices, he is still far from being intolerant. According to the best of his uncultivated ideas he encourages letters, and spends considerable sums of money in collecting ancient manuscripts.

This is the bright side of the picture; yet Sáhela Selássie is not merely popular, but adored throughout his dominions, in spite of vices which are, however, more hurtful to himself than his people. His hereditary territory, extending one hundred and fifty by ninety miles, has, with its numerous dependencies, a population of about two millions and a half, of whom one million are Christians like himself: the wild Galla are all Moslems. From forfeitures, tribute and revenue arising principally from import duties on slaves, foreign merchandize, and salt, the king, who has extensive crown domains, is imagined to have amassed considerable treasure. He is naturally avaricious; but from policy, profuse to certain classes of his subjects.

The power of the Aboon or Archbishop in what are considered spiritual affairs, is only inferior to that of the absolute despot, who is, however, the head of the Church.

Consecrated by the Patriarch of Alexandria, and possessing with rich revenues the intelligence of other lands, the Primate is universally feared and respected throughout the empire; and all religious differences and dissensions must be carried for the final decision of his Holiness. Princes and rulers pay implicit deference to his high birth, and, seated on the ground before his episcopal throne, receive with the utmost respect his every wish and advice. * * * * * But whilst his influence is thus potent, the extent of his diocese is also great; and many local difficulties opposing the pastoral visit to the extremities of his see, the kingdom of Shoa has for ages been deprived of the advantages accruing from the residence of an archbishop.

In the hand of the Aboon is vested the exclusive power of consecration. Bishops, priests, and deacons can from him alone receive holy office.

The present Aboon was educated at Alexandria, and is a man of some understanding and liberality. The other members of the hierarchy are the grand prior, and the comus or bishop, who ranks next above the priest. His functions are circumscribed to a few ceremonial and superstitious observances. Besides these dignitaries—

Twelve thousand clerical drones,
“Fruges consumere nati,”

fatten in idleness on the labor of the working classes; and the kiss imprinted on the hand of one of these licentious shepherds being believed to purify the body from all sin, they are treated with the highest respect and veneration; are fed and caressed both by high and low, and invariably addressed as “Father.”

Upon payment each of a few pieces of salt, many hundred candidates receive the breath of the Holy Ghost from the Aboon in a single day; but every Abyssinian being ignorant of his own age, it is essential to the reception of priestly orders that the beard should have appeared.

The churches are all endowed; though by a wise provision the revenues and estates belonging to the clerical establishments, are administered by the *Alakas*, or persons appointed by the crown. When a successful cattle foray is made, the church gets its share of the plunder, and votive and thanksgiving offerings are as common as in the most devout Catholic country. There is more “Church Extension” in Abyssinia than in any other country; for building a church is supposed to atone for every sin. They are, however, miserable and fragile structures. In pointing out the close resemblance of the Jewish worship to that of the Abyssinian churches—which all have their inner compartments, and Holy of Holies where, of the laity, only the *Alaka* is admitted in virtue of his office—it is related—

The true ark of Zion is believed still to exist in the church at Axum; but prayers, vows, and oblations, are equally made to the handicraft of any vain ecclesiastic, which may be held up to the ad-

miring multitude as having been secreted in a cave during the inroad of the conquering Graan, and since revealed by a miraculous dream from Heaven.

In the presence of the mysterious casket consists the only sanctity of the church. * * * Young and old, rich and poor, prostrate themselves to the ground as the idol is carried in procession through the streets under the great umbrellas ; and when replaced in his ease in the holy of holies, the air is rent by the attendant priests with shouts of "The temple of the eternal God !"

All the disqualifications of the Levitical law oppose entrance to the secret edifice, and both the threshold and the door-posts must be kissed in passing. Like the Jews, the Abyssinians invariably commence the service with the Trisagion, "Holy, holy, holy is God, the Lord of Sabaoth."

The sweet singer of Israel danced before the Lord ; and a caricature imitation remains, the chief point of Abyssinian worship. Capering and beating the ground with their feet, the priests stretch out their crutches towards each other with frantic gesticulations, whilst the clash of the timbrel, the sound of the drum, and the howling of harsh voices, complete a most strange form of devotion. The lessons are taken partly from the Scriptures, partly from the miracles of the holy Virgin and of Tekla Haimanot, the life of St. George, and other foolish and fabulous works ; but all are in the ancient Aethiopic tongue, which to the congregation is a dead letter ; and the sole edification of a visit to the church is therefore comprised in the kiss that has been imprinted on the portal.

As polygamy is the practice of this Christian country, celibacy is not enjoined on the priests : but, as some sacrifice must be made to uphold their sanctity, they are restricted to one wife. Their learning and their usefulness are on a par.

Few in after years can read—still fewer respect the vow of chastity—and the employment of the morning hours of the Sabbath, and of the holydays, in dancing and shouting within the walls of the church, entitle the performer to all the immunities and comforts pertaining unto holy orders. *

Priest-ridden and bigoted to the last degree, the chains of bondage are firmly riveted around the neck of the infatuated Abyssinian. The most ridiculous doctrines must be believed, and the most severe fasts and penances must be endured, according to the pleasure and the fiat of the church. Uncharitable and uncompromising, her anger often blazes forth into the furious blast of excommunication ; and for offences the most trivial, the souls of men are consigned to eternal perdition.

Fasts, penances, and excommunication form, in fact, the chief props of the clerical power ; but the repentant sinner can always purchase a substitute to undergo the two former, and the ban of the church is readily averted by a timely offering.

Smoking is one of the sins which the priests create, and employ to maintain their sway. Their prohibition of it is founded on the text : "It is that cometh out of the mouth of a man that defileth a man." Death, as in many other Christian countries, is seized upon as an occasion to enrich and feast the priest.

The clergy enjoy the price of death-bed confession ; and a corner of the churchyard is sternly

denied to all who die without the due performance of the rite, or whose relations refuse the fee and the funeral feast. The payment of eight pieces of salt, however, wafts the soul of a poor man to a place of rest ; and the *tescar*, or banquet for the dead, places him in a degree of happiness according to the costliness of the entertainment. The price of eternal bliss is necessarily higher to the rich.

The power of the keys is not suffered to remain dormant in Abyssinia. But our space, too limited for merely noting the adventures of the embassy, forbids us even to refer to the copious information which Major Harris has added to former European stores of knowledge concerning the religion, government, and social condition, the manners, and customs of the people, in what is now the most important division of the ancient Abyssinian empire. Nor can we advert to his accounts of the many tribes dependent on the king of Shoa, and still but imperfectly subdued, as is seen in the insurrections continually breaking out. Slavery, and the state of the slave trade, will form an interesting section to many. The king, alone, has eight thousand household slaves at his different residences. Of his five hundred concubines,—for in number he rivals Solomon, from whom his dynasty claims descent,—three hundred are slaves. But slavery in Shoa has a much less repulsive moral aspect than in some other Christian countries that we could name. The slaves enjoy some privileges ; they are not tasked like hard-worked animals ; and in Aethiopia there is no white man's scorn to be endured by the sable-complexioned. Were the articles of the commercial treaty entered into with the king of Shoa carried out, it is imagined that slavery might be mitigated till the trade ceased, as the motives to its continuance gradually disappeared. From the character of the present spiritual head of Shoa, and also that of the reigning monarch, Major Harris considers the present time auspicious for the introduction of sounder ideas of that social advancement and civilization which must everywhere pave the way for the downfall of slavery.

A gothic hall, built by the "strong strangers," decorated with colored engravings, and furnished like an English cottage *orné* enchanted the tasteful monarch, who had lived all his life in palaces having neither glass windows nor chimneys. Warmly devoted as the whole nation is to the wisdom of its ancestors, the king was delighted with the saving of timber effected by the use of the cross-saw, as well as by the economy of time and labor from employing the same implement.

" You English are indeed a strange people," quoth the monarch, after the first plank had been fashioned by the European escort. " I do not understand your stories of the road in your country that is dug below the waters of a river, nor of the carriages that gallop without horses ; but you are a strong people, and employ wonderful inventions."

Meanwhile the platform required for the new

building advanced slowly to completion. The crowd of applicants for justice who daily convened before the tribunal of "the four chairs" were pressed into the service; and when his Majesty returned from an excursion in the meadow, the entire cortége might be seen carrying each a stone before his saddle in imitation of the royal example.

The "red men" were now in such credit, that the king having, in a grand foray, made captive upwards of a thousand women and girls, on the remonstrance or prayer of the embassy released them without ransom; content with the forty thousand cattle which he had taken and sent to the royal pastures. This annual plundering expedition partakes of the character of a crusade against the infidel, as well as a foray.

Led on to victory by the holy ark of St. Michael, the great crimson umbrellas streamed again through the barrier wall at the head of the Christian chivalry. Twenty thousand troopers pursued the route of the Sertie Lake to the Metta Galla, occupying the plains immediately contiguous to the valley of Finfinni, and who were now the victims marked out for spoliation. The despot had so invariably passed this tribe without offering any molestation, that, the heathen were little prepared for the thunderbolt that was about to fall, and of which the first intimation was afforded in the simultaneous investiture of the entire tract. Overwhelmed by the torrent of desolation which had so suddenly burst in, four thousand five hundred Gentiles of all ages were butchered by the soldiers of Christ; and of these the greater number were shot from trees that they had ascended in the vain hope of eluding observation.

When, after the return of the king and his warriors, the release of the captives was claimed, Sáhela Selássie replied—

"I listen to your words," said his Majesty, as he again issued the fiat of release, "that the name of Sáhela Selássie be not broken."

Such is a sad picture of the atrocities perpetrated by the undisciplined armies of Aethiopia, when disputing the abstruse mysteries of Abyssinian divinity, or seeking, in the relentless fury of religious hate, to exterminate a heathen and strange nation by a series of crusades undertaken as an acceptable vindication of the sacred symbol of Christianity.

The Abyssinians have fully adopted that spirit of merciless destruction which impelled the Israelites to destroy their enemies from the face of the earth. Considering themselves the lineal descendants of those heroes of ancient history who were arranged against the enemies of the Lord, they are actuated by the same motives and feelings which led the bands of Judah to the massacre. The foe is a Pagan, who does not fast, nor kiss the church, nor wear a *mateb*. All feelings of humanity are thrown to the winds; and a high reward in heaven is believed to await the king and the blood-thirsty soldier for the burning of the hamlet, the capture of the property, and the murder of the accursed Gentile. The words of absolution from the mouth of the Father Confessor usher in the ruthless slaughter; and the name of the Most High is wantonly employed to consecrate the ensuing scenes of savage atrocity. That the minds of the

people should not be more disturbed and alienated from agricultural pursuits, by the continual military expeditions they are thus called upon to make, cannot fail to appear extraordinary.

On some occasions, the king appeared ashamed of the barbarities which it was the glory of the Christians to inflict upon the Infidels. When told how inhuman was the massacre of innocent children, he confessed it was bad, but "every country had its own customs;" and, as the Galla destroyed his people, it was but fair to retaliate.

With a numerous progeny by his concubines, who are often received into the various royal harems from political considerations, Sáhela Selássie has two legitimate sons by his queen. The elder, who is not his father's favorite, has fortunately devoted himself to the church. The philosophical romance of Rasselas, is a bitter satire on the real condition of the princes of Abyssinia in their "happy valley." The death of the king of Shoa is the signal for consigning all the brothers and uncles of the sovereign to a subterranean dungeon, where they are doomed to remain for the rest of their lives, amusing themselves by carving ivory. This is done to prevent those revolutionary projects which have so often devastated the kingdom. When the embassy arrived in Shoa, seven princes of the blood-royal, uncles or brothers of Sáhela Selássie, had long been inmates of the vaults of Goncho. The same fate must have awaited his legitimate sons; but as was mentioned, there were but two of them, and the elder had chosen the church. The younger, Saifa Selássie, or "the Sword of the Trinity," is therefore presumptive heir to the throne. While the embassy were one day present at one of the endless religious festivals of a country, in which half the year is consumed in holydays, the young princes arrived. The elder disappeared as soon as he saw that he was observed; but the younger, who had ophthalmia, was led in by a withered eunuch, with his eyes veiled.

Saifa Selássie "the Sword of the Trinity," is an extremely aristocratic and fine-looking youth, about twelve years of age, possessing the noble features of his sire, with the advantage of a very fair instead of a swarthy complexion. Beneath a striped chintz vest of Arabian manufacture he wore a striped cotton robe, which fell in graceful folds from the girdle, and from the crown of the head a tassel of minutely-braided locks streamed to the middle of his back. "This is the light of mine eyes, and dearer to me than life itself," exclaimed the king, withdrawing the bandage, and caressing the boy with the utmost fondness—"Give him the medicine that removes ophthalmia, or he, too, will be blind like his father."

His Majesty was assured that no alarm need be entertained; and that, although the cause was to be regretted, the day which had brought the honor of an interview with the young prince could not but be deemed one of the highest good fortune. Much affected by this intimation, he laid his hand upon the arm of the party speaking, and replied, "We do not yet know each other as we ought,

but we shall daily become better and better acquainted."

Before the embassy left Shoa, a wonderful revolution in the constitution of the empire was produced by the influence of the strangers, natural affection, and the terrors of a half-awakened conscience. The cause is thus related—

That singular blending of debauchery and devotion which marks the royal vigils has seriously impaired a constitution naturally good. During a long succession of years the Psalms of David and the strongest cholera mixture have equally shared the midnight hours of the king; and although scarcely past the meridian of life, he is subject to sudden spasmodic attacks of an alarming character. In one of these his restoration had been despaired of both by the priests and the physicians; and the voice of wailing and lamentation already filled the precincts of the palace.

Scarcely was it light ere there came a page with an urgent summons to the presence. Pale and emaciated, with fevered lip and bloodshot eye, the despot reclined upon a couch in a dark corner of the closed verandah, his head enveloped in a swathe of white cloth, and his trembling arms supported by bolsters and cushions. Abba Raguel, the dwarf Father Confessor, with eyes swollen from watching, was rocking to and fro, whilst he drowsily scanned an illuminated *Aethiopic* volume, containing the lives of the martyrs; and in deep conversation with the sick monarch was a favorite monk, habited like an Arab Bedouin in a black goat's hair cameline and a yellow cowl, but displaying the sacred cross in his right hand. The loud voice of the priesthood arose in boisterous song from the adjacent apartment: strings of red worsted had been tied round the monarch's thumbs and great toes; and the threshold of the outer chamber was bedewed with the still moist blood of a black bullock, which, when the taper of life was believed to be flickering in the socket, had been thrice led round the royal couch, and, with its head turned towards the East, was then slaughtered at the door, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

"My children," said his Majesty in a sepulchral voice, as he extended his burning hand towards his European visitors—"behold I am sore stricken. Last night they believed me dead, and the voice of mourning had arisen within the palace walls; but God hath spared me until now. Tell me the medicine for this disease."

An attempt was made to follow the etiquette of the Abyssinian court, by tasting the draught prescribed; but the king, again extending his parched hand, protested against this necessity. "What need is there now of this?" he exclaimed reproachfully; "do not I know that you would administer to Sáhela Selássie nothing that could do him mischief? My people are bad; and if God had not mercy on me to restore me, they would deal evil with you—and to strip you of your property would even take away your lives."

The king had oftentimes been complimented upon the mildness and equity of his rule, and on the readiness with which he gave ear to intercession on behalf of the slave. The implicit confidence which had supplanted all fear and suspicion in the breast of his Majesty, now favored a still stronger appeal to his humanity, to his magnanimity, and to his piety. He was urged to take into

favorable consideration the abject condition of his royal brothers—victims to a tyrannical and unnatural statute, the legacy of a barbarous age, which for centuries had resulted in such incalculable misery and mischief.

Every fitting argument was employed; and the sick king swore "by the Holy Eucharist, and by the Church of the Holy Trinity," that if he recovered, his brothers should be restored to the enjoyment of freedom. The despot was restored to health, and he kept his vow. When the mandate went forth, the sages and admirers of ancestral wisdom shook their wise heads at the fatal ascendancy which men who smoked, drank coffee, and daily committed other sins which proved they were not Christians, had acquired over the royal mind. The unfortunate princes had now been immured for about thirty years in the damp vaults of Goncho, where, heavily manacled, their weary hours had been spent in the fabrication of ivory combs. When the hour of their release came—

The royal gaze was strained wistfully towards the wicket, where he should behold once again the child of his mother, whom he had not seen since his accession, and should make the first acquaintance with his uncles, the brothers of his warrior sire who had been incarcerated ere he himself had seen the light.

Stern traces had been left by the constraint of one third of a century upon the seven unfortunate descendants of a royal race, who were shortly ushered into the court by the state gaoler. Leaning heavily on each other's shoulders, and linked together by chains bright and shining with the friction of years, the captives shuffled onward with cramped and minute steps, rather as malefactors proceeding to the gallows-tree, than as innocent and abused princes, regaining the natural rights of man. Tottering to the foot of the throne, they fell, as they had been instructed by their burly conductor, prostrate on their faces before their more fortunate but despotic relative, whom they had known heretofore only by a name used in connexion with their own misfortunes, and whose voice was yet a stranger to their ears.

Rising with difficulty at the bidding of the monarch, they remained standing in front of the balcony, gazing in stupid wonder at the novelties of the scene, with eyes unaccustomed to meet the broad glare of day. At first they were fixed upon the author of their weary captivity, and upon the white men by his side who had been the instruments of its termination; but the dull, leaden gaze soon wandered in search of other objects; and the approach of freedom appeared to be received with the utmost apathy and indifference. Immured since earliest infancy, they were totally insensible to the blessings of liberty. Their feelings and their habits had become those of the fetter and of the dark dungeon. The iron had rusted into their very souls.

The released and stupefied princes of Abyssinia were told that henceforth they were to pass the remainder of their lives near their royal relative, who had nothing to apprehend from miserable beings, crippled alike in mind and body; and—

Again the joke and the merry laugh passed quickly in the balcony—the court fool resumed his wonted

avocations ; and, as the monarch himself struck the chords of the gaily ornamented harp presented by his bloated brother Amnon, the buffoon burst into a high and deserved panegyric upon the royal mercy and generosity.

"My children," exclaimed his Majesty, turning towards his foreign guests, after the completion of this tardy act of justice to those whose only crime was their consanguinity to himself—an act to which he had been prompted less by superstition than by a desire to rescue his own offspring from a dungeon, and to secure a high place in the opinion of the civilized world—"My children, you will write all that you have now seen to your country, and will say to the British Queen that, although far behind the nations of the white men, from whom *Æthiopia* first received her religion, there yet remains a spark of Christian love in the breast of the King of Shoa."

Thus dramatically closes the history of the embassy to Shoa, for there is not even a line to tell how it got back to the coast.—This visit must form a memorable era in the annals of *Æthiopia*, if "the Sword of the Trinity" inherit the ability and liberality of his father. The vast natural resources of Shoa, and its numerous dependencies and neighboring regions, and the facilities for improvement pointed out by Major Harris, were Britain as active as it is commercially disposed, and could the slave trade be safely suppressed, we must leave, together with a vast amount of varied information, wholly unnoticed. This is of less consequence, as the book is one that must be read.

THE POOR MAN TO HIS DEAD CHILD.

YES, lie thou there, my little one,
The death dew's on thy brow,
Thy eyes are closed to flower and sun,
Thy pulse is quiet now.

No more thou 'lt ask, my famish'd boy,
For bread with wailing cry,
When I'd have given my flesh with joy,
But bread I could not buy.

Poor child! thy sharp, cold features speak
Of pain, and want, and care;
Oft did the tear-drops on thy cheek
Freeze in the biting air.

But colder than the keenest wind,
Were human hearts to thee,
Because, though claiming human kind,
Thy lot was poverty.

The proud ones say, 't is Heaven's award:
They but kind Heaven obey,
To keep the gifts of nature barr'd
From those who cannot pay.

My child, 't is sadly sweet to think
Thou 'lt never hunger more,
Nor gaze with wistful eye, yet shrink
From bread's inviting store.

But, oh! my faded flower, for this
Was thy young being given,
To meet with nought but wretchedness,
And frowns from earth and heaven?

Was this the pledge of cradled smile
That spoke the happy dream,

And gave me, worn with pain and toil,
Of passing bliss a gleam?

And yet, mayhap, thy fate is bless'd,
And I should rather joy
That thy young heart the woes have miss'd
That wait the poor man's boy.

The cold repulse, the galling sneer
That drives to theft and shame;
The madd'ning thoughts the soul that sear,
The scorn'd and blighted name.

O, yes : or haply worse than all,
Thou might'st have lived to be
A servile, crouching, flatt'ring thrall
At some wealth-dagon's knee.

Than this, thy eyes I'd rather close
On all thou might'st have seen,
All stricken through with many woes
As thy young heart hath been.

Tait's Magazine.

TO A WILD BIRD.

SWEET is thy gurgling song,
Wild Bird, that flittest by on gladsome wing
The hedgerow boughs among;
Which thou, with thy most sweet companion, Spring,
Dost make a bower of beauty and of song.

Say, in thy little heart
Doth joy or tenderness the master prove?
What to thy notes impart
Their pathos? Is it mingled joy and love
Give them a magic unapproached by art?

Where is thy little nest?
In the snug hollow of some mossy bank?
Or shall we make our quest
Where tall weeds dip their tresses long and dank
Into the brooklet, at the wind's behest,

That, in a frolic seat,
Bends down their sleepy heads, and rushes by;
A perfumed music, wild as it is sweet,
Mocking the drowsy streamlet's lullaby:
But, birdling! tell me where is thy retreat?

Doth the dark ivy throw
The beauty of her berries round thy porch;
Which the bright moon peers through,
And the sun gleams on, but lacks power to scorch?
Or are the bursting May-buds screen e'now?

As yet, no little voice,
Whose feeble "chink" eats into pity's heart
(Though it bids thine rejoice,)
To curious ear the secret doth impart,
Of where are treasured all thy hopes and joys.

Happy, uncareful thing,
No thought of the dim morrow mars thy mirth—
Each day its store doth bring;
Thy caterer God, thy garner the wide earth;
Oh! wise were we like cares aside to fling.

The bee is come abroad,
And 'mid the golden flowers is busy singing;
The lark springs from the sod
In raptured soarings. Hark! heaven's arch is ringing;
Say, does he all unconscious praise his God?

Birdling, the Power Divine
That thus with gladness girds his creatures round,
Will watch o'er thee and thine;
For to his meanest does his care abound;
And, thus assured, I all to him resign!

Chambers's Journal.

From Chambers' Cyclopaedia.

RICHARD ROLLE.

ABOUT the year 1350 flourished Richard Rolle, a hermit of the order of St. Augustine, and doctor of divinity, who lived a solitary life near the nunnery of Hampole, four miles from Doncaster. He wrote metrical paraphrases of certain parts of Scripture, and an original poem of a moral and religious nature, entitled *The Prick of Conscience*; but of the latter work it is not certainly known that he composed it in English, there being some reason for believing that, in its present form, it is a translation from Latin original written by him. One agreeable passage (in the original spelling) of this generally dull work is subjoined :—

[*What is in Heaven.*]

Ther is lyf withoute ony deth,
And ther is youthe without ony elde;*
And ther is alle manner welthe to welde;
And ther is rest without ony travaille;
And ther is pees without ony strife,
And ther is alle manner lykinge of lyf:—
And ther is bright somer ever to se,
And ther is nevere wynter in that countrie :—
And ther is more worshipe and honour,
Than evere hade kynghe other emperour.
And ther is grete melodie of aungeles songe,
And ther is preyng hem amone.
And ther is alle manner frenshipe that may be,
And ther is evere perfect love and charite;
And ther is wisdom without folye,
And ther is honeste without vileneye.
Al these a man may joyes of hevene call :
Ac yutte the moste sovereyn joye of alle
Is the sighte of Goddes bright face,
In wham resteth alle mannere grace.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

WILLIAM DUNBAR, "a poet," says Sir Walter Scott, "unrivalled by any that Scotland has ever produced," flourished at the court of James IV., at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. His works, with the exception of one or two pieces, were confined, for above two centuries, to an obscure manuscript, from which they were only rescued when their language had become so antiquated, as to render the world insensible in a great measure to their many excellencies. To no other circumstance can we attribute the little justice that is done by popular fame to this highly-gifted poet, who was alike master of every kind of verse, the solemn, the descriptive, the sublime, the comic, and the satirical. Having received his education at the university of St. Andrews, where, in 1479, he took the degree of master of arts, Dunbar became a friar of the Franciscan order, (Grey Friars,) in which capacity he travelled for some years not only in Scotland, but

also in England and France, preaching, as was the custom of the order, and living by the alms of the pious; a mode of life which he himself acknowledges to have involved a constant exercise of falsehood, deceit, and flattery. In time, he had the grace, or was enabled by circumstances, to renounce this sordid profession. It is supposed, from various allusions in his writings, that, from about the year 1491 to 1500, he was occasionally employed by the king (James IV.) in some subordinate, but not unimportant capacity, in connexion with various foreign embassies, and that he thus visited Germany, Italy, Spain, and France, besides England and Ireland. He could not, in such a life, fail to acquire much of that knowledge of mankind which forms so important a part of the education of the poet. In 1500, he received from the king a pension of ten pounds, afterwards increased to twenty, and finally to eighty. He is supposed to have been employed by James in some of the negotiations preparatory to his marriage with the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., which took place in 1503. For some years ensuing, he seems to have lived at court, regaling his royal master with his poetical compositions, and probably also his conversation, the charms of which, judging from his writings, must have been very great. It is sad to relate of one who possessed so buoyant and mirthful a spirit, that his life was not, as far as we can judge, a happy one. He appears to have repined greatly at the servile court-life which he was condemned to lead, and to have longed anxiously for some independent source of income. Amongst his poems, are many containing nothing but expressions of solicitude on this subject. He survived the year 1517, and is supposed to have died about 1520, at the age of sixty; but whether he ultimately succeeded in obtaining preferment, is not known. His writings, with scarcely any exception, remained in the obscurity of manuscript till the beginning of the last century; but his fame has been gradually rising since then, and it was at length, in 1834, so great as to justify a complete edition of his works, by Mr. David Laing.

The poems of Dunbar may be said to be of three classes, the Allegorical, the Moral, and the Comic; besides which there is a vast number of productions composed on occasions affecting himself, and which may therefore be called personal poems. His chief allegorical poems are the *Thistle* and the *Rose*, (a triumphant nuptial song for the union of James and the Princess Margaret,) the *Dance*, and the *Golden Targe*; but allegory abounds in many others, which do not strictly fall within this class. Perhaps the most remarkable of all his poems is one of those here enumerated, the *Dance*. It describes a procession of the seven deadly sins in the infernal regions, and for strength and vividness of painting, would stand a comparison with any poem in the language. The most solemn and impressive of the more exclusively moral poems

* Age.

of Dunbar, is one in which he represents a thrush and nightingale taking opposite sides in a debate on earthly and spiritual affections, the thrush ending every speech or stanza with a recommendation of "a lusty life in Love's service," and the nightingale with the more melodious declaration, "All Love is lost but upon God alone." There is, however, something more touching to common feelings in the less labored verses in which he moralizes on the brevity of existence, the shortness and uncertainty of all ordinary enjoyments, and the wickedness and woes of mankind.

This wavering world's wretchedness
The failing and fruitless business,
The misspent time, the service vain,
For to consider is ane pain.

The sliding joy, the gladness short,
The feigned love, the false comfort,
The swair abade,* the slightful train,†
For to consider is ane pain.

The suggared mouths, with minds therefra,
The figured speech, with faces tway ;
The pleasing tongues, with hearts unplain,
For to consider is ane pain.

Or, in another poem—

Evermair unto this world's joy,
As nearest heir, succeeds annoy ;
Therefore when joy may not remain,
His very heir, succeedés Pain.

He is, at the same time, by no means disposed habitually to take gloomy or desponding views of life. He has one poem, of which each stanza ends with "For to be blyth methink it best." In another, he advises, since life is so uncertain, that the good things of this world should be rationally enjoyed while it is yet possible. "Thine awn gude spend," says he, "while thou has space." There is yet another, in which these Horatian maxims are still more pointedly enforced, and from this we shall select a few stanzas :—

Be merry, man, and tak not sair in mind
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow ;
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbours gladly lend and borrow ;
His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow ;
Be blyth in hearte for my aventure,
For oft with wise men it has been said aforow,
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

Make thee gude cheer of it that God thee sends,
For world's wrak but welfare‡ nought avails ;
Nae gude is thine save only that thou spends,
Remenant all thou bruikes but with bails ;§
Seek to solace when sadness thee assails ;
In dolour lang thy life may not endure,

* Delay. † Snare. ‡ World's trash without health.
§ Injuries.

Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sails,
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

Follow on pity, flee trouble and debate,
With famous folkis hold thy company ;
Be charitable and hum'le in thine estate,
For worldy honour lastes but a cry.
For trouble in earth tak no melancholy ;
Be rich in patience, if thou in guedes be poor ;
Who lives merrily he lives mightily ;
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

The philosophy of these lines is excellent.

Dunbar was as great in the comic as in the solemn strain, but not so pure. His *Twa Married Women and the Widow* is a conversational piece, in which three gay ladies discuss, in no very delicate terms, the merits of their husbands, and the means by which wives may best advance their own interests. *The Friars of Berwick* (not certainly his) is a clever but licentious tale. There is one piece of peculiar humor, descriptive of an imaginary tournament between a tailor and a shoemaker, in the same low region where he places the dance of the seven deadly sins. It is in a style of the broadest farce, and full of very offensive language, yet as droll as anything in Scarron or Smollett.

The Merle and Nightingale.

In May, as that Aurora did upspring,
With crystal een chasing the cluddes sable,
I heard a Merle with merry notis sing
A sang of love, with voice right comfortable,
Again' the orient beamis, amiable,
Upon a blissful branch of laurel green ;
This was her sentence, sweet and delectable,
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

Under this branch ran down a river bright,
Of balmy liquor, crystalline of hue,
Again' the heavenly azure skyis light,
Where did upon the tother side pursue
A Nightingale, with sugared notis new,
Whose angel feathers as the peacock shone ;
This was her song, and of a sentence true,
All love is lost but upon God alone.

With notis glad, and glorious harmony,
This joyful merle, so salust she the day,
While rung the woodis of her melody,
Saying, Awake, ye lovers of this May ;
Lo, fresh Flora has flourished every spray,
As nature has her taught, the noble queen,
The field been clothit in a new array ;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

Ne'er sweeter noise was heard with living man,
Na made this merry gentle nightingale ;
Her sound went with the river as it ran,
Out through the fresh and flourished lusty vale ;
O Merle ! quoth she, O fool ! stint of thy tale,
For in thy song good sentence is there none,
For both is tint, the time and the travail
Of every love but upon God alone.

Cease, quoth the Merle, thy preaching, Nightingale :
 Shall folk their youth spend into holiness ?
 Of young sanctis, grows auld feindis, but fable ;
 Fye, hypocrite, in yeiris tenderness,
 Again' the law of kind thou goes express,
 That crookit age makes one with youth serene,
 Whom nature of conditions made diverse :
 A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, Fool, remember thee,
 That both in youth and eild,* and every hour,
 The love of God most dear to man suld be ;
 That him, of nought, wrought like his own figur,
 And died himself, fro' dead him to succour ;
 O, whether was kythit† there true love or none ?
 He is most true and stedfast paramour,
 And love is lost but upon him alone.

The Merle said, Why put God so great beauty
 In ladies, with sic womanly having,
 But gif he would that they suld lovit be ?
 To love eke nature gave them inclining,
 And He of nature that worker was and king,
 Would nothing frustir put, nor let be seen,
 Into his creature of his own making ;
 A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, Not to that behoof
 Put God sic beauty in a lady's face,
 That she suld have the thank therefor or luve,
 But He, the worker, that put in her sic grace ;
 Of beauty, bounty, riches, time, or space,
 And every gudeness that been to come or gone
 The thank redounds to him in every place :
 All love is lost, but upon God alone.

O Nightingale ! it were a story nice,
 That love suld not depend on charity ;
 And, gif that virtue contrar be to vice,
 Then love maun be a virtue, as thinks me ;
 For, aye, to love envy maun contrar be :
 God bade eke love thy neighbour fro' the spleen ;‡
 And who than ladies sweeter neighbours be ?
 A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, Bird, why does thou rave ?
 Man may take in his lady sic delight,
 Him to forget that her sic virtue gave,
 And for his heaven receive her colour white :
 Her golden tressit hairis redomite,§
 Like to Apollo's beamis tho' they shone,
 Suld not him blind fro' love that is perfite ;
 All love is lost but upon God alone.

The Merle said, Love is cause of honour aye,
 Love makis cowards manhood to purchase,
 Love makis knichtis hardy at essay,
 Love makis wretches full of largéness,
 Love makis sweir|| folks full of business,
 Love makis sluggards fresh and well be seen,
 Love changes vice in virtuous nobleness ;
 A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, True is the contrary ;
 Sic frustis love it blindis men so far,

* Age. † Shown. ‡ Equivalent to the modern phrase, *from the heart*. § Bound, encircled. || Slothful.

Into their minds it makis them to vary ;
 In false vain glory they so drunken are,
 Their wit is went, of woe they are not waur,
 While that all worship away be fro' them gone,
 Fame, goods, and strength ; wherefore well say I
 daur,
 All love is lost but upon God alone.

Then said the Merle, Mine error I confess ;
 This frustis love is all but vanity :
 Blind ignorance me gave sic hardness,
 To argue so again' the verity ;
 Wherefore I counsel every man that he
 With love not in the feindis net be tone,*
 But love the love that did for his love die :
 All love is lost but upon God alone.

Then sang they both with voices loud and clear,
 The Merle sang, Man, love God that has thee wrought.
 The Nightingale sang, Man, love the Lord most dear,
 That thee and all this world made of nought.
 The Merle said, Love him that thy love has sought
 Fro' heaven to earth, and here took flesh and bone.
 The Nightingale sang, And with his dead thee bought :
 All love is lost, but upon him alone.

Then flew thir birdis o'er the boughis sheen,
 Singing of love amang the leavis small ;
 Whose eidant plead yet made my thoughtis grein,†
 Both sleeping, waking, in rest and in travail :
 Me to recomfort most it does avail,
 Again for love, when love I can find none,
 To think how sung this Merle and Nightingale ;
 All love is lost but upon God alone.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.—I have heard it said by many, that friendship is a cold feeling when compared to love. It may be so with us men, but not I think with women. Men love each other on more selfish principles than women do. The passions, the politics, the mutual services of men, make them friends ; but women become such from the pure impulse of their own hearts, when neither passion, nor opinion, nor obligation, knits the bond. In conformity with this, they delight more than we do in the outward marks and signs of affection—the sympathies of gentle words, kind looks, and ardent expressions ; whilst we demand the more essential proofs of friendship, not merely in profession, but in acts often of the sternest character. A woman's delicacy and strength of feeling rests more satisfied with the will to serve, and in the unspeakable joy of finding another existence in the heart of a beloved friend.

THE OLD BEAU BIT.—You deserve that I should serve you as Mrs. Bracegirdle, the vestal actress, treated the old Lord Burlington, with whom he was in love in vain. One day he sent her a present of some fine old china. She told the servant he had made a mistake ; that it was true the letter was for her, but the china for his lady, to whom he must carry it. Lord ! the Countess was so full of gratitude when her husband came home to dinner.—Walpole.

* Ta'en ; taken.

† Whose close disputation yet moved my thoughts.